NOT TO BE ISSUED OUT
WITHOUT PERMISSION.

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

Royal Asiatic Society.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

Edmund Yates.
1885.

LONDON, RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON, 1885.

EDMUND YATES:

His Recollections and Experiences.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

EDMUND YATES:

His Recollections and Experiences.

"Much have I seen and known: cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
And drunk delight of battle with my peers."
TENNYSON'S *Ulysses*.

LEISURE : 1883.

23576
ac

IN TWO VOLUMES :—VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
Publishers in Ordinary to her Majesty the Queen.
1884.
[*All rights reserved.*]

920.5
yat/yat/His
23476

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE GARRICK CLUB: AND MY "DIFFICULTY" THEREWITH.

1858.

Clubs in London in '48—The old Garrick—President and Vice-President—J. R. Durrant—"Bardolph"—"Papa"—Arts and Barts—Other members—The Dane—Actors—Guardsmen—Regular frequenters—An important dinner—A proposal—"Short" copy—Judas—Inadequate outburst—My reply—"Rubbing it in"—Not Albert Smith—I consult Dickens—The reply sent—W. M. T. appeals—Special Meeting of Committee called—My contention—The Committee has a high opinion of its own functions—"Young Grub Street"—I decline to apologise—I must not be present—More correspondence—General Meeting—My supporters—Beaten—Law—Legal opinions—Action brought—Too costly—Edwin James, Q.C.—A scapegoat?—Jealousy between C. D. and W. M. T.—Letters between them—Why I have told this story . *pp.* 1-37

CHAPTER II.

DESK, STAGE, AND PLATFORM.

1858—1872.

At Seaton: primitive; quiet enjoyment—G. A. Sala on "Polyphemus"—The *Welcome Guest*—More dramatic work—Miss Ellen Terry—The new Adelphi Theatre: delightful Mr. Bedford—An entertainment: Mrs. Case—The Volunteer movement: extends to the P. O.; literary officers—Our drill: Poor Brethren; "Codd Colonel;" the populace sarcastic—The Levée—The Review—Very wet summer—Amateur performances—Pleasant memories of the C. S. V. R.—Albert Smith: much altered; very brusque; a tiff; we agree

differ—Relations renewed: Albert Smith evidently out of health; a long talk with him; seized with illness, and dies; a great shock; his funeral—My mother's illness: her patience; her death—Deaths of Robert Brough and Herbert Ingram—Still working for the *Daily News* and *Illustrated Times*—Mr. F. C. Burnand's first dramatic attempt—Frank Talfourd's jokes—My abridgment of Mrs. Mathews's big book—An important call—Mr. Thackeray wrongly judged—First hint of *Temple Bar*: I am made sub-editor; contents of No. 1—Mortimer Collins sees me for the first time—Robert Buchanan—J. M. Bellew—Contents of No. 2—Sala in chambers—Our contributors—Alfred Austin—Miss Braddon—An early effort—A Swiss tour: I am knocked over, and very ill; the English doctor—My first lecture—Charles Fechter: his home life; his characteristics—J. M. Bellew: much misunderstood; his own fault; his good qualities; his weakness; best fitted for the pulpit; very popular; his decadence—Fechter as stage-manager; a business letter—A self-sacrificing father—Exhibition of '62—First after-dinner speech—Visit to Stratford—New work—*The Golden Daggers*—Lecturing—I determine on the "show"—Harold Power—The "show" criticised by John Forster—John Parry's kind letter—Close of the "show"—Arrival of Princess Alexandra—I meet Lord Cardigan; attacks on him—Sir George Wombwell on the Balaclava Charge—Lord Cardigan's bravery—Captain Nolan—Death of Thackeray: my obituary notice—Mapesbury House: difficult to find; lost in Willesden—Fate—A novelist wanted: I volunteer—A new character; advantages of local colour—I begin my novel: criticisms on it—My Pretty Horsebreaker—Dickens's praise—Offers for more—Death of Frank Smedley—Work on the *Morning Star*—*Tinsleys' Magazine*. . .

pp. 38-90

CHAPTER III.

A DICKENS CHAPTER.

My intimacy with Dickens—Nineteen years my senior—Dickens's regard for Forster as friend rather than companion—To me always affectionate; always interested—Easily bored, and imperious to outsiders—First invitation: a delightful day—Strained state of affairs—Not an emotional man—Publishes his "statement:" badly advised; no necessity for recalling details—First paid reading: calm and composed; the *Carol* essentially a Christmas book; the

Cricket: a great success—Provincial tour—Gadshill Place: life there; the Châlet—Long walks—The murder in Cobham Park—Dogs—Talk about his books—Correcting a quotation—"In the name of charity"—Heat in Paris—Liking for actors—A holiday with Dickens—Presence of mind—Asleep?—The trained elephant—The Bosjesmen—Dickens as editor, as after-dinner speaker; his readiness; saved!—Farewell banquet to Dickens—"The young lions"—With Dickens to Liverpool—A testimonial: thorough—Dickens home from America—We meet at Leeds—Change in his appearance; he tries to rouse; stricken down; better—His hatred of being thought ill—Bad symptoms: *will* not have gout; his self-deception—Last meetings—His public farewell—His last dinner in London—Always considerate—His death: what hastened it; why?—His fame—His fortune—My ideas on the subject—The author and the man . . . . . *pp.* 91-128

CHAPTER IV.

PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

Sir A. Cockburn: a model host; the Palmer trial; getting up the case; compliment paid him; impudent but amusing; Sir A. Cockburn at Dickens's readings; a dinner in Hertford Street; story of Sir R. Bethell; a good horse story; a prosy advocate; Mr. Rufus Rightly; musical visitors and *habitués;* smartness in repartee; devotion to work; death—Introduction to Lord Beaconsfield; changes in Brighton; Mr. Delane's successor; Dickens and Lord Beaconsfield; authors less interesting than their books; Lord Beaconsfield's opinion—The birth of *Punch;* original staff—Mark Lemon: as funny man; an excellent editor—Shirley Brooks: early days; first literary plunge; summary-writer; Special Commissioner; his value to *Punch;* "What's a pound?" Brooks's humour; his appearance and manner of life; last days—Tom Taylor—F. C. Burnand—John Leech: his friends; his kindness to me; stories of Leech; his death—Horace Mayhew—Two stories of Thackeray—J. R. Planché—The two Dukes of Wellington—Abraham Hayward: I introduce myself to him—Sam Rogers—Bishop Wilberforce—Hayward on the Garrick case—Lord Melbourne—Sir Robert Peel—The "inside track"—John Forster: characteristic story; his interest in *The World;* his *Life* of Swift—Charles Reade: a friend in need; how he worked—Martin Tupper

at Albury: his wonderful book—Lord Tennyson—Carlyle and the "puir creatur"—George Eliot—J. T. Delane: his sensitiveness; will not be a "Celebrity"—Robert Keeley: two stories of him—J. B. Buckstone—Miss Braddon: her letters—Jules Janin: story of the two Dumas; Janin's house; account of his death; dislike to being pitied; French customs; his workroom; anecdote; Janin's funeral; celebrities present—E. A. Sothern: practical joking; last days—C. J. Mathews: at home; a letter from him—Mortimer Collins: a poem by him . . . . *pp.* 129-184

CHAPTER V.

LATER DAYS IN THE POST OFFICE.

Quietly happy days—Promotion—The Missing Letter Branch—My staff—A disbeliever: teaching a lesson—"Test letters:" grandfather's money—Mr. W. Peacock's method—The Old Bailey: leaders; juniors—City detectives—A "sell"—Interesting experiences—How it was done—Purchase of the Telegraphs—F. I. Scudamore—Mr. Tilley—New use for my services—Necessary qualifications; sounds well; I accept—My new career and its duties—I "orate"—The little man; I am denounced; an ugly customer; why the etcetera? my defence; victory; "Yates!"—I occasion surprise—Lord Lonsdale: at Lowther; his comments; anecdote—My official journeys: Devon and Cornwall, Boscastle, Helston—Literary work: two novels—The Lake country—Dublin, Killarney, Galway—End approaches: consultations; Scudamore's advice—Uncomfortable doubts; a serious outlook—I am pensioned—Farewell dinner to me—Two well-known P. O. officials—Their mutual dislike—Sir Rowland Hill: my move; Trollope winged; Sir R. Hill's sarcasms; his dry humour; his later days; his characteristic caution—Anthony Trollope: his roughness and roarings; his goodness of heart; love for his office; why he retired; no humour—A good story . . . . . *pp.* 185-233

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

1872—1873.

A little rest—Not wholly idle—Doubts—A suggestion—"The Chevalier:" his appearance—First idea of America: suggestion ap-

proved; accepted—At work for America—Winding up—Farewell festivities—Night before sailing—Off—Cuba passengers—"A scrape"—Mistaken identity—Arrival—A doubtful welcome—Interviewers—Business talk—Hearty reception—Decline Chicago *début*—First appearance in New York: success; criticisms—Good offer for a story—To Chicago—Dine with Liberal Club—Women's mass-meeting—Mr. Marsh—Miss Blake—Rev. Olympia Brown—Pogram!—The veteran Susan B.—Am hospitably entertained—Further lectures in New York—Newhaven—Boston—Longfellow—Boston fire—An enthusiastic "boss"—Philadelphia friends—Funeral of General Meade—In Washington—Long journeys—Work in the train—Manner of life—On grand tour—Desperate weather—Snowed up—Christmas Day—Miss Cushman—Niagara—Montreal—End of tour—Kindness everywhere—"The future"—Dislike of public appearances—I engage with Mr. Bennett—To New York—A new task—To the inaugural ceremonies—I describe them—Give satisfaction—Farewell entertainments in New York—Home—What America did for me—My gratitude . . . . . *pp.* 231-276

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE "HERALD'S" TABARD.

1873—1875.

Homeward voyage—Arrive—Off to Paris—Return—Looking up arrears—Dr. Hosmer—My intended colleagues at Vienna—Great things to be done—Our rivals—Mr. Archibald Forbes in Vienna: we are to "chum"—Off at last—Our Viennese lodgings—A pleasant *camaraderie*—South Kensington representation—Our mess at the Taube—Concordia dinner—Presented to the Prince of Wales—Opening of the Exhibition—Our cable messages: victory—A dinner in honour of our success—Full war-paint—To Buda-Pesth—Another Prince learning his business—Home—Off again—I note the downfall of Thiers—In attendance on the Shah—Mark Twain and the British man-o'-war's man—Still after the Shah—With him to Paris, Versailles, the old opera-house, Auteuil, and the Trocadéro—Back to Vienna—Glorious time—Tour through Germany: Gmünden, Ischl, Munich, Nuremberg—To Dublin—Old friends—To Galway—The Virginius difficulty—I go to Madrid: horrible journey; a kindly magnifico;

quarantine and robbery—At Madrid—General Sickles—Sir A. H. Layard—Count Maffei—A bull-fight—A dangerous voyage: my intercession implored; the value of quick hearing—A long journey in prospect—Americans and Russians—I am to go to St. Petersburg—Forbes in India—I meet two distinguished medicos—In Berlin—Dr. Strousberg—*En route*—At St. Petersburg—Journalists there—Mr. Napier Broome's work—The American Minister—Eugene Schuyler—Entertainments and rejoicings—The *Scotsman*—Preparations—Telegraph arrangements—The wedding ceremony—The Anglican service; a wonderful crowd; a veteran embarrassed—I send my message; all right!—I am complimented—Other *Herald* work—John Mitchel—Have no more time at Mr. Bennett's disposal—I retire . . . . . *pp.* 277-304

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE WORLD."

Enforced travel—Somewhat too much of it—Again in doubt—My particular work—An ideal "blend"—Grenville Murray: his history—"Sir Hector Stubble"—Murray at Odessa—I visit him in the Albany—The *Queen's Messenger*—In court—Murray departs—His work in Paris—He approves of my idea, and suggests partnership—Making arrangements for starting a new journal: its title; finance—Editor—My word of warning—Arbitration if necessary—The Prospectus—An announcement—Contributors: Mr. Escott; Mr. Labouchere; other contributors—Issue of No. 1—Attempt at introducing the *réclame*—Notable articles—Unappreciated—Just in time—A lucky prosecution—Mr. George Lewis's triumph—My foresight—Dissolution of partnership—The series "Celebrities at Home"—Boswell's work—"Royalties" at home—Cause of our success—The prophets at fault—Become a necessity *pp.* 305-336

EDMUND YATES:

His Recollections and Experiences.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE GARRICK CLUB: AND MY "DIFFICULTY" THEREWITH.

1858.

In the present year there are, according to the omniscient *Whitaker's Almanack*, seventy-two clubs in London, exclusive of those in the City, and of such establishments as Hurlingham, Prince's, &c. In 1848, when I was first introduced to clubland, there were twenty-three clubs: the Army and Navy, which then had its quarters in St. James's Square, and in the summer-time used to have a tent in its garden; Arthur's, Athenæum, Boodle's—with a very different set of members; Brooks's, Cocoa Tree, Conservative, East India United Service, Garrick—in a different house; Guards', at the top of St. James's Street; Junior United Service, National, Oriental, Oxford and Cambridge, Portland, Reform, Travellers', Union, United

Clubs in London in '48.

Service, United University, White's, and the Windham. In addition to these there were a few which have been long since defunct: the Alfred, a great place for superior Government clerks, at the northern end of Albemarle Street, in premises which, after it dissolved and was partially incorporated with the Oriental, became the Westminster, established by the leading London tradesmen, where the dinners were excellent and the play was high; the Coventry, known as the "Velvet Cushion," a very "smart" place on Piccadilly hill, premises now occupied by the St. James's Club; and the Free Trade, in St. James's Square.

The old Garrick.

As soon as I was fairly launched in London, it was my mother's great wish that I should belong to the Garrick Club, of which my father had been an original member; and though I was much under the age prescribed by the regulations, my appearance was that of a full-grown man, and there was little reason to fear that the fact of my having attained my majority would be questioned. Accordingly, I was proposed by the veteran comedian Mr. Harley, and seconded by Andrew Arcedeckne; and, being well supported by members who had known my father, I was elected into the Garrick in December 1848, fully six months before I had attained my eighteenth year.

The Club at that time was not, in numbers, size, or importance, anything like what it is now; though,

on the other hand, it was more sociable and snug than is compatible with its present status. Its quarters were in King Street, Covent Garden, a private house which had been converted for that purpose, the most striking portion of which, however, was the smoking-room, on the ground-floor, built out over the "leads"—a good-sized apartment, comfortably furnished, well ventilated, and adorned by large pictures specially painted for it by Stanfield, David Roberts, and Louis Haghe.

For nearly ten years this house was to me the pleasantest, cheeriest, happiest place of resort. I look back upon the innumerable hours which I passed there, always well treated, and I am afraid a good deal spoiled—for I was very young and very high-spirited, and I daresay very impertinent—with the greatest delight: it was rightly said of me, years after, in a newspaper, that the Garrick Club was to me what Paradise was to the repentant Peri.

Let me give some account of those who helped me to that happiness, and of the manner in which I lost it, as impartially as though I had been a spectator of the scene, instead of a chief performer in it.

President and Vice-President.

The titular chief of the Club in those days was its President, the Duke of Devonshire, who seldom entered its doors; the Vice-President was Lord Tenterden, a courteous and asthmatic old gentleman.

But the man who had done most for the Garrick, and who had the greatest claim upon its members, was John Rowland Durrant, a wealthy and leading member of the Stock Exchange, who had purchased and presented to the Club the famous collection of theatrical portraits and pictures, originally made by the elder Mathews, and then hanging on the Garrick walls. Mr. Durrant had always been a friend to the theatrical profession, several members of which had made good investments under his guidance; he was held in high honour at the Garrick, had his special chair in the smoking-room, and was treated with deference and respect, which he accepted with cheery good-humour.

J. R. Durrant.

The chair at the opposite corner of the fire-place was generally occupied by J. D., most mellow of elderly topers, with all the characteristics of "Bardolph of Brasenose"—a veteran who drank and swore in the good old-fashioned way, and who came to a sad end, poor old fellow, dying alone in his Temple chambers, on a Christmas Eve, of loss of blood from an accident, while the men in the rooms below heard him staggering about and groaning, but took no notice, as they fancied their neighbour was only in his usual condition.

"Bardolph."

There, too, would be Mr. Frank Fladgate, to whose constant supervising attention as a committee-man the Club owed its well-being, who is happily

"Papa."

still alive, and retains all those qualities which have made him popular through a long lifetime.

Arts and Barts.

A very big man, with a bald head, and a fine face, was Edmond Cotterill the sculptor, principally employed in modelling figures and groups for racing trophies, &c., by Messrs. Garrard. Equally big and bald, and more blond and bland, was Sir Henry Webb, an English baronet who spoke with a French accent, and was mad about all things musical.

Other members.

Charles Kemble, still of handsome presence, though turned seventy, and of courtliest manners, was a constant attendant.* Wyndham Smith, nicknamed the "Assassin," from some University escapade, son of the great Sydney, and a man of curious saturnine humour; Isidore Brasseur, most delightful of French professors, whom I saw a year or two ago at Trouville, a hale and active octogenarian; Egg, the A.R.A.; Glasse, an eccentric artist; delightful Clarkson Stanfield and genial David Roberts; Dr. Millingen, a veteran campaigner with Wellington, of whom he had recorded his experiences; G. M. Dowdeswell, Q.C.,

* I do not think I have ever met a man more hopelessly deaf. Some of us were sitting one afternoon at the Garrick, when a tremendous thunderstorm broke over the house. It raged with extraordinary fury, one clap exploding with terrific noise immediately above us like a volley of artillery. We looked round at each other almost in horror; when Charles Kemble, who was calmly reading, lifted his eyes from his book, and said in his trumpet-tone, "I think we are going to have some thunder; I feel it in my knees."

Walter Coulson, Q.C., Serjeant Talfourd, and Serjeant Murphy.* Other seniors were Sir William de Bathe, Sir Charles Shakerley, John Lloyd Clayton, Planché, and Charles Dance, whose bright intelligence and quick wit would never have been suspected from his heavy appearance. The two last named were great friends, and had been frequent *collaborateurs*; so that Albert Smith's saying that Victor Hugo's line, "Une danse ou il n'y a pas de planche," had nothing to do with the Lyceum, which was supported both by Dance and Planché, had truth as well as smartness to recommend it. Another never-failing
The Dane. attendant was the Hon. and Rev. Fitzroy Stanhope, brother of the then Lord Harrington, a pleasant, handsome old gentleman, who will probably be best known to posterity as the inventor of a phaeton

* Francis Stack Murphy, serjeant-at-law, and one of the leaders of the Northern Circuit; clever at his profession, but far cleverer out of it; a man of the readiest wit; the king of legal Bohemia. He took a great liking to me, and many of my evenings were spent in his company, either in his chambers in Serjeants' Inn—where he would be concocting a bashawed lobster, while importunate visitors were thundering at the sported oak—or in places of social resort. Most of Murphy's "good things" were flavoured with *gros sel*, and will not bear reproduction in print; but it may be remarked that the admirable rejoinder to the man who expressed his surprise at having seen no fish "when dining at a certain ducal mansion"—"What, had it all been eaten up-stairs?"—which has been attributed to so many, was really made by Murphy, and to Samuel Warren.

which bore his name, and as the hero of one of the "Kilmallock" stories.* Among the actors were the popular veteran, T. P. Cooke ("Tippy," as he was always called), the dancer of hornpipes and impersonator of Jack-tars; quaint old John Pritt Harley; Drinkwater Meadows, ill-named, for he was the driest little chip imaginable, but an excellent actor in a small way—"carving on a cherry-stone," as Jerrold said of him; James Wallack, who was an excellent smoking- Actors.

* William O'Connell, cousin of the Liberator, by whom in a special joke he was nicknamed Lord Kilmallock—by which name or its abbreviation ("Kil") he was ever after known—was a great character amongst a certain set in London in those days. He was an Irish gentleman of the old fighting, drinking, creditor-defying school, who, in his impoverished days, lived here in London, no one knew exactly how. He was a very handsome old man, with a red face and white hair; walked lame from the effects of a bullet in his hip received in a duel; and had the deepest, most rolling, most delightful brogue. He is said to have shared with the O'Gorman Mahon the honour of having been the original of the Mulligan. The story alluded to above is this. One day Kilmallock, who always attended public promenades, was in the Park pointing out the celebrities to a neophyte: among others Fitzroy Stanhope passed. "D'ye see that man, sir?" asked Kil—"him in the one-horse thrapp? That's a dane." But the youth, who had previously seen the old clerical aristocrat, said, "O no, it isn't; that's Mr. Stanhope—he's an Englishman." "'Tis not a Dane of Swaden that I mane, sir," thundered Kil; "'tis a dane of the Churr-ch!" Kilmallock dined with me once, when a dear friend of mine, who was very much deformed, was present. I saw Kil regarding him with much interest. As we went up-stairs after dinner, he said to me, "A dreadful soight, that poor fellow. I've been

room story-teller; Ben Webster, Walter Lacy, and Leigh Murray.

Guardsmen.

The Household Brigade was represented by Captains H. P. de Bathe, C. Seymour, Meyricke, and Cuthbert George Ellison, a very amusing fellow.

Dickens came rarely to the Club; but Thackeray was dearly fond of it, and was always there. I remember a speech of his at an annual dinner, then always held on Shakespeare's birthday, in which he said, "We, the happy initiated, never speak of it as the Garrick; to us it is the G., the little G., the dearest place in the world!"

Regular frequenters.

Samuel Lover, Robert Bell, Henry Spicer, and, later on, Charles Reade and Peter Cunningham, were regular frequenters, as were Charles Taylor, Arabin, Arcedeckne, H. C. Ibbetson, J. L. O'Beirne, Sir Charles Ibbetson, Sir George Armytage, and a certain Mr. Joseph Arden, a prize bore. The steward of the Club, happily named Hamblett, was a great character.

---

thinking, sir, what a job his tailor must have! *It must be like making a dress-coat for a corkscrew!*" The old gentleman has been dead for many years. The last time I saw him I was coming away from a ball at a house in Gloucester Place in the early morning: the supper had taken place hours before; but as I passed the dining-room I heard voices, and looking in, saw some guests, "fit, though few," sitting round the table, presided over by the untiring Kil, whose last words, as they fell upon my retreating ear, were, "Close up now, and we'll be all right. Waiters, be nimble wid the wine there!"

I had been a member of this pleasant company for nearly ten years, and I suppose I should have remained so until the present moment, had I not had the good—or bad—fortune, I have never yet been able to decide which it was, to be present on Saturday, 22nd May 1858, at a Greenwich dinner, given by Mr. Vizetelly to the staff of the *Illustrated Times*, and to be driven to London, afterwards, by Mr. Maxwell the publisher. My subsequent connection with Mr. Maxwell was satisfactory—I hope to both of us, certainly to me. I was indebted to him for constant employment, and can never forget that he had sufficient faith in me to allow me, wholly untried as a novelist, to make my first experiment in that character in the pages of his magazine. But whether my first very brief engagement with him was for my benefit or not, I am quite unable to say.

An important dinner.

In the course of our homeward drive Mr. Maxwell told me that he had just started a little periodical called *Town Talk*, on which he offered me employment at a salary of three pounds per week. This offer I gladly accepted. My new bantling was a very different kind of production from the sheet which has in later years appropriated its title. It was a quiet harmless little paper, with a political cartoon drawn by Watts Phillips, who also contributed its politics and heavy literature. It contained a portion of a serial story, a set

A proposal

of verses—in which, in the number before me, I recognise Frank Scudamore's hand—and a certain amount of scissors-work; all the rest of the original matter was mine.

About the third week of my engagement I went over to the printer's, which was in Aldersgate Street, close by the Post Office, at the close of my official work, to "make up" the paper. All my contribution was in type, and I thought I should only have to remain for half an hour to "see all straight," when I was horrified at hearing from the head-printer that in consequence of illness Mr. Watts Phillips had not sent in his usual amount, and that another column of original matter was absolutely requisite. There was no help for it; I took off my coat—literally, I remember, for it was a warm evening—mounted a high stool at a high desk, and commenced to cudgel my brains.

"Short" copy.

It happened that in the previous week's number I had written a pen-and-ink sketch of Dickens, which had given satisfaction; I thought I could not do better than follow on with a similar portrait of his great rival. And this is what I wrote:

LITERARY TALK.

Finding that our pen-and-ink portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens has been much talked of and extensively quoted, we purpose giving each week a sketch of some literary celebrity. This week our subject is—

MR. W. M. THACKERAY.

HIS APPEARANCE.

Mr. Thackeray is forty-six years old, though, from the silvery whiteness of his hair, he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches, and as he walks erect his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small gray whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognise in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched; but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, suave, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion.

HIS CAREER.

For many years Mr. Thackeray, though a prolific writer, and holding constant literary employment, was unknown by name to the great bulk of the public. To *Fraser's Magazine* he was a regular contributor, and very shortly after the commencement of *Punch* he joined Mr. Mark Lemon's staff. In the *Punch* pages appeared many of his wisest, most thoughtful, and wittiest essays; "Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew" on love, marriage, friendship, choice of a club, &c., contain an amount of worldly wisdom, which, independently of the amusement to be obtained from them, render them really valuable reading to young men beginning life. The *Book of Snobs*, equally perfect in its way, also originally appeared in *Punch*. Here, too, were published his buffooneries, his *Ballads of Policeman X*, his *Jeames's Diary*, and some other scraps, the mere form of which consisted in outrages on orthography, and of which he is now deservedly ashamed. It was with the publication of the third or fourth number of *Vanity Fair* that Mr. Thackeray began to dawn upon the reading public as a great genius. This great work—which, with perhaps the exception of *The Newcomes*, is the most perfect literary dissection of the

human heart, done with the cleverest and most unsparing hand—had been offered to, and rejected by, several of the first publishers in London. But the public saw and recognised its value; the great guns of literature, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, boomed forth their praises, the light *tirailleurs* in the monthly and weekly press reëchoed the *feux de joie*, and the novelist's success was made. *Pendennis* followed, and was equally valued by the literary world, but scarcely so popular with the public. Then came *Esmond*, which fell almost still-born from the press; and then *The Newcomes*, perhaps the best of all. *The Virginians*, now publishing, though admirably written, lacks interest of plot, and is proportionately unsuccessful.

HIS SUCCESS,

commencing with *Vanity Fair*, culminated with his "Lectures on the English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," which were attended by all the court and fashion of London. The prices were extravagant, the lecturer's adulation of birth and position was extravagant, the success was extravagant. No one succeeds better than Mr. Thackeray in cutting his coat according to his cloth. Here he flattered the aristocracy; but when he crossed the Atlantic, George Washington became the idol of his worship, the "Four Georges" the objects of his bitterest attacks. These last-named lectures have been dead failures in England, though as literary compositions they are most excellent. Our own opinion is that his success is on the wane. His writings never were understood or appreciated even by the middle classes; the aristocracy have been alienated by his American onslaught on their body; and the educated and refined are not sufficiently numerous to constitute an audience. Moreover, there is a want of heart in all he writes, which is not to be balanced by the most brilliant sarcasm and the most perfect knowledge of the workings of the human heart.

As soon as this little sketch was written, and while the ink was scarcely dry, I handed the slips to the printer, and went off. I never saw it in proof, I

never thought of it again. That it was offensive or objectionable, or likely to bring me into trouble, I *could* not have thought, for that very evening I mentioned at the Garrick Club to a well-known *littérateur*, whom I at that time believed to be a friend of mine, the fact of my new engagement, with a general idea of what I was doing for it. I have not the least doubt it was from this person that Thackeray had his information as to the writer. Judas.

Two days after, I received the following letter:

"36 Onslow Square, S.W., June 14.

Sir,—I have received two numbers of a little paper called *Town Talk*, containing notices respecting myself, of which, as I learn from the best authority, you are the writer.

In the first article of 'Literary Talk' you think fit to publish an incorrect account of my private dealings with my publishers.

In this week's number appears a so-called 'Sketch,' containing a description of my manners, person, and conversation, and an account of my literary works, which of course you are at liberty to praise or condemn as a literary critic.

But you state, with regard to my conversation, that it is either 'frankly cynical or affectedly benevolent and good-natured;' and of my works (lectures) that in some I showed 'an extravagant adulation of rank and position,' which in other lectures ('as I know how to cut my coat according to my cloth') became the object of my bitterest attack.

As I understand your phrases, you impute insincerity to me when I speak good-naturedly in private, assign dishonourable motives to me for sentiments which I have delivered in public, and charge me with advancing statements which I have never delivered at all.

Had your remarks been written by a person unknown to me, I should have noticed them no more than other calumnies;

but as we have shaken hands more than once, and met hitherto on friendly terms (you may ask one of your employers, Mr. —— of ——, whether I did not speak of you very lately in the most friendly manner), I am obliged to take notice of articles which I consider to be not offensive and unfriendly merely, but slanderous and untrue.

We meet at a club, where, before you were born, I believe, I and other gentlemen have been in the habit of talking without any idea that our conversation would supply paragraphs for professional vendors of 'Literary Talk;' and I don't remember that out of that club I have ever exchanged six words with you. Allow me to inform you that the talk which you have heard there is not intended for newspaper remark; and to beg —as I have a right to do—that you will refrain from printing comments upon my private conversations; that you will forego discussions, however blundering, upon my private affairs; and that you will henceforth please to consider any question of my personal truth and sincerity as quite out of the province of your criticism. W. M. THACKERAY.

E. YATES, Esq."

Now it must, I think, be admitted by the most impartial reader that this letter is severe to the point of cruelty; that whatever the silliness and impertinence of the article, it was scarcely calculated to have provoked so curiously bitter an outburst of personal feeling against its writer; that, in comparison with the offence committed by me, the censure administered by Mr. Thackeray is almost ludicrously exaggerated. The question naturally suggests itself, how such a disparity between the peccant composition and the witheringly wrathful and rancorous reply is to be accounted for? To that matter I may presently revert. Here I will only say that Mr. Thackeray's

Inadequate outburst.

letter, as it well might have done, came upon me with a sense of amazement. But although I had at the moment no idea of the motive which impelled Thackeray to insist so strongly upon the fact that the Club was our only common meeting-ground, and that it was thence my presumed knowledge of him was derived, I felt that the sentence in which he emphasised the fact afforded me a legitimate opportunity for a tolerably effective retort.

My reply

I therefore sat down at once, and wrote Mr. Thackeray a letter in which I not only disclaimed the motives by which he had accused me of being actuated, but took the liberty of reminding him of some past errors of his own—rather strong errors of a similar kind as to taste—not the result of the hasty occupation of an hour, but deliberately extending over a long space of time, persisted in from month to month, and marked by the most wanton, reckless, and aggravated personality. I reminded him how, in his *Yellowplush Correspondence*, he had described Dr. Lardner and Sir E. L. Bulwer: "One was pail, and wor spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth; the other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pare of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit." How he had held them up to ridicule by calling them "Docthor Athanasius Lardner" and "Mistaw Edwad Lytton

Bulwig," by reproducing the brogue of the one and the drawl of the other, and by exhibiting them as contemptible in every way.

"Rubbing it in."

In regard to the Garrick Club, I called Mr. Thackeray's attention to the fact that he had not merely, in his *Book of Snobs*, and under the pseudonym of Captain Shindy, given an exact sketch of a former member, Mr. Stephen Price, reproducing Mr. Price's frequent and well-known phrases; he had not merely, in the same book, drawn on a wood-block a close resemblance of Wyndham Smith, a fellow-member, which was printed among the "Sporting Snobs," Mr. W. Smith being a sporting man; he had not merely, in *Pendennis*, made a sketch of a former member, Captain Granby Calcraft, under the name of Captain Granby Tiptoff, but in the same book, under the name of Foker, he had most offensively, though amusingly, reproduced every characteristic, in language, manner, and gesture, of our fellow-member, Mr. Andrew Arcedeckne, and had gone so far as to give an exact woodcut portrait of him, to Mr. Arcedeckne's intense annoyance.*

This letter would at least have been a Roland for an Oliver; and had I sent it, I might possibly have

* Arcedeckne, however, had his revenge. On the night after Thackeray's delivery of his first lecture on the "Humourists" at Willis's Rooms, where he had a very aristocratic audience, the great cynic was preening himself under a mass of congratulations at the Cider Cellars Club, when Arcedeckne

heard no more of Mr. Thackeray or his outraged sensitiveness. The argument was not, perhaps, very polished or telling; but the *tu quoque* was so complete, and so incisively put, as to perfectly prove to a man of Thackeray's quickness the folly of further proceedings. But, unhappily, I resolved upon seeking some advice before despatching my reply.

Not Albert Smith.

I first thought of consulting Albert Smith, but I remembered there were the remains of a little ill-feeling on his part towards Thackeray which might deprive his counsel of its moral value. A year before, Thackeray, having heard that A. S. had not behaved generously to an old friend, spoke somewhat slightingly of him. The story was wholly untrue, as Thackeray was brought to acknowledge. And another thing, small though it seemed, had tended to widen the breach. Albert Smith, asked for an autograph, had written in an album:

> "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
> They crowned him long ago;
> But who they got to put it on
> I don't exactly know."

The book was sent the next day, with a similar re-

---

entered, and walked up to him. "How are you, Thack?" he said, buttoning his coat across in his usual fashion. "I was at your show to-day at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there—yes! But I thought it was dull—devilish dull! I'll tell you what it is, Thack—*you want a piano!*"

quest, to Thackeray, and he wrote, immediately under the foregoing:

"Albert, of course, wrote in a hurry,
To criticise I scarce presume;
And yet I think that Lindley Murray,
Instead of 'who,' had written 'whom.'"

This was, of course, told to Albert Smith, who, though he laughed, did not half like it.

So I gave up all thought of consulting Albert, whose blunt common sense would, I imagine, have recognised the advisability of hitting a downright "slogging" blow by sending the letter, and determined to seek advice from Dickens. I sent round a note to Tavistock House asking if I could see him, and had a reply to say that he was dining with Dilke, but would not be leaving home until after six: "I need not say you may in all things count upon yours ever, C. D."

I consult Dickens.

I told Dickens my story, showing him Thackeray's letter and my reply. Of the latter he did not approve: it was too flippant and too violent; and, after a little discussion, the following acknowledgment was sent:

"June 15th, 1858.

Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day's date, referring to two articles of which I am the writer.

The reply sent.

You will excuse my pointing out to you that it is absurd to suppose me bound to accept your angry 'understanding' of my 'phrases.' I do not accept it in the least: I altogether reject it.

I cannot characterise your letter in any other terms than those in which you characterised the article which has given

you so much offence. If your letter to me were not both 'slanderous and untrue,' I should readily have discussed its subject with you, and avowed my earnest and frank desire to set right anything I may have left wrong. Your letter being what it is, I have nothing to add to my present reply.

EDMUND YATES."

By the end of the week Mr. Thackeray had decided upon the course to be pursued, and wrote thus:

"Mr. Thackeray has this day forwarded a copy of the ensuing letter to the Committee of the Garrick Club, with the enclosures mentioned in the letter.

'36 Onslow Square, June 19, 1858.

W. M. T. appeals.

Gentlemen,—The accompanying letters have passed between me and Mr. Edmund Yates, another member of the Garrick Club.

Rather than have any further personal controversy with him, I have thought it best to submit our correspondence to you, with a copy of the newspaper which has been the cause of our difference.

I think I may fairly appeal to the Committee of the Garrick Club to decide whether the complaints I have against Mr. Yates are not well founded, and whether the practice of publishing such articles as that which I enclose will not be fatal to the comfort of the Club, and is not intolerable in a society of gentlemen.

Your obedient servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.'"

In the first surprise of this intelligence I addressed the Committee thus:

"June 19, 1858.

Gentlemen,—I have just heard from Mr. Thackeray that he has thought proper to lay before you the details of a personal difference between us.

This course has come before me utterly unexpectedly, and I therefore beg you to suspend your judgment until I have

consulted my friends, and been able to prepare my own version of the matter for submission to you.

Your obedient servant,

EDMUND YATES.

To the Committee of the Garrick Club."

Under date of the same day I received this communication from the Secretary of the Club:

"Garrick Club, 19th June 1858.

Sir,—I have the honour, by the direction of the Committee, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 19th June.

Special Meeting of Committee called.

I am further directed to inform you that a Special Meeting of the Committee is called for Saturday next, at half-past three o'clock, to take the subject of Mr. Thackeray's complaint into consideration.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ALEXANDER DOLAND,

Secretary.

E. H. YATES, Esq."

It must be remembered that in my little article there was no mention of the Garrick Club, not the faintest reference to anything heard, said, or done there. The Committee of the Club, therefore, had nothing whatever to do with the matter—a position which I took up in the following letter:

"June 23rd, '58.

Gentlemen,—I have received an obliging intimation from the Secretary of the Club that the Committee will assemble on Saturday next, for the purpose of taking into consideration a complaint made against me by Mr. Thackeray.

My contention.

With the greatest respect, I beg to submit that Mr. Thackeray's grievance is not one to be submitted to the Committee. His grievance is a certain article written by me in a certain newspaper; that article makes no reference to the Club, refers to no conversation that took place there, violates no confidence reposed there, either in myself or any one else.

This article may be in exceedingly bad taste; but I submit with great deference, and subject to the Committee's better judgment, that the Committee is not a Committee of taste. This article may be, most unintentionally, incorrect in details; but, unless I had so far forgotten the honour and character of a gentleman as wilfully to distort truth, I still venture to submit that its inaccuracy is not a question for the Committee's collective decision.

Mr. Thackeray's course in laying this matter before the Committee I hold to be unprecedented. Unless I am mistaken, there are members of the Committee's own body who have been the subject of very strong remarks in print by fellow members of the Club, but who have no more thought of laying their personal injuries and resentments before a Committee of the Club, than before a Committee of the House of Commons.

Once again, I take this position with the greatest respect. If the Committee think otherwise, then I readily submit myself to the correction of the Committee; and recognise as fully as the Committee can, that Mr. Thackeray lays the correspondence before them in the legitimate and customary way.*

In this case, but not otherwise, I strongly entreat the attention of the Committee to the terms of Mr. Thackeray's

* I may mention here that there was a little vapouring gossip, about the Garrick Club, as to my intending, through this phrase or some other, to abide by the Committee's verdict or the verdict of the General Meeting—I don't know which, and I believe no small-talker knew which. The fact stands thus: I appealed to the General Meeting from the Committee, as an aggrieved person might appeal from a Vice-Chancellor to the Lord Chancellor. Not righted, I appealed again, as the same person might then appeal to the House of Lords. I did not wish to be discourteous and refuse to appear before either of the two Club Courts. That the General Meeting never considered me pledged to abide by their decision is made manifest in their own proceedings, by their "trusting that a most disagreeable duty might be spared them" through my not abiding by it.

letter of the 14th inst.; and when the Committee have heard that letter read, I ask whether Mr. Thackeray rendered it possible for me to express my regret for having given him offence?

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

EDMUND YATES.

To the Committee of the Garrick Club."

The Committee held a meeting, and sent me this letter:

"Garrick Club, 26th June 1858.

Sir,—I have the honour, by the direction of the Committee, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd instant, and to make the following communication to you:

The Committee has a high opinion of its own functions.

At a Special Meeting of the Committee, on Saturday, the 26th June 1858, it was unanimously resolved:

'1st. That it is competent to the Committee to enter into Mr. Thackeray's complaints against Mr. Yates.

'2nd. That it is the opinion of the Committee that Mr. Thackeray's complaints against Mr. Yates are well founded, and that the practice of publishing such articles, being reflections by one member of the Club against any other, will be fatal to the comfort of the Club, and is intolerable in a society of gentlemen.

'3rd. That in the opinion of the Committee, Mr. Yates is bound to make an ample apology to Mr. Thackeray, or to retire from the Club; and if Mr. Yates declines to apologise or retire, the Committee will consider it their duty to call a General Meeting of the Club to consider this subject.

'4th. That copies of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Yates.

'Lastly, That this Special Meeting of the Committee do stand adjourned to Saturday, the 3rd of July.'

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient, very humble servant,

ALEXANDER DOLAND.

To W. M. THACKERAY, Esq., and to E. H. YATES, Esq."

This was an anxious time; there were frequent councils, at which John Forster, W. H. Wills, Albert and Arthur Smith, as well as Dickens and myself were present. Just then out came the (I think) seventh number of *The Virginians*, containing a wholly irrelevant and ridiculously lugged-in-by-the-shoulders allusion to me, as "Young Grub Street," in its pages.* This was generally considered to be hitting below the belt while pretending to fight on the square, and to be unworthy of a man in Mr. Thackeray's position. To the above letter of the Committee I replied:

"Young Grub Street."

"43 Doughty Street, W.C., July 1st, 1858.

Gentlemen,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Secretary's letter of the 26th ultimo, making me acquainted with the resolutions you passed on that day, in reference to 'Mr. Thackeray's complaints against Mr. Yates.'

With all respect and deference, I beg to state to you that I will not retire from the Club, and that I cannot apologise to Mr. Thackeray. I would very gladly do the latter, if the terms of Mr. Thackeray's letter to me were less offensive; but I conceive that if I made an 'ample apology' to the writer of that communication, I should myself deserve that portion of it which you adopt in your second resolution, and should be 'intolerable in a society of gentlemen.' I therefore desire to appeal from your opinion to a General Meeting on the two questions:

I decline to apologise.

Firstly, whether the cause between Mr. Thackeray and myself is a case to be submitted to you at all.

---

* It was a pleasant peculiarity of Mr. Thackeray's to make semi-veiled, but unmistakable, allusions in his books to persons at the time obnoxious to him. *Ex. gr.* a reference to "my dear young literary friends Tom Garbage and Bob Bowstreet."

Secondly, whether, if it be, Mr. Thackeray has any right to claim an apology from one whom he has so very arrogantly and coarsely addressed.

With great regret that I cannot defer to your decision, and with much esteem and consideration,

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
EDMUND YATES.

To the Committee, Garrick Club."

Upon the receipt of this letter, the Committee summoned a General Meeting of the Club for the 10th July, to take into consideration the whole question, and at once set to work to whip up support. We, on our side, were not idle: we should lose Albert Smith's vote and personal influence at the meeting, as he had made arrangements to sail for China, in search of material for a new entertainment, on the 8th; but we had many promises of adherence. The question lying between the Committee, as supporting Thackeray, and myself, it was argued that neither of the contending parties ought to vote, and there was some discussion among us as to whether I could be present at the meeting. The following letter from Dickens, on the point, well exemplifies his practical and business-like character:

"Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Twenty-sixth July 1858.

My dear Edmund,—I have been thinking about the General Meeting. My considerations and reconsiderations thereupon induce me to recommend you *not* to attend it in person.

must not be present.

Firstly, I think it pretty certain that Thackeray will stay away. If he should do so, it would be regarded as an act of

delicacy in him; and your doing the reverse would be regarded as an act of indelicacy in you.

Secondly, though he should come—still, your staying away will show well by the side of his presence.

Thirdly, it is very difficult indeed for any one, though practised in public meetings and appearances, to keep quiet at such a discussion, the said any one being a principal therein.

Fourthly, you could do nothing if you were there but deny you ever intended to abide by the Committee's decision. That I will say for you if necessary.

In case you should be staggered by this advice of mine, ask one or two men of experience and good judgment, whom you can trust, what *they* say. I am pretty sure that on careful consideration they will agree with me.

Ever faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS.

EDMUND YATES, Esq."

It was, however, thought advisable that I should send the following letter, to be read at the General Meeting:

More correspondence.

"Gentlemen,—You will this day have laid before you a correspondence between Mr. Thackeray and myself, certain resolutions of your Committee affecting me, and such few representations as I have thought it becoming to offer to your Committee in writing.

I beg to assure you that although I consider Mr. Thackeray to have placed it out of my power to apologise to him, I am perfectly willing to apologise to you for any unpleasant feeling that I may have awakened in the Club by the publication of the unfortunate article in question. I have no hesitation whatever in expressing to you (but not to Mr. Thackeray) my sincere regret that I ever wrote it, and put you to the pain and inconvenience of having to take it into your consideration.

Your obedient servant,

EDMUND YATES."

On Friday, July 9th, I was in the rooms of the Garrick Club for the last time; and I may mention that, except on two occasions, afterwards specified, so long as that house remained in the occupation of the Club, I never looked upon it again.

General Meeting.

The General Meeting was held the next day. Neither Thackeray nor I attended; but the Committee were there in full force, and, with the exception of Dickens, voted to a man in their own favour. As an amendment to a resolution declaring that the Club had nothing to do with the subject at issue between Mr. Thackeray and myself, the following resolutions were proposed by Mr. James Cornelius O'Dowd, now holding an appointment under the War Office, but at that time assistant-editor of the *Globe*, which was then a Liberal journal:

"1st. That it was competent to the Committee to enter into Mr. Thackeray's complaints against Mr. Yates.

"2nd. That it is the opinion of this Meeting that Mr. Thackeray's complaints against Mr. Yates are well founded.

"3rd. That the practice of publishing such articles, being reflections by one member of the Club against any other, will be fatal to the comfort of the Club, and is intolerable in a society of gentlemen.

"4th. That this Meeting is at once prepared to

support the Committee in any step they may consider necessary for the suppression of this objectionable practice.

"5th. That this Meeting trusts that a most disagreeable duty may be spared it by Mr. Yates making such ample apology to Mr. Thackeray as may result in the withdrawal of all the unpleasant expressions used in reference to this matter.

"6th. That with this expression of opinion, the Meeting refers the whole question back to the Committee."

The speakers who supported me at the meeting were my friends Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Samuel Lover, Mr. Palgrave Simpson. These may have been influenced by personal friendship; but there were other men of mark, with whom I had no kind of acquaintance, but who were entirely actuated by a sense of justice in defending my cause. Among them I may name the late Mr. Justice Willes and Sir James Ferguson, now Governor of Bombay, then an officer in the Guards, who, on reading of the case, was so struck with the bad feeling of the cabal against me that he hurried home from Palestine, where he was travelling, to speak and vote at the Garrick in my favour. But my enemies were too numerous and too powerful, and on a division Mr. O'Dowd's resolutions were

My supporters.

Beaten.

carried by a majority of twenty-four, the numbers being seventy and forty-six.

To the secretary's letter enclosing these resolutions I returned no answer. In pursuance of them the Committee erased my name from the list of members on the 20th July—of which I received notice from the secretary. An interval of grace had been previously left for me to apologise to Mr. Thackeray; but I did not apologise, and that was the result.

Law.

I next took counsel's opinion on the right of the Committee so to erase my name and terminate my membership. The opinion being that they had no such right, and that I "had not been legally ejected from the Garrick Club," I resolved to try that question.

I submit to the reader that it will be seen from my letters that throughout I had shown the greatest forbearance, courtesy, and consideration towards the Committee. They did not return the compliment very handsomely, for they would not even make the little preliminary legal admissions usually made in suits, the object of which is to try a right. They would not by their attorney make the formal admission of a "trespass" having been committed upon me in my ejection from the Club. And that this is not a common course, even among ordinary suitors, not to say among gentlemen claiming

Legal opinions.

to settle questions of honour, will appear from one of the opinions of my counsel, Mr. Honeyman, of Paper Buildings, Temple,* who writes, in an otherwise dry legal document (previous to these proceedings I had never seen him in my life), "I cannot help saying that I consider the course pursued by the Committee or their advisers in refusing to give any facilities for trying the legal question, or to furnish the names of the responsible parties, as exceedingly discreditable; but if such course should be proceeded in, I recommend Mr. Yates, before bringing his action, to present himself at the Club, and to insist on remaining there till removed."

Therefore, I went to the Club on two occasions. On the first, the secretary denied my right to enter, at some point of the entrance steps which was not legally in the building. So I went again, with my solicitor, and was satisfactorily trespassed upon, or so I was assured, and brought my action.

Action brought.

By the advice of counsel, I brought the action against the secretary. He had been selected and put forward by the Committee to commit the trespass; they had instructed the secretary for the purpose; he is the paid agent, or servant, who always executes the Committee's directions; who, in the administration of the affairs of the Club, does what the Com-

* Afterwards raised to the Bench. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine also gave me some friendly and valuable advice.

mittee orders, and is directly responsible to them; of whom the Committee invariably act as the master. I had given him written notice that I wished to avoid any approach to disturbance or inconvenience, and that I would present myself at the Club at a certain time. At that time he received me there, accompanied by my solicitor. On my saying I must enter, he replied good-humouredly, "I suppose this is what you want, Mr. Yates—will this do?" and laid his hand on my shoulder to prevent my going further. This was considered quite enough, and he became the nominal defendant.

To this action, so brought to try the right of the Committee to eject me from the Club because I had given Mr. Thackeray offence, and to try that matter of right simply, at the very last moment, the Committee pleaded virtually that the whole property of the Club was absolutely vested in trustees, the only persons responsible on its behalf to anybody for anything; that the secretary was a name, and the Committee were a name; that nobody but the trustees had legally incurred, or could legally incur, any responsibility arising out of what had been done to me.

The result of this quibble was that I had no remedy but as against the trustees, and no remedy even as against them but through that channel which is known to every one as easy, expeditious, and inexpensive, under the name of the Court of

Chancery. Referring the probable cost of this birthright to my solicitor, he wrote me that, in the event of my failing, *it would probably not be more than* 200*l.* *or* 300*l.* Of course, as a young man with the world before me, I was not prepared to undertake such a responsibility, and the proposed action was eventually abandoned. Too costly

The solicitors who advised me in the matter were Messrs. Farrar & Ouvry of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the counsel retained to conduct my case was Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., who at that time stood high in popular favour, having recently obtained the acquittal of Dr. Bernard, charged with conspiring against the Emperor of the French. A fat florid man, with a large hard face, was Edwin James, with chambers in the Temple and rooms in Pall Mall: his practice was extensive, his fees enormous. I had many consultations with him, but found it difficult to keep him to the subject of my case: he liked talking, but always diverted the conversation into other channels. One day I took Dickens—who had never seen Edwin James—to one of these consultations. James laid himself out to be specially agreeable; Dickens was quietly observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of *A Tale of Two Cities*, in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver.* After Edwin James, Q.C.

* "Mr. Stryver, a man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free

reading the description, I said to Dickens, "Stryver is a good likeness." He smiled. "Not bad, I think," he said, "especially after only one sitting."

A scapegoat?

There is no doubt it was pretty generally said at the time, as it has been said since, and is said even now, that this whole affair was a struggle for supremacy, or an outburst of jealousy, between Thackeray and Dickens, and that my part was merely that of the scapegoat or shuttlecock.

Jealousy between C. D. and W. M. T.?

There was no intimacy, nor anything really like friendship, between the two men, though an outward show of cordiality had been maintained in public. Dickens had taken the chair at the dinner to Thackeray in '55, and had alluded to the "treasures of wit and wisdom within the yellow covers:" Thackeray, in his lectures on "Weekday Preachers," declared that he thought Dickens was specially commissioned by Divine Benevolence to delight mankind. But Dickens read little, and thought less, of Thackeray's later work; and once, when I was speak-

---

from any drawback of delicacy; had a very pushing way of shouldering himself, morally and physically, into companies and conversations that argued well for his shouldering his way up in life. . . . Shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from a rank garden full of flaring companions. . . . A glib man, and an unscrupulous, and a ready and a bold."

ing of the ruthless strictures of the *Saturday Review* on *Little Dorrit*, Thackeray, agreeing with me in the main, added, with that strange, half-humorous, half-serious look, "though, between ourselves, my dear Yates, *Little D.* is Deed stupid."

Of course, Thackeray knew perfectly well that Dickens was advising me in all my movements in this matter, that he had publicly espoused my cause at the General Meeting, and had resigned his seat on the Committee on account of my treatment by that body; but the subject was never discussed in any way between the two men until late in the autumn of this same year.

In November, Dickens, returning to town after an absence of some months, heard from me that the writ in my action was about to be served. He expressed to me, I daresay for the fiftieth time, his conviction that the Garrick Club Committee had no right to interfere in the matter, but at the same time reiterated his recommendation that it should be accommodated without legal proceedings and without public scandal. Upon this, two letters passed between him and Thackeray. I asked Dickens for these letters, and his reply was: "As the receiver of my letter did not respect the confidence in which it addressed him, there can be none left for you to violate. I send you what I wrote to Thackeray and what he wrote to me, and you are at

Letters between them.

perfect liberty to print the two. I am, of course, your authority for doing so."

"Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.
Wednesday, 24th November 1858.

My dear Thackeray,—Without a word of prelude, I wish this note to revert to a subject on which I said six words to you at the Athenæum when I last saw you.

Coming home from my country work, I find Mr. Edwin James's opinion taken on this painful question of the Garrick and Mr. Edmund Yates. I find it strong on the illegality of the Garrick proceeding. Not to complicate this note or give it a formal appearance, I forbear from copying the opinion; but I have asked to see it, and I have it, and I want to make no secret from you of a word of it.

I find Mr. Edwin James retained on the one side; I hear and read of the Attorney-General being retained on the other. Let me, in this state of things, ask you a plain question.

Can any conference be held between me, as representing Mr. Yates, and an appointed friend of yours, as representing you, with the hope and purpose of some quiet accommodation of this deplorable matter, which will satisfy the feelings of all concerned?

It is right that, in putting this to you, I should tell you that Mr. Yates, when you first wrote to him, brought your letter to me. He had recently done me a manly service I can never forget, in some private distress of mine (generally within your knowledge), and he naturally thought of me as his friend in an emergency. I told him that his article was not to be defended; but I confirmed him in his opinion that it was not reasonably possible for him to set right what was amiss, on the receipt of a letter couched in the very strong terms you had employed. When you appealed to the Garrick Committee and they called their General Meeting, I said at that meeting that you and I had been on good terms for many years, and that I was very sorry to find myself opposed to you; but that I was clear that the Committee had nothing on earth to do with it, and that in the strength of my conviction I should go against them.

If this mediation that I have suggested can take place, I shall be heartily glad to do my best in it,—and God knows in no hostile spirit towards any one, least of all to you. If it cannot take place, the thing is at least no worse than it was; and you will burn this letter, and I will burn your answer.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS.

W. M. THACKERAY, Esq."

"36 Onslow Square, 26th November 1858.

Dear Dickens,—I grieve to gather from your letter that you were Mr. Yates's adviser in the dispute between me and him. His letter was the cause of my appeal to the Garrick Club for protection from insults against which I had no other remedy.

I placed my grievance before the Committee of the Club as the only place where I have been accustomed to meet Mr. Yates. They gave their opinion of his conduct and of the reparation which lay in his power. Not satisfied with their sentence, Mr. Yates called for a General Meeting; and, the meeting which he had called having declared against him, he declines the jurisdiction which he had asked for, and says he will have recourse to lawyers.

You say that Mr. Edwin James is strongly of opinion that the conduct of the Club is illegal. On this point I can give no sort of judgment: nor can I conceive that the Club will be frightened, by the opinion of any lawyer, out of their own sense of the justice and honour which ought to obtain among gentlemen.

Ever since I submitted my case to the Club, I have had, and can have, no part in the dispute. It is for them to judge if any reconcilement is possible with your friend. I subjoin the copy of a letter which I wrote to the Committee, and refer you to them for the issue.

Yours, &c.

W. M. THACKERAY.*

C. DICKENS, Esq."

* The original draft of this letter, in Thackeray's handwriting, is, strange to say, now in my possession. It was given

(*Enclosed in the foregoing.*)

"Onslow Square, Nov. 26, 1858.

Gentlemen,—I have this day received a communication from Mr. Charles Dickens, relative to the dispute which has been so long pending, in which he says:

'Can any conference be held between me as representing Mr. Yates, and any appointed friend of yours, as representing you, in the hope and purpose of some quiet accommodation of this deplorable matter, which will satisfy the feelings of all parties?'

I have written to Mr. Dickens to say that, since the commencement of this business, I have placed myself entirely in the hands of the Committee of the Garrick, and am still as ever prepared to abide by any decision at which they may arrive on the subject. I conceive I cannot, if I would, make the dispute once more personal, or remove it out of the court to which I submitted it for arbitration.

If you can devise any peaceful means for ending it, no one will be better pleased than

Your obliged faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.*

The Committee of the Garrick Club."

So far as I am concerned, I never heard that the

---

me, years after it was written, by a friend, who found it with a miscellaneous lot of Thackerayana which he purchased at a sale.

* John Forster, in his *Life of Charles Dickens*, alludes to this matter as a "small estrangement, hardly now worth mention, even in a note." This is all very well; but the estrangement was complete and continuous, and Dickens and Thackeray never exchanged but the most casual conversation afterwards. And most certainly at the time no one was more energetically offended with Thackeray than John Forster himself. I perfectly well remember his rage when Dickens showed him the letter of the 26th November, and how he burst out with 'He be damned, with his 'yours, &c.'!"

Committee took any steps whatever in regard to this communication. Within a few weeks the legal action was abandoned on my part, and the affair was at an end.

Such is the history, with nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice, of a most important event in my life; whether the result was for good or ill I am wholly unable, as I said before, to decide. Its importance prevents its being in any way slurred over, and I have told it in full with every detail.

Why I have told this story.

I have told it, not to vindicate myself—for no one can see more clearly than I do the silliness and bad taste of the original article—nor, most assuredly, to cast any slur upon Mr. Thackeray's memory; for I firmly believe that, had he lived, he would have been led to acknowledge that the severity of my punishment was out of proportion to the offence committed.

I have told it that that portion of the public which is interested in literary squabbles may be rightly informed as to the extent of my offence; and that those who bear my name may rest assured that the act, which has been so frequently referred to and so bitterly punished, was one for which—though they may deplore the thoughtlessness which prompted it, and the obstinacy with which it was persisted in—they can have no real reason to blush.

CHAPTER II.

DESK, STAGE, AND PLATFORM.

1858—1872.

In September 1858, when the Garrick episode, though not finally closed, so far as the lawyers were concerned, had virtually been brought to an end by the vote of the general meeting expelling me from the club, I went for my autumnal holiday to Seaton, a seaside village in Devon, on the borders of Dorsetshire, which had been discovered, as a place combining plenty of the picturesque with thorough rest and quiet, by my friend William Fenn the artist, who usually acted as our pioneer in such matters. Discovered, I may say; for though Seaton is now a thriving watering-place, with its railway-station, its esplanade, and its red cliffs dotted with villas and terraces, it was then a primitive village, inaccessible either by railway or public coach, and only to be reached by driving from Bridport: almost unknown and wholly unvisited; but with its lovely views, fresh air, and perfect peace, the exact spot for a tired Londoner in search of repose both of body and mind.

At Seaton.

Primitive.

We were a family party, arriving by coach, which

I had chartered at Bridport—my mother, ourselves, and our children—and we settled down at the little Baths House, which almost stood in the sea, and gave ourselves up to enjoyment. There were lovely walks and drives, visits to the romantic fishing and lace-making—not without a touch of smuggling—village of Beer, potterings about with Fenn on his sketching expeditions, and a stay for a few days with my friend Mr. Henry Webster, then inhabiting Shute House, near Colyton, a few miles off, where amongst our fellow-guests was the present Master of the Rolls, who was making his way at the Bar, but who had not then arrived at the dignity of Q.C.

Quiet enjoyment.

It was at Seaton that I first explained to my mother what had happened to me in connection with the Garrick Club. Living very much out of the world as she did, she had heard nothing of it, and knowing how much she would be distressed, I had not the heart to tell her, though I fully felt the necessity of doing so; but I was in the habit of receiving at Seaton the weekly numbers of a new publication, the *Welcome Guest*, of which more anon, where were then appearing Mr. Sala's articles, "Twice Round the Clock," and I took advantage of an allusion to me which was made in one of these essays to explain the whole matter to her.*

G. A. Sala on "Polyphemus."

* Here is the allusion: "The great Mr. Polyphemus, the novelist, is bidden to the Duke of Sennacherib's, and as he

The *Welcome Guest.*

The *Welcome Guest*, in which these admirable essays — now in their Heaven knows how many

rolls to Sennacherib House in his brougham, meditates satiric onslaughts on 'Tom Garbage' and 'Young Grubstreet'—those Tom Thumb foes of his—in the next number of the *Pennsylvanians*. Mr. Goodman Twoshoes is reading one of his own books to the members of the Chawbacon Athenæum, and making, I am delighted to hear, a mint of money by the simple process. Goldpen, the poet, has taken his wife and children to Miss P. Horton's entertainment; Bays, the great dramatist, is sitting in the stalls of the Pontoppidan Theatre, listening with rapt ears to the jokes in his own farce; and Selwyn Cope, the essayist, is snoring snugly between the sheets, having to rise very early to-morrow morning, in order to see a man hanged. And where are the working men of literature, the conscripts of the pen, doomed to carry Brown Bess for sixpence a day all their lives? Where are Garbage and Grubstreet? In the worst inn's worst room, with racing prints half hung, the walls of plaster and the floors of sand, at once a deal table, but stained with beer, sits Garbage playing four-handed cribbage with an impenitent hostler, a sporting man who has sold the fight, and a potboy who is a returned convict? Sits he there, I ask, or is he peacefully pursuing his vocation in country lodgings? And Grubstreet, is he in some murky den, with a vulture's quill dipped in vitriol, inditing libels upon the great, good, and wise of the day? Wonder upon wonders, Grubstreet sits in a handsome study, listening to his wife laughing over her crochet-work at Mr. Polyphemus's last attack on him, and dandling a little child upon his knee! O, the strange world in which we live, and the post that people will knock their heads against!"

And again, in the same periodical, in writing of clubs, "G. A. S." says: "I fear the awful committee, with a dread complacency, can unclub a man for a few idle words inadvertently spoken, and blast his social position for an act of harmless indiscretion."

hundredth edition—originally appeared, was started by Mr. Henry Vizetelly in the spring of 1858, and was one of the most excellent of cheap magazines. In it appeared, in serial form, an excellent translation, I believe by Mr. J. V. Bridgman, of Gustave Freytag's novel, *Debit and Credit;* a capital romance, "Under a Cloud," by Messrs. Frederick and James Greenwood; many of Mr. Sala's best stories and essays, besides those already mentioned, including a very laughable one—it was in the time of Mr. Rarey—called "How I tamed Mrs. Cruiser." Mr. Vizetelly being the editor, it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Sutherland Edwards and Mr. Augustus Mayhew were among the contributors; and there were clever novelettes, stories, and poems by various hands. The sub-editing was excellently done: certain pages were avowedly supplied by the scissors, but these weapons were plied with such taste and judgment as to render their product not the least interesting portion of the miscellany.

In the second year of its existence the *Welcome Guest* was purchased by Mr. Maxwell, and by him issued at an advanced price in a different shape, but without the illustrations; it was under the editorship of Robert Brough, but with much the same staff of authors.

My dramatic work, which, in collaboration with Herbert Harrington, had been so successful, afforded

More dramatic work.

me employment from time to time. For the first season of Miss Louisa Swanborough's management of the Strand Theatre we wrote a broad bustling farce, turning on the adventures of a cheap photographer, and called *Your Likeness, One Shilling;* while the last piece produced at the Princess's Theatre under Mr. Charles Kean's management was from our pen. It was played after the revival of *Henry V.*, and had its effect in somewhat lightening the spirits of the audience before their departure. The management, and apparently the public, were thoroughly satisfied with it; it was pronounced by the press to be "extremely neat," with dialogue "written with smartness beyond the average," and it was certainly excellently acted. In the present days of a genuine heroine-worship, with recollections full upon us of Beatrice, Viola, Olivia, and Camma, it seems odd to read in connection with this slight comedietta that "Miss Ellen Terry is worthy of a special word of praise for the spirit and point with which she played the part of a youthful groom or tiger."

Miss Ellen Terry.

For the opening of the new Adelphi Theatre, erected on the site of the little building with which my name had been so long connected, I, at Mr. Webster's request, wrote an introductory sketch. I have forgotten all about it now, save that it was a dialogue in verse introducing all the members of the company, with special reference to them, their

The new Adelphi Theatre.

position, and peculiarities; and that on the first night the whole effect of this was marred through the crass stupidity of Mr. Paul Bedford, who did not know one line which had been set down for him, and who, to my horror, adopted an improvisation of his own, beginning, "Stop the cart, stop the cart, dear kids, stop the cart; let old Paul have something to say to you." Delightful Mr. Bedford.

Also in collaboration with Harrington I wrote an entertainment for Mr. George Case, a well-known musical man and player of the concertina, who retired from the orchestra on his marriage with a Miss Grace Egerton, a pretty and uncommonly sprightly and clever little actress, who ought to have done better things. An entertainment.

In buying a pair of horses from a dealer, the experienced purchaser is generally aware that he will become the owner of a good animal and a bad one, and the writer of entertainments for a married couple is very often in an analogous position. In the present instance, we soon found that Mr. Case could only be intrusted as feeder to his wife; but that the lady's pluck, energy, and talent enabled her to undertake anything we chose to give her. There were two or three "bits" of character in which she reminded me strongly of Mrs. Keeley; and a song which I wrote for her, full of patriotic claptrap, which she sang in the character of a Volunteer at the close Mrs. Case.

of the entertainment, invariably brought down the house.

The Volunteer movement.

For this was the beginning of the Volunteer movement, which was causing a stir throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in which I had the pleasure of taking an active, though subordinate, part. In such a movement it would have been unpardonable if the Government officials had not been early and largely represented, and the Civil Service Rifle Regiment, with the Prince of Wales for its honorary colonel, Viscount Bury for its colonel, and with two Post Office companies in its ranks, was speedily enrolled, having Somerset House for its head-quarters.

Extends to the P. O.

One of the Post Office companies had for its captain a gentleman than whom no one has more largely contributed to the honour in which the service is held, and than whom there is, I suppose, no more efficient Volunteer officer—I allude to Lieutenant-Colonel Du Plat Taylor, now commanding the 49th (Post Office) Middlesex. My colleague, Harrington, commanded the other company; and, though he was reported to have seen service in Spain under Sir de Lacy Evans, his military gifts were not equal to his dramatic genius. I was his ensign; and I think the same might be said of me. Nor do I think that the other literary gentlemen who held commissions in the regiment—Mr. Tom Taylor in the Whitehall company, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert in one of the Somerset House

Literary officers.

companies—were particularly distinguished for their drill.

The first meeting, for the purpose of establishing the Post Office companies, took place on the 8th of December '59, and our first muster for drill was a week later, on the 15th, when we met at the Barber Surgeons' Hall in Monkwell Street, at the back of the Post Office, which had been kindly placed at our disposal. When the weather grew brighter, and, our numbers increasing, we required more space, we were permitted to drill in the ground of the Charterhouse, which is a short distance from the Post Office; and there, under the tuition of a smart sergeant and a long corporal of the Coldstreams, one of whom bade us to "Shalloo humps," while the other entreated us to "Shoolah hice," we went through our evolutions before a limited audience.

Our drill.

The boys were never present—they had gone home; but the Poor Brethren of the Charterhouse, Thomas Newcome's colleagues, came creeping round in their black gowns, gazing at the intruders in astonishment. "Codd Colonel" was amongst them; for, after looking on for a few minutes, he stole away, and when he returned I saw that he had affixed his Waterloo medal on his faded coat, and his bearing was once again upright and martial. The worthy head-master of Charterhouse, Archdeacon Hale, took an interest in us, would come and watch us drill, and

Poor Brethren.

"Codd Colone'."

I think on one occasion devoted a sermon to the furtherance of the cause.

Which progressed with but little let or hindrance. In its earliest days, a thoughtless sketch in *Punch* supplied the youthful population with the sarcastic cry of "Who shot the dog?" with which the Volunteers were for a long time chaffed on their public appearances; and much cynical wit was expended upon us. One regiment, possessing a brownish-gray uniform with red facings, was known as the "pauper lunatics with their throats cut." We, the Post Office companies, were once turned into horrible ridicule by a small and preternaturally sharp boy, who, standing in the middle of the crowd as we marched by, amid expressions of admiration, hit the fatal blot by exclaiming, in a shrill key, "Ain't they all of a size neither!" which, it is needless to say, we were not. Stories were invented of Volunteer colonels on the line of march, after frantically exclaiming, "Right wheel! left wheel!" and having got their men horribly clubbed, ended by roaring out, "Damn it, turn up Fetter Lane!" and the members of the new force were general victims of chaff and fun.

The populace is sarcastic.

Still we prospered. On the 7th of March 1860, the Queen held a Levée in St. James's Palace, for the purpose of receiving the officers of the newly-formed rifle corps, which I attended. Her Majesty's courtesy, doubtless well-intentioned, was much minimised by a

The Levée

snub received from the always agreeable Lord Chamberlain's department, in a notice to the effect that attendance at this Levée "was not to count as a presentation to the Queen." It was reckoned that about two thousand five hundred Volunteer officers passed before her Majesty, representing an effective force of seventy thousand men.

The review.

On the 22nd of June following, about twenty-one thousand Volunteers—fifteen thousand belonging to the metropolis and six thousand to the provinces—were reviewed in Hyde Park by the Queen, who was accompanied by the Prince Consort and the King of the Belgians, then her guest. It was, I remember, a tremendously hot and fatiguing day; for we were on the ground early, though the Queen and party did not arrive till four o'clock, and drove along to the extreme left of the line of the Volunteers on the Bayswater Road, and thence along the whole front to the extreme right at Albert Gate. Her Majesty then took up her station in the royal stand, erected about the middle of Park Lane, and the entire mass of Volunteers marched past in companies. When all had passed, and returned to their original position, the line advanced in battalion columns, and, at a given signal, burst into vociferous cheers for her Majesty. It was a grand day and a fine sight, but pleasanter, I should say, to the spectators than to the actual performers.

Very wet summer.

The whole of this year, 1860, was desperately wet and cold and cheerless. We had drills and field-days and brigade-days, inspections in the Park, work on Wimbledon Common, combinations with other regiments in various suburbs, and I have a recollection of being generally wet through on most occasions; but very few of us suffered in health, and undoubtedly the "movement" aroused a great spirit of *camaraderie* among us. Nothing that I have known has ever done so much to weld together and bring into unison the various departments of the Civil Service. Amongst other things, we had amateur performances, in aid of our band fund, I think, or some other patriotic institution, which were triumphantly successful.

Amateur performances.

An original drama, called *A Lesson for Life*, had been specially written for us by Tom Taylor; the female characters were filled by professional ladies, and we had the advantage of an exceptionally charming heroine in Miss Kate Terry. I never saw so excellent a performance by amateurs. Mr. Robert Morrisson of Somerset House was, in appearance and in talent, scarcely to be distinguished from Mr. William Farren; Messrs. Du Plat Taylor, Angell, Hood, and Dewar afforded invaluable aid. A high official in the Treasury represented a college tutor to the life. The part of Oppenhardt, a Jew, was originally intended by Tom Taylor for me; but

I declined it, my time being so much engaged in attendance on my mother, who was then seriously ill, and I contented myself by representing one Basewitz, a foreign swindler, who was only seen in the first act. I also wrote a rhymed address for the occasion, which was pointedly delivered by Mrs. Stirling.

I held my position as ensign in the Civil Service regiment for about two years, when I found that the time required for the proper discharge of its duties encroached seriously upon my other work. From it I obtained good-fellowship, healthy exercise, and, I trust, a certain amount of popularity, besides gaining the material for a series of articles called the "Grimgribber Rifle Corps," which had quite a little success in *All the Year Round.*

Pleasant memories of the C.S.V.R.

This year, 1860, to me in many respects important, always remains in my mind surrounded by mournful memories, for in it I lost one of those dearest to me in the world and several old friends, Albert Smith among them. On Albert's return from China in the late autumn of '58 I had noticed a decided difference in his health and spirits. He who had never known a finger-ache was constantly complaining—the heat in China had played the deuce with him, he said; he had travelled too quickly; he wished he had contented himself with his Swiss holiday, &c., and left the Eastern trip for another year. The fact was that he had conceived the idea of going

Albert Smith.

Much altered.

to China, and finding therein the subject for a new entertainment, by noticing the speed at which my "mail journey" (*vide* vol. i. pp. 110-113) had been undertaken; but he forgot that everything had been specially prepared for me at Government expense, and that my duties were ended on reaching home. I had had no reason for keeping my mind active in search of "subjects" during my journey, and no entertainment to write at my journey's end.

Albert had always been a little intolerant with people of whom he did not know much, but he was now brusque and almost brutal. He decidedly refused to make the acquaintance of any one whom a common friend might wish to present. "Who is he?" "What has he done?" "I don't want to know him—I hate all strangers"—these were his frequent cries, and one had constantly to bear in mind what an excellent fellow he really was, and what a valuable friend he had been, to keep the proper seal on one's lips under his irritation. At last a small tiff was inevitable: Albert had chosen to quarrel with a common friend, whom I thought he had used very badly. I said nothing, however, on the subject to him, and nothing would have occurred had he not heard that this person was going to dine with me on my birthday, while he was not invited. He then wrote to me an unpleasant letter, saying that, as I preferred other people's society to his, it were best I should see no

Very brusque.

A tiff.

more of him. This letter, severing our old relations, I refrained from answering, and I saw nothing of him for many months. We agree to differ.

During the interval he had, at the close of his entertainment, married Miss Mary Keeley, and gone on his usual autumn trip to Chamounix. When London was filling again in the autumn, Mrs. Albert Smith, an old friend of my wife's, came to see her. There was no reason, Albert said, that they should be estranged; but I did not meet him until at a ball in the winter, where, entering the refreshment-room after a dance, I found him standing at the buffet. He looked round and caught my eye, hesitated an instant, then advanced with outstretched hand; "Let's have a glass of wine together, old fellow," he said; and our little quarrel was over, never to be renewed. Relations renewed.

I had heard of Albert's illness, and was not surprised at finding him looking aged and worn. He had fainted on the 23rd of the previous month (December) in the middle of his entertainment, had to finish it abruptly, and was for more than a fortnight at home under the doctors' hands. In spite of their strict warning, as he then told me, he had recommenced his work a few evenings before, on the 10th, and, as he assured me, found himself none the worse. From that time I saw him frequently, and realised that he was a changed man; the hard work, A. S. evidently out of health.

the late hours, and free living, spread over a long series of years, were beginning to show their effect—the seeds of disease were in him and shooting apace. I think he knew this, and tried to conquer his feelings.

He had made additions to the house which he had recently purchased at North End, Walham Green, and gave frequent dinners and entertainments there; he tried to resume his old boisterous spirits, but to me they never seemed to be genuine. He was very anxious that his wife should be much with mine, and that we should be frequently at his house; but my mother was lying ill at the time, and as I had to go to her at Kentish Town every day, I could not visit him often. The last time I saw him was on Thursday, the 3rd of May. On the previous night we had gone down with him after his entertainment, and supped and slept at his house. As I smoked my cigar he talked long and, for him, earnestly, expressing his perfect happiness in the tranquillity and repose of his home, his constant anxiety to get back to it, and his wonder that he had been able for so long to lead a celibate and useless life. The last words he spoke to me were when bidding me farewell the next morning in a little arbour on his lawn. He said, "When you come down next week this place will be lovely, for the pink may will then all be out." That pink may first showed its blossom on the day of his death.

A long talk with him.

On Saturday, the 12th, though suffering at the time from cold, he walked through the pouring rain from the Egyptian Hall, after giving his entertainment, to the Garrick Club. On arriving there he was wet to the skin, but instead of returning home he sat down before a fire and dried his clothes without removing them. An attack of bronchitis immediately set in; it increased in virulence as the week progressed; he was compelled to cut out the songs in his entertainment, and, though he would not abandon his work, called in medical aid.

Seized with illness.

On Monday, the 21st, he was so prostrated that the general practitioner in attendance positively forbade his attempting to lecture, and Albert, with great reluctance, suffered an apologetic note to be issued. The congestion of the lungs increased, and on the next day Dr. Burrows was called in, but it was too late. On Tuesday evening the poor patient became insensible. He continued in that state throughout the night, and at half-past eight on Wednesday morning, the 23rd of May, while all London was making every preparation for the great national holiday, the Derby Day, Albert Smith peacefully and calmly breathed his last, in the presence of his wife and brother.

Dies.

The news came upon me with a great shock. My wife had heard from time to time from Mrs. Albert Smith of her husband's illness, but the letters gave

no indication of its dangerous character. Immediately on hearing of the death, within a few hours after its occurrence, we went off to Walham Green, to tender all possible consolation and assistance to the young widow; and at the door I met, for the first time, one who was afterwards to become a great friend of mine —the Reverend J. M. Bellew, by whom Albert had been married not twelve months before.

A great shock.

The funeral took place on the following Saturday at Brompton Cemetery, and Albert Smith was placed in the grave where three years before his father had been interred. The mourners were, his brother Arthur; his father-in-law, Robert Keeley; his executor, Mr. Arthur Pratt Barlow; his solicitor, Mr. Edward Draper; the only other old friends present being Richard Lane, A.R.A., and myself. It was Albert's constantly expressed wish that his funeral should be of the simplest and most private character, and this wish was strictly adhered to.

Funeral of Albert Smith.

A far heavier trial was in store for me. In the beginning of the year my mother gave us to understand that she had reason to fear her health was breaking, and that she was threatened with a serious illness. During our absence from town late in the previous autumn, after the birth of my youngest son, my eldest boy had been on a visit to his grandmother at her little house in Kentish Town. She had an

My mother's illness.

idea that in her endeavours to please and amuse the child she had over-exerted herself, but it was evident that she was out of health, and that an opinion other than that of her ordinary medical attendant should be obtained. Dr. Robert Lee, of Savile Row, was accordingly called in consultation, and his opinion, privately expressed to me, gave me occasion for the gravest fear.

That was in February, and the dear sufferer very shortly afterwards took to her bed, never to leave it alive. For six long months she lingered, suffering at times, I fear, intense agony, but bearing it always with wonderful calmness and Christian resignation. During that six months I think I scarcely missed one day in visiting her, sometimes coming, to her amusement, in my Volunteer uniform, though towards the last I always changed my dress—I did not seem like myself, she would say, in that unaccustomed garb. She passed away on the night of the 30th of August—one of the best and most devoted of women.

Her patience.

Her death.

In the same year, at the early age of thirty-two, died Robert Brough; and I also lost a kind friend and early employer in Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, who perished in the Lady Elgin, an American steamer which was run into during an excursion trip on Lake Michigan, when three hundred of her passengers were drowned.

Deaths of Robert Brough and Herbert Ingram.

Still working for the *D. N.* and *I. T.*

My literary work was being continued all this time with undiminished assiduity at the *Daily News*, where, on the death of good old William Weir, the position of editor had been filled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Walker, who was accustomed to the duties of the office, and was an industrious and painstaking writer. I was doing plenty of work, too, for the *Illustrated Times*, where Mr. Henry Vizetelly invariably meted out strict justice towards me, uninfluenced by the advocacy of two or three warm admirers of Mr. Thackeray, who were on the staff, and who were eager for my dismissal.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's first dramatic attempt.

I have a note in my diary for the 11th of February 1860, to the effect that I went with Oxenford to the St. James's Theatre to witness the first performance of a burlesque called *Dido*. It was said to be the work of a novice—a young gentleman named Francis Cowley Burnand, who was believed to be still at Cambridge. Frank Talfourd came into the box during the course of the evening, and there gave utterance to two of his most ridiculous jokes. It was a bitter night, and some one was complaining of the cold. "You never wear a great-coat, Frank?" I said to him inquiringly. "No," he replied, "I never *was!*"

Frank Talfourd's jokes.

During the performance a trireme filled with soldiers appeared at the back of the stage. "What is that?" said Frank, looking at it as it rocked violently. "That," said I, referring to the bill, "is a Roman

galley." "Seems to me more buoyant than galley," said the inveterate punster.

I wrote also many essays and stories and poems for *All the Year Round*, the *Welcome Guest*, and a well-started but short-lived periodical, *Everybody's Journal*, which, I think, appeared about that time. In this year, too, I undertook for Messrs. Routledge the task of cutting down the *Life of Charles Mathews the Elder*, written by his widow, and originally appearing in three or four large volumes, and reproducing it with notes in a more handy shape. There was much good in the book, overlaid by a good deal of irrelevant matter, and I think I succeeded in turning out a readable volume, though I understood that old Mrs. Mathews, the original biographer, who was then still living, never forgave me for having laid my sacrilegious hand on her, in one sense at least, *magnum opus*.

My abridgment of Mrs. Mathews's big book.

Immediately after my mother's death I went for rest and change for a few weeks at Scarborough; and on my return thence, the first business call I had was on October 1st from Mr. Maxwell, who came on a very important matter. In the previous year Messrs. Smith & Elder had opened up an entirely new vein in periodical literature by the establishment of the *Cornhill Magazine*, at the price of one shilling, under the editorship of Thackeray. I remember when I first read the prospectus being rash enough

An important call.

to think that the great Titmarsh, having been so successful in his antiseptic treatment of me, might possibly possess sufficient magnanimity to induce him to regard me with a little indulgence, and I wrote and forwarded to him, without remark, a little poem, which I may say now was as good as most magazine verse, and was suitable for his opening number. It came back by return of post, with a line from his secretary, who was "desired by Mr. Thackeray to return the enclosed."

Mr. Thackeray wrongly judged.

The *Cornhill Magazine* was an enormous success, and Mr. Maxwell's idea was to bring out a somewhat similar periodical at the same price—without illustrations indeed, but giving more pages of literary matter as an equivalent. My old friend George Sala had undertaken the editorship, and had expressed a wish, in which Mr. Maxwell concurred, that I should act as assistant or working editor. Liberality was the order of the day; an office was to be engaged, good terms offered to contributors, the magazine was to be largely advertised, and everything was to be done to promote its success.

First hint of *Temple Bar*.

I was delighted to accept the offer; and as the first number was to be issued on the 1st of December, I began to set about my preparations at once. I had some difficulty in getting a serial story, for the leading lights of those days were most of them engaged, and Sala had promised that within a very short time he

I am made sub-editor.

would begin a novel on his own account, from which we naturally expected great things. At last I obtained from a lady who had never written previously for the press, and who was the wife of a provincial clergyman, a by no means brilliant, but quite sufficiently interesting "makeweight," story, without much incident, but remarkably well written, and giving a curious insight into Quaker life, the author having in her youth belonged to that community. It was called "For Better, for Worse," and perhaps may be best described as Trollope-and-milk.

In our first number, which was, like most first numbers, nothing like so good as its successors, Sala broke ground with an instalment of "Travels in the County of Middlesex," a series of sparkling essays, which I wonder have never been reprinted; Blanchard Jerrold wrote on the "Father of the French Press;" John Oxenford contributed an essay on the "Kalewala;" W. S. Austin sent some curious "Notes on Circumstantial Evidence;" and Sala, influenced by kindness rather than a strict adherence to his duty, insisted on my accepting a long poem by a Mr. Stigand called "The Northern Muse;" otherwise we were strong in verse. Mr. F. D. Finlay, who had never, to my knowledge, perpetrated poetry, before or since, sent me a remarkably pretty poem of a serious, not to say religious, tendency, called "Always with Us;" and there were contributions from two

Contents of No. 1.

acknowledged poets, whose acquaintance I had recently made. One was Mortimer Collins, of whom I had heard frequently, whom I had read much, but whom I had never seen. It was plain also that he had never seen me, for during the Thackeray controversy he had written of me in a Plymouth paper, of which he was the correspondent, as a "pert little London sparrow." I asked him to call upon me in reference to the projected *Temple Bar*, and when I rose from my chair, and he found that my proportions were almost as massive as his own—though official etiquette precluded my decorating them with a velvet coat and a red tie—he looked greatly astonished. I at once reminded him of his description of me, over which we roared, and shook hands and remained close friends to his death.

Mortimer Collins sees me for the first time.

To our first number he contributed one of his most delightful lyrics, "Under the Cliffs by the Sea," the first lines of which—

> "White-throated maiden, gay be thy carol
> Under the cliffs by the sea;
> Plays the soft wind with thy dainty apparel—
> Ah, but thou think'st not of me"—

still remain in my mind.

The other was by Mr. Robert Buchanan, who came to my house in the Abbey Road, to which I had just removed, one evening in November, with a letter of introduction from W. H. Wills, who had

Robert Buchanan.

previously spoken to me about him. Mr. Buchanan had recently arrived from Scotland to seek his fortune in London, and had greatly impressed Mr. Wills, not merely by his undoubted talents, but by the earnestness and gravity of his demeanour. He wrote a series of poems in our new magazine, the first one having "Temple Bar" for its subject, and became a constant contributor.

In gathering contributions for our first number, I improved my acquaintance with another man with whom I became very intimate—the Reverend J. M. Bellew. I had seen him, as before mentioned, at the time of Albert Smith's death; but had no further communication with him until I went to live in the Abbey Rôad, which was close by the church of which he was then incumbent. Sala particularly wished to have Mr. Bellew's name at that time amongst his contributors, and I accordingly called on "my minister," and induced him to send us an account of an episode in his recent travellings in the East, which he called "Over the Lebanon to Baalbek." J. M. Bellew.

My small contribution to the first-born was a sonnet on Garibaldi.

"The Seven Sons of Mammon," by George Augustus Sala, was commenced in No. 2, taking the place of honour, the editor contributing in addition a further instalment of his "Travels in Middlesex," and a very remarkable article, "Annus Contents of No. 2.

Mirabilis," commenting on the various events of the past expired year. Robert Buchanan made his first appearance as a prose-writer with an essay on Robert Herrick. There was a story by Sutherland Edwards; a scientific paper on "Light;" a lyric by Mortimer Collins; a descriptive paper, "The Houseless Poor," by myself; and a poem, five and a half pages long, "Italia Rediviva," by the unconquered Stigand.

The magazine made its mark, and grew better every month. It kept me constantly occupied; for Sala had so much literary and journalistic work to do that, beyond giving his name to the cover and the supervision to the printed sheets, he left most of the detail to me. I used to go to him from time to time at the chambers which, with a friend, he then occupied in Clement's Inn—I always used to think that the names on the door, Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Rudolph Gustavus Glover, were highly suggestive of a farce—and to which admission was obtained by throwing a penny through the letter-box of the always sported oak, and show him what I proposed, in which he almost invariably acquiesced.

Sala in chambers.

Blanchard Jerrold, Charles Kenney, Sutherland Edwards, H. W. Sotheby, who wrote an interesting series of papers on ancient classical novelists; Mortimer Collins, who, in addition to his lovely lyrics, wrote a series of delightful prose papers descriptive of his

Our contributors.

rambles through different English counties; Edward Wilberforce, Professor D. T. Ansted, who was our regular "scientist;" W. S. Austin, Oxenford, Buchanan, and Mrs. Brotherton, teller of excellent stories, were amongst our early contributors.

Alfred Austin.

In 1861 I made the acquaintance, soon to ripen into friendship, of Alfred Austin, who had just then made his success with his satire, *Seasons*, and he wrote many prètty poems of a lighter calibre in our pages. Towards the end of the same year appeared in *Temple Bar* a story called "The Mystery of Fernwood," the first contribution of one whose work perhaps was more useful than that of any writer in it—Miss M. E. Braddon.

Miss Braddon.

I do not "set up" for a prophet, or, like the gentleman immortalised by Dr. Johnson's reproof, I should speedily have to set down; but I am always pleased to remember that I had sufficient editorial sagacity to detect latent genius in the first production of Miss Braddon's ever submitted to my notice. I was writing the framework of, and generally selecting and editing the stories intended for, a Christmas number of the *Welcome Guest*, when I was asked by Mr. Maxwell, the proprietor, who had supplied me with a pile of MS., whether I had discovered anything special amongst them. I told him that they were all of the ordinary calibre save one, a story with an extraordinary title, "Christmas at Rilston Kagstar," which,

An early effort.

clearly told, was full of new and genuine fun. This, I afterwards discovered, was one of Miss Braddon's earliest literary efforts. Her next contribution to *Temple Bar* was some "In Memoriam" verses on the Prince Consort's death in December 1861, and in the next month she gave a decided fillip to our circulation and our renown with the opening chapters of "Aurora Floyd."

For many months *Temple Bar* engrossed most of my attention, but I found time to string together and publish, under the title *After Office Hours*, a number of reprinted essays, stories, and poems which I had unearthed from various periodicals. In the autumn my wife and I, accompanied by Alfred Austin, went on a long tour in Switzerland, through the Bernese Oberland and to Chamounix, where, at the Hôtel de Londres, we had the rooms formerly occupied by poor Albert Smith, to whose memory a tablet had recently been erected in the village church by his brother Arthur, who himself died in the October of this year. In this trip I, too, was very nearly losing my life. The weather had been extremely hot; we had ridden on mule-back from Chamounix to Martigny, a journey of twelve hours, and, at its conclusion, I, who had been ailing and "out of sorts" for some days, felt seriously ill, and went to bed. I suppose I must have had some slight touch of sunstroke, with gastric fever and certain indications of cholera.

A Swiss tour.

I am knocked over.

Clear-headed Alfred Austin telegraphed at once, indicating the symptoms, to the English physician at Geneva, begging him to hurry to my aid; but many hours necessarily elapsed before he could arrive, during which I lay in fearful agony, becoming weaker and weaker, and desperately alarming the village medico, who was probably a farrier, who for all my convulsions proposed internally a tisane, and externally a cataplasm. Very ill.

But there was hope in the sound of Dr. Metcalfe's cheery voice, and encouragement in the light of his pleasant eye. For twelve hours after his arrival I was hovering between life and death; but under Providence his skill and the devoted attention of my two companions turned the scale, and, though as weak as a child for days, and unable to stand, I recovered. The English doctor.

In the late autumn I made my first appearance as a public lecturer in the assembly-rooms of the Eyre Arms Tavern, under the auspices of the St. John's Wood Literary Society, of which I was a member. The subject was a literary one—comments on, and descriptions of, the work of various poets and prose writers who seemed to me to be scarcely held in sufficient repute, with extracts from their writings—and delivered with as much dramatic force as I could command. It was a success; and, finding I had secured a new means of money-making, I wrote another lecture, much more dramatic in its character, My first lecture.

called "Modern Society," which I first delivered at the Bayswater Athenæum, and which was speedily in great demand.

Those were very pleasant days in the Abbey Road, where we had for near neighbours and intimate friends Charles Fechter and J. M. Bellew. The former, who had made an extraordinary impression on his first appearance in England as Ruy Blas, a performance which, as far as my judgment is concerned, has never been excelled on any stage, had created a perfect *furore* with his Hamlet, his conception of the character having much mellowed and improved under the advice of our other friend Bellew. Fechter was living in the Marlborough Road, close by me, with his wife and two children; and an odd *entourage*, the principal component parts of which were Gassier the singer, a Dr. Caplin, and an ex-fencing master whose name I forget. Fechter was singularly abstemious in those days, eating little and drinking nothing but weak claret-and-water, though he had a good cellar, and was especially proud of some 1820 port, which he was always offering to his friends; a man of singular fascination, sweetness, and amiability, though intolerant of humbug, and savage where he disliked. His keenness of perception and promptitude of action were in curious contrast with Bellew's easy, kindly inability of negation and *laissez-aller* in the conduct of his affairs.

Charles Fechter.

His home-life.

His characteristics.

I do not think there was ever a man more thoroughly misunderstood by the majority of people, even by those who thought they knew him, than John Montesquieu Bellew. He generally passed for a sharp, shrewd, scheming man of the world, always on the look-out to better his position, and not very scrupulous as to the means; much of a lady-killer, and not a little of a charlatan. J. M. Bellew.

There were never more mistaken notions than all of these, though I am bound to state that they were mostly, if not entirely, due to the man himself. Never was a man so wholly and completely his own enemy as Bellew; never did a man so persistently and yet so unintentionally do the wrong thing in the wrong place. He was not much given to mixing with professional divines, but had he been he would have reserved his strongest and most piquant story for his Bishop's ear. Half the stories told to his detriment were not seen in that light by himself, and, though perfectly false, were left uncontradicted, owing to a curious feeling which left him somewhat flattered by being considered the hero of them. He was not very firm, or very strong-minded, or very decisive; but he was frank, kindly, generous, and hospitable, a kind and affectionate husband, an excellent friend, and a good father. I lived in close intimacy with him for years, and in his best, freest, and happiest days during his ministry at St. Mark's; later, when he was

Much misunderstood.

His own fault.

His good qualities.

His weakness.

gradually slipping into what he called the Charles Honeyman line at Bedford Chapel; latest of all, when he had renounced his sacred calling and abjured his old faith, when he had christened himself "Poetry on Wheels," and was perpetually engaged in travelling in England and America in delivering his recitations. Some of his friends blamed him, and some pitied him; but to a few good and staunch and true who knew the man, his affectionate disposition, his warm generous heart, he was lovable to the last. By those his memory is still cherished in the full feeling that they could far more readily have spared a more strictly well-regulated person.

It used to be said that Mr. Bellew was a born actor, but in the days when I knew him he was too portly and too unwieldy to have shone on the stage. Undoubtedly he was never seen to such advantage as in the pulpit, where his figure loomed large and his aspect was commanding; his ecclesiastical millinery was perfect, and he wore, when preaching, cuffs of French cambric—such as used to be a portion of a widow's dress in the days when widows' mourning was in vogue—round his plump white hands. I do not think I ever heard a voice of such magnificent *timbre*, and he knew exactly how and when to employ every note in its gamut. He never read anything so well as the Church service—a straightforward, appreciative bit of magnificent declamation, free from

Best fitted for the pulpit.

"intoning" or sing-song of any kind. In his ordinary readings he was best in Shakespeare, whom he worshipped and knew thoroughly; his "comic recitations" were painful exhibitions.

When I first knew Mr. Bellew he was at the height of his popularity: his church in Hamilton Terrace, a very large one, was crammed, seats were at a premium, and crowds of persons lined the aisles. Then all seemed suddenly to go wrong: he quarrelled with the vicar whom he represented, and with many of those parishioners who had been his earnest supporters. He gave up the incumbency, and rented Bedford Chapel in New Oxford Street, which was conducted very much on the Sherrick-cum-Honeyman lines. A few of the faithful followed their pastor from the pleasant groves of the Evangelist even to that dirty slum, and for a time the place prospered. But only for a time. Then Mr. Bellew was one of the first to take advantage of an Act of Parliament, that he had worked hard to get passed, by which he was at liberty to unfrock himself; and no sooner was this done than he joined the Church of Rome, a proceeding which undoubtedly alienated many of the friends who had been very useful and true to him. He died in 1874.

Very popular.

His decadence.

As a man of business Fechter was energetic, trustworthy, and far-seeing; as a stage-manager, beyond compare. Mr. Augustus Harris *père*, who

Fechter as stage-manager.

was reckoned excellent in this line, admitted Fechter's superiority, and could not account for it. I once heard him say that it would be worth while to give him a large salary to do nothing but sit on the stage during the rehearsal, and produce the piece.

Fechter took me greatly into his confidence in his business matters, in many of which, such as the making of engagements, &c., I was able to be of use to him. The following letter will show the earnestness of the man, both as friend and manager:

A business letter.

"J'ai lu la lettre de L——, mon cher Edmund, et j'avoue que je n'y comprends rien! C'est à dire, si:

Je comprends que malgré mon grand désir de ramener L—— au Princess, et de le replacer à son propre ligne, il m'y faut renoncer.

Je peux très bien *payer de ma poche* pour parfaire les appointemens que demande votre ami, mais je ne puis forcer un directeur à faire une chose *que je ne ferais point à sa place:* laisser le droit absolu à l'artiste de refuser les rôles qui lui sont distribués est render tout pouvoir de direction *impossible.*

Je présume que L—— ne tient pas à l'affaire, et que cela le rend plus exigent peut-être qu'il ne convient? Je laisse encore la porte ouverte jusqu'à demain soir, 18 Juin. Après demain je ferai la distribution des rôles, et il n'y aura plus à y revenir.

Dites bien à L—— que ce n'est pas seulement un simple désappointement d'artiste que j'éprouve, mais un vrai chagrin d'ami. Vous qui me connaissez, vous me comprendrez s'il ne me comprend pas.

A vous, cher ami, de tout mon cœur,

CH. FECHTER."

I have another reminiscence in connection with this portion of my life. Fechter, wishing to avail himself of the services of a rising young actress, who

shall be nameless, requested me to arrange the engagement with her. After some preliminary talk, she called upon me one day at the Post Office, accompanied by her father, then an actor in a very small way. After we had settled the matter, the father said to me,

"You have a pleasant sinecure here, Mr. Yates."

I mildly hinted that, although the duties were not absolutely slavery, the position was not a sinecure. A self-sacrificing father.

"Equivalent to it," he said, with a fine theatrical air. "You gentlemen in Government offices are indeed well off. I said to my daughter, as we walked up your grand staircase, 'Well, my dear, your father would give up all his dreams of ambition, and be content to settle down here on a mere five hundred a year.'"

Whatever his dreams of ambition may have been, his actual salary probably never exceeded thirty shillings a week.

The International Exhibition being held in the year 1862, a portion of my work was devoted to articles descriptive of it and its contents to the various journals with which I was connected. Exhibition of '62. It was a year of much hospitality too, and one's labours were considerably interfered with by the necessity of entertaining or contributing to the entertainment of provincial and foreign friends, by whom London was thronged. On the 29th of March I made my *début*

as an after-dinner speaker, being, to my great astonishment, called upon by Dickens, presiding over the banquet in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, to return thanks for the Volunteers. I caused some amusement, I remember, by stating that if the sentry then on guard at the National Gallery had been summoned to return thanks for the army, he could not have been more surprised.

First after-dinner speech.

In June my wife and I, and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward, Fechter, and Bellew paid a delightful visit to Warwick, Kenilworth, and Stratford-on-Avon. At the latter place we were most hospitably entertained by the vicar; and Fechter, then at the height of his Hamlet triumph, was delighted with all he saw.

Visit to Stratford.

In the spring I had added to my labours by accepting an engagement from my friend Mr. F. D. Finlay to write for his paper, the *Belfast Northern Whig*, a weekly article called "The Looker-on in London," which I continued for some time.

New work.

During the previous winter, too, I had assisted Fechter in the preparation of a romantic drama founded on *Les Couteaux d'Or* by Paul Féval, and called by us *The Golden Daggers*. The piece was produced at the Princess's on Saturday, April 19th, before a very remarkable audience, and, though admirably stage-managed and excellently acted, was to all intents and purposes a failure. The reason of this was that the play was, in all probability, a bad one;

The Golden Daggers.

that there were certain incidents in it which, intended to be serious, almost verged upon the ludicrous; but one great cause of the failure was undoubtedly that the key of the plot was contained in the story told by the hero immediately on the rising of the curtain in the prologue; and as two-thirds of the audience at that time had not arrived at the theatre, or were engaged in shuffling into their seats, they heard nothing of what was said, and could comprehend nothing that followed.

In the autumn of this year I determined to attempt to increase my income by launching out into a new line. The lectures of which I have previously spoken had been in great request—I had given them in all kinds of places and before all kinds of audiences: in London, and the suburbs, and the provinces; before members of literary institutions at Islington and Bristol, and the Beaumont Institute at Bow, at Fulham, and Dorking; before the employés of large firms, such as Messrs. Copestake, Moore, & Crampton, and Messrs. Shoolbred; before the cunning workers in metals at Colebrookdale; at neighbouring Stockwell and distant Hull—and it occurred to me that as the lecture, "Modern Society," undoubtedly possessed a certain dramatic quality, and as I myself was credited with some of the requirements for the histrionic art, I might possibly remodel and extend this into a regular enter-

Lecturing.

I determine on the "show."

tainment. My old friend Albert Smith's place had never been filled—his room at the Egyptian Hall was at that time actually vacant—and it would, I thought, be a great thing if I could adjust his mantle, and tread in his successful footsteps. One shortcoming on my part, however, immediately suggested itself: a certain amount of singing and playing was absolutely necessary in such a "show," and I knew no note of music and had not a scrap of voice.

Harold Power.

In this dilemma I bethought me of Mr. Harold Power, son of the famous Irish comedian, a man of great humour, an excellent singer and mimic, who had at one time held an appointment in the Post Office, but who was, I believe, acting in the provinces. I put myself into communication with him at once, and made arrangements for his joining me later on. Then I engaged the Mont Blanc room at the Egyptian Hall for a term, had it beautifully decorated under Mr. Beverly's superintendence, and set to work to recast, amplify, render much more dramatic what had hitherto been known as "Modern Society."

The "show."

The entertainment as I finally wrote it was in two parts: it was called "Mr. Edmund Yates's Invitations to Evening Parties and the Seaside," and the nature of the amusement offered may be gathered from the title. Perhaps, however, what the entertainment really was is best explained in the following

criticism from the pen of Mr. John Forster in the *Examiner*:

MR. EDMUND YATES AND MR. POWER AT EGYPTIAN HALL.

The entertainment given by these gentlemen under the style of *Invitations to Evening Parties and the Seaside* is better than its name, which has nothing but eccentricity to recommend it. The entertainment itself is in fact so good that we predict for Messrs. Yates and Power, if it please them to remain fellow-workers in this manner, a success rivalling that of the late Mr. Albert Smith in permanence and in solidity.

Criticised by John Forster.

In the first place, the comfort of the audience is as carefully respected as it was in the old Mont Blanc days. There are no fines inflicted, no uncomfortable seats. The room is gaily decorated into some suggestion of a conservatory, and the little stage is prettily appointed, with its couple of successive scenes—a room, and a verandah opening on the seashore.

On the stage excellent actors, well remembered and respected by the public, live again in their sons, who amuse the company for a couple of hours, by holding their bright little mirror up to social nature in a performance utterly remote from staginess. In each scene the humours represented are thrown up in the natural course of easy conversation between two intimate friends. In the second scene, at the seaside, Mr. Power does indeed mount a stool to telegraph with his handkerchief to fellow-lodgers on the shore; but in the main the acting consists in appearing not to act; and this difficult end Mr. Edmund Yates may be said to have accomplished perfectly. In a large theatre there is a stress or breadth of manner necessary to give effect even to the right representation of naturalness, that makes art manifest even in the most polished representation of every-day life according to the way of the modern French school. In the little room at Egyptian Hall there is no need even for a faint touch of the rouge and violet powder of dramatic style, and Messrs. Yates and Power get rid of it altogether. Of the two pleasant friends Mr. Yates personates the more phlegmatic, Mr. Power the more mer-

curial. The quiet, unenthusiastic, and absolutely natural manner of Mr. Yates, who talks at ease to his friend, as if there were no audience within a thousand miles of him, keeps the whole tone of the two hours' talk pleasantly in harmony with the common humour of the audience. Mr. Power never exceeds the gaiety of ordinary social intercourse in his vivacity; the talk is always amusing, never overstrained into a cleverness beyond the bent of social intercourse, and the gay bits, the merry well-told anecdotes, the happy snatches of mimicry grow out of the course of easy conversation, and subside into it again as unobtrusively and lightly as they ought always to do, but often don't, in actual life.

It is noticeable also, that while the entertainment consists very much in talk about other folks behind their backs—first, of certain people who might distinguish themselves by divers peculiarities at divers stages in the course of the formalities of an evening party; then of people who make their peculiarities more or less conspicuous in their enjoyment of the unrestraint of the seaside—all risk is avoided of giving an air of scandal to the conversation. Nothing could be more genial than the prevailing tone of all the gossip. Even the lady's doctor may look without a frown at his own image as Mr. Edmund Yates presents it to him in his glass; and the old gentleman whose preliminary crumbling of bread on the tablecloth, and final embarrassment when he gets up after supper to propose the health of the host, subject to embarrassing asides from Jack Bagot, the funny man, might see without indignation how Mr. Edmund Yates rises to imitate him for the edification of his friend Mr. Power. As for that friend Mr. Power, his skill as a mimic seems to be unbounded; and when he shows, for the edification of his friend Mr. Yates, with a sly drollery that no man can resist, the manners and voices of the actors of the day, now imitating Mr. Webster, now Mr. Boucicault, now Mr. Paul Bedford, now Mr. Compton, now Mr. Buckstone, now Mr. Charles Kean, the little house is kept in a roar. Messrs. Compton and Buckstone are wonderful imitations, but the reproduction of Mr. Charles Kean is a joke to scream over. Capital, too, is Mr. Power's singing,

in reply to a male serenade of his own, of "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen," in a sentimental lady's voice.

Considering the skill of these two gentlemen and the durable character of their plan of entertainment, which, retaining the well-chosen manner, admits of any degree of variation in the matter, we think it is a question of will with them, and not of power, whether they will become as much an institution of the town as the town's old friend Albert Smith was in his day.

And here let me explain a certain similarity between the first part of my entertainment and one of John Parry's social sketches, produced a couple of months later under the title of "Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party." John Parry was an old and intimate friend of mine, and had no warmer admirer than myself, and the subjoined letter will show how curiously two persons, without the slightest collusion, may hit upon the same idea almost at the same time:

"15 Pembridge Place, December 5, 1862.

Dear Edmund,—I have only just returned from the north, and am very glad to hear from our friend Frith that everything looks so promising for Monday night. I should like to have been there and given a hand. But I am glad to see by the *Times* of to-day that there is no chance of getting in. I wanted to have seen you, as I should like you to know that, as far as I can see, by reading the first part of your capital bill, you have chosen the subject which I have worked into a song, and have ready to bring out when I withdraw 'Colleen Bawn.' It is, in fact, a gleaning from subjects I did in my entertainment some years ago. Doubtless the subject will not be treated exactly in the same way by us, mine being merely a musical scene, while yours is in a more elaborated form. I did not like your entertainment to come out without

John Parry's kind letter.

first mentioning that we had happened to stumble on the same subject.

Hoping to have an early opportunity of hearing you, believe me, with every good wish, faithfully yours,

JOHN PARRY."

We produced our entertainment on the 8th of December to an overflowing audience of celebrities, and it ran with more or less success, but always on paying terms, until the following May, when Mr. Power, for whom a good mercantile position abroad had been obtained by his friends, was compelled to leave me. I could not go on by myself, I had no inclination to adopt another colleague, and—I had had enough of it. So the show was shut up, and my evenings were again devoted to literary work.

Close of the "show."

In this year I witnessed the arrival of the Princess Alexandra in London, previous to her marriage with the Prince of Wales, from the windows of the *Daily Telegraph* office in Fleet Street, and was particularly struck by the happy tact of Lord Alfred Paget, who was in immediate attendance on the newly-arrived guest, and who, by his invariable good-humour and pleasant *badinage*, soothed and turned aside what might have been the anger of the crowd exposed to fearful pressure.

Arrival of Princess Alexandra.

I was also present in June at the inauguration of the Albert Memorial in South Kensington, where the Princess may be said to have made her first public

appearance, and where I was struck with the singular presence of mind and easy grace of the Prince of Wales, then a very young man.

I meet Lord Cardigan.

In this year, too, I met Lord Cardigan at dinner, and had much talk with him. He spoke very kindly of my uncle, Colonel Richard Brunton, with whom he had been intimate, and Major Stone of the same regiment (13th Light Dragoons). The dinner at which we met was given only a few days after an action had been tried, upon the decision of which Lord Cardigan vindicated his character against some slur cast upon his bravery at Balaclava, in a book called *Letters by a Staff Officer*. The subject was, of course, carefully avoided at the dinner; but I had a talk subsequently about the famous Balaclava charge with Sir George Wombwell, who, as a cornet in the 17th Lancers, took part therein.

Attacks on him.

Though it was so many years ago, he, of course, remembered every detail of it. He had two horses killed under him, was very nearly taken prisoner by the Russians, but managed to catch a stray horse—there were many about—and rode to Lord George Paget's Heavy Brigade, which he saw advancing. He was close by Lord Cardigan when Captain Nolan, the aide-de-camp, came with instructions to Lord Lucan to charge upon the guns. Sir George Wombwell was of opinion that there was a doubt as to which guns were mentioned—those on the heights or those

Sir George Wombwell on the Balaclava Charge.

in the valley about a mile and a half away. The latter was supposed to be those indicated, and the brilliant charge commenced.

Lord Cardigan's bravery.

Sir George spoke of Lord Cardigan as the incarnation of bravery. He cantered along at first about forty yards in front of his regiment, as though he were riding in the Row; he did not draw his sword until he had made some progress, and then principally with the idea of waving the men back, who were pressing upon him. It is always difficult, even in Yeomanry field-days, to prevent a cavalry charge becoming a race, and, of course, when the men saw the guns in front of them and firing at them, their anxiety to get forward and cut down the gunners was too great, so that the charge finally became a pell-mell race. Sir George Wombwell saw Captain Nolan hit by the shot which killed him. Though killed the body for some little time maintained its balance on the horse, and was carried past my informant with its arm extended, the horse going at full gallop. A minute after it fell to the ground.

Captain Nolan.

Death of Thackeray.

On the morning of Christmas Eve in this year Mr. Thackeray's servant, going to call his master as usual, found him lying dead, with his hands clasped above his head. The news came to me in the afternoon, as I was calling upon a friend at the Reform Club, and gave me a certain shock, as for ever destroying the hope which I had entertained

that the breach between me and the great writer might eventually have been healed. For many months any bitterness which I may have at one time entertained against him had died out, and when I treated of his loss in print I was able conscientiously to claim my share of the great and general grief. What I said in the *Northern Whig* was reprinted in the *Daily Telegraph*, and I had several letters warmly approving of my words from persons who at the time of the difficulty had taken keen interest in it as strong partisans on the Thackeray side.

My obituary notice.

In the autumn of 1863 I was residing at Mapesbury House, Willesden Lane, owned, but not then occupied, by Mr. John Anderson, the well-known horse-dealer of Green Street—a capital old-fashioned house, standing in a large garden, and surrounded by a congeries of stabling and loose-boxes dedicated to the comfort and well-being of Mr. Anderson's highly valuable stock-in-trade. There were also a miniature farm, a tan-ride furnished with various obstacles for leaping experiments, a large staff of rough-riders, helpers, &c., all within half an hour of Hyde Park Corner.

Mapesbury House.

It was a delightful place, but, in those days, somewhat difficult of access, and not too easy to find. Our friends used to come to great grief in their attempts to discover our whereabouts, as is ludi-

Difficult to find.

crously set forth in the following letter from John Parry:

"4 Colville Gardens, Bayswater, January 2, 1864.

My dear Edmund,—I think it but right you should have a statement of the events of last evening.

I was unfortunately rather late home from rehearsal, and could not be at the Friths' (who, you know, were kindly going to take me to your house in their carriage) until twelve minutes past the half-hour (five).

I was of course sorry to have lost my chance, seeing they were gone on my arrival at their house, and after ascertaining your whereabouts, I started in a cab; and simply to make the story short, I was exactly *one* hour and forty minutes in that blessed cab!

Lost in Willesden.

The man took me a *near* way of his own (!); and on our arrival in Willesden Lane, I knocked and rang at *three* large gates, but nobody knew anything about your house. It was bitterly cold, and what with anxiety and 'the shivers,' I at last was obliged to return home by Kilburn Gate to Friths', where I left a message for them expressing my regret. It was now exactly half-past seven, and I started in the cab at ten to six.

You would have pitied me had you seen my loneliness and despair. No house; no friends; no dinner! We got into a road without any gas, and three robbers looked in at the window; at least, I thought they were robbers.

I kept crying out, 'Take me beyond the cemetery!' At last I should have been rather pleased if they had taken me in the cemetery. So apologising to Mrs. Yates and yourself for my apparent rudeness, you will quite believe it was not for want of perseverance I did not reach you.—Yours ever faithfully, JOHN PARRY."

Fate.

I often wondered why Fate had sent me to live in a place so apparently unsuitable for a literary man with constant engagements in town, and at length I found out.

We were in a tolerable strait at *Temple Bar*. Some one who was to write a novel for us—at this lapse of time I quite forget whom—had sent to say that it was impossible for him to fulfil his promise. A novelist wanted. I was in despair, and did not know which way to turn. Miss Braddon was impossible—she had just commenced "The Doctor's Wife;" Mr. Sala was engaged on the "Adventures of Captain Dangerous," and was regularly supplying his essays, "Breakfast in Bed;" poor Dutton Cook's "Trials of the Tredgolds," though a very pretty story, had been pronounced to lack the necessary power of holding the public, and I was instructed not to go to him. The proprietor offered extremely liberal terms, and I put myself in communication with Mrs. Oliphant, "Holme Lee," Messrs. Whyte-Melville, Shirley Brooks, and George Lawrence; but all were engaged. We wanted a novel badly, and in the dilemma some one very near home suggested, "Why not write one yourself?"

Such an idea had never entered my mind, or, if it had, had been summarily dismissed with a feeling that, though I had written short tales by the score, I had not sufficient staying power for a continuous story. I volunteer. But now somehow the idea was not so repugnant to me. I had long had certain vague ideas, germinated by the surroundings in which I lived, floating in my mind, and I thought perhaps I might be able to weave them together. At all events, I

told the proprietor that I was prepared to throw myself into the breach—a suggestion which he received, if without any expression of enthusiastic delight, at least without a refusal. He named a modest sum, which in the event of my succeeding was to be more, bade me go in and do my best.

A new character.

The truth was, I had in my mind a new idea for a new character in fiction. There was living in those days a good-looking and very fascinating young woman, who rode much to hounds, and whom Landseer had painted as the "Pretty Horsebreaker," of whom I knew a little and had heard a great deal; and I thought out a plan by which I could utilise her, placing her amidst the Mapesbury stables and tan-rides and all the surroundings with which I was so familiar, and which was new and hitherto untrodden ground.

Advantages of local colour.

If I had never lived at Mapesbury I do not believe that I should have ever written a novel; but "local colour" always had been a suggestion for an incentive to my novel-writing. Thus *Land at Last*, with its artist life and Bohemian atmosphere, had its origin in a story told to me by Frith, R.A., and was written when I was in almost daily communion with him and other brethren of the brush. The story of the *Forlorn Hope* came to me after a sojourn in a great house in Scotland, where an outbreak of scarlatina dispersed the party; in *Nobody's Fortune* and *Cast-*

away the action took place, for the most part, in Devon and Cornwall, in which counties I was engaged on Post Office business while the stories were being written; and the *Yellow Flag* opens in the town of Southampton, and with the scene on board a P. and O. ship, both place and action having been frequently studied by me while staying with Captain Black. In connection with this subject I may mention that the names of all the *dramatis personæ* in *Black Sheep* are those of personal friends of my own, while in *Wrecked in Port* not a character appears whose surname is not to be found among the list of Post Office officials at the time.

I begin my novel.

So I wrote three or four chapters of "Broken to Harness," and read them aloud to the criticism of my wife and my friend Parkinson, then staying with me. They expressed their belief in the interest of the story and the goodness of the style, but both agreed that the sequence of the chapters should be altered. This view being also adopted by Alfred Austin, to whom I read them immediately after, I accepted it, made my third chapter my first, and went steadily to work. The first instalment appeared in the number of *Temple Bar* for March 1864, and the story was continued from month to month for ten or twelve numbers. During its progress I received great encouragement from the short criticisms of such of the press as noticed periodical literature, and from

the kindly letters of Miss Braddon, who wrote to me several times in its praise.

Criticisms on it.

When the book appeared in three volumes I had no cause to complain, for it was extensively and very favourably received. The notice in the dread *Athenæum* was written, as I afterwards discovered, by the editor, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and said, "It is a first novel, and a better work of fiction has not for many a week come under our notice." The *Standard* mentioned it as "very far above the average of the tales which overload our table." The *Globe* said, "There is an easy cleverness, a pleasant sparkling increasing to brilliancy at times, a freshness of spirit which makes the whole thing, from beginning to end, delightful reading for wearied or idle people;" and the *Morning Star*, "for vigour and fidelity," infinitely preferred my sketches of life in a Government office to those of a brother novelist.

My Pretty Horse-breaker.

My Pretty Horsebreaker, her life and death, was, as I hoped and almost anticipated, the success of the book. On all sides I received the doubtful compliment that no one thought I could have done anything so good. The *Spectator* said: "Mr. Yates has developed power which, to many who have read his previous writings, will be quite unexpected. They expected, of course, good, pointed, salted writing, pleasant to read even apart from its subject, full of humour and free of that affectation of buffoonery

which ruins so many of his school, but they hardly looked for anything quite so good as Kate Mellon. The Pretty Horsebreaker—who despises conventionalisms, makes a proposal of marriage, cannot become a lady, yet is a good and pure woman—is almost as clear to the reader's eyes as if she had been photographed. She is alive, and so are most of the subordinate characters," &c. The best character in the book, said the then existent *Press*, is Kate Mellon, "a fresh face in the long gallery of modern fiction. When all the world writes novels, he must have a quick invention who can produce something new."

I sent the book to Dickens, who paid me the compliment of reading it at once, and writing to me immediately he had read it. "I have read your book with much delight and some surprise," he said, "and have been profoundly affected by the last portions of it. It has touched me deeply, and moved me to many tears." Dickens's praise.

Thenceforward it was plain I must continue to write novels.

Mr. Maxwell had already secured me to follow on my success in *Temple Bar* by writing a story for the same magazine, the first chapters of which were to appear within a month or two. The flattering notices of "Broken to Harness" no sooner appeared than I was waited upon by Mr. Edward Tinsley, senior partner of the firm of Tinsley Brothers, who offered Offers for more.

me what I then considered large terms for a novel to be complete in three-volume shape within a certain given and, as I thought, very short time. But I had struck a new vein, my writing was in great demand, and it was evident that I must make the most of the good fortune which had unexpectedly fallen upon me. From that time until the end of 1874 I was never without a novel or two in progress.

Death of Frank Smedley.

The year previously I lost my excellent friend Frank Smedley. By the death of a distant cousin he had long been in easy circumstances, and after his father's death continued to reside in the winter with his mother in Grove Lodge, Regent's Park, where he could get fresh air without going beyond the precincts of his garden, and where he was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Zoological Gardens, his favourite resort. He had purchased for himself a charming estate called Beechwood, within a very short distance of Marlow, where he resided in the summer months. Late in April 1864 I dined with him at Grove Lodge, and thought him better and brighter than I had seen him for some long time. When the other guests left the dining-table he asked me to remain, and talked to me with great spirit and interest about the work on which I was then engaged, about some horses he had bought, about his desire to get away speedily into the country and enjoy the beauties of the coming summer, about a dozen little trifles,

into all of which he entered with even more than his ordinary zest.

I left him, promising to return the next week and to settle an early date for visiting him at Beechwood. On Sunday morning, the 1st of May, he was found by his servant, who came to call him, in a state of stupor, speedily followed by a succession of epileptic fits, and by Sunday evening he was dead.

By his death I lost one of my kindest and best friends.

Having given up the "Lounger" in the *Illustrated Times*, I commenced a series of articles of the same nature, which were published every Monday in the *Morning Star*. They were entitled "The Flâneur," and attracted a good deal of attention. The editor of the journal at that time was Mr. Samuel Lucas, a brother-in-law of Mr. John Bright, and a man of singular sweetness of disposition and charm of manner. At his death he was succeeded by Mr. Justin McCarthy, now the well-known member of Parliament, with whom I have since lived on intimate terms; while Mr. Russell, now editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, Mr. Charles Cooper, now editor of the *Scotsman*, and other men of mark, were on the staff. Work on the *Morning Star*.

My connection with the *Star*, in which, besides the "Flâneur," I wrote leading articles and reviews, and contributed some stories and essays to the series

called "Readings by Starlight" in the evening edition, lasted for several years, and was much valued by me.

When Mr. Sala retired from the editorship of *Temple Bar*, I succeeded him, and was in that position in 1866, when the magazine was purchased by Mr. Bentley, for whom I edited it for about twelve months. I resigned the berth, to Mr. Bentley's regret, expressed in a kindly letter in June 1867, for the purpose of taking the editorship of *Tinsleys' Magazine*, then about to be established. This new enterprise was started with all liberality and energy, with a number of excellent contributors, with the advantage of having the first-fruits of Dr. Russell's attempts at novel-writing. But the great special's *coup d'essai* in the new field was not a particularly happy one, and triumphant success, such as had attended the establishment of *Cornhill* and *Temple Bar*, was no longer to be commanded by the projectors of shilling magazines.

Tinsleys' Magazine.

CHAPTER III.

A DICKENS CHAPTER.

To Charles Dickens there are references, full and frequent, throughout these volumes. That it should be so is a pleasant necessity; for during the last years of his life he was so large a feature in mine, his influence over me as friend, counsellor, companion, and employer, was so powerful, and his regard for me so great, that the record of my career during that period owes much of whatever interest it may possess to his connection with it. In addition therefore to these passing references, I have thought it advisable to devote a separate chapter to chronicling my experience of him in such various phases of his life as were familiar to me, not without a hope of giving some new insight into his character. With Forster's *Life* and the *Letters* collected and published by loving hands already before the world, this might appear a somewhat difficult task; but my relations with the man, whom since my childhood I had, I may almost say, worshipped, were so close, the intimacy into which, notwithstanding his nineteen years of seniority, he

My intimacy with Dickens.

admitted me was so great, in our views and sympathies there was, if I may venture to say it, so much in common, that I was always proud to think he felt my society congenial to him, and permitted me an exceptional insight into his inner life.

Nineteen years my senior.

The nineteen years' seniority was not reflected in the terms of our companionship or our converse. "Fancy my being nineteen years older than this fellow!" said he one day to his eldest daughter, putting his hand on my shoulder. The young lady promptly declared there was a mistake somewhere, and that I was rather the elder of the two. And certainly, except in the height of his domestic troubles, Dickens, until within a couple of years of his death—when, even before he started for America, his health was, to unprejudiced eyes, manifestly beginning to break—in bodily and mental vigour, in buoyancy of spirits and keenness of appreciation, remained extraordinarily young.

This, I think, is to be gleaned from the *Letters*, but is not to be found in Forster's *Life*. The fact, I take it, is that the friendship between Dickens and Forster, as strong on both sides in '70 as it was in '37, was yet of a different kind. Forster, partly owing to natural temperament, partly to harassing official work and ill-health, was almost as much over, as Dickens was under, their respective actual years; and though Forster's shrewd common sense, sound judgment, and deep affection for his friend commanded,

Dickens's regard for Forster as friend rather than companion.

as was right, Dickens's loving and grateful acceptance of his views, and though the communion between them was never for a moment weakened, it was not as a companion "in his lighter hour" that Dickens in his latter days looked on Forster. Perhaps of all Dickens's friends, the man in whom he most recognised the ties of old friendship and pleasant companionship existing to the last was Wilkie Collins; and of the warm-hearted hero-worship of Charles Kent he had full appreciation.

To me, from the first time I saw him, when he grasped my hand at Tavistock House in '54,* to the last, when I took leave of him as he was dressing to go out to dinner, in his bedroom in the house in Hyde Park Place which he had hired for the season of '70, he was always affectionate, helpful, and unreserved. "Pray don't think, or pretend to think," he wrote in July '58, in reply to some remark of mine, "for a moment that I can fail to be interested in your letters, be they ever so numerous." "Chronically," he says in reply to another letter, written on behalf of some one else, "when I have a book to write I give myself up to it. Waywardly, my small private rubs make me uncertain in my humour sometimes, and unwilling to tie myself to the slightest engagement." But I always found him not merely accessible, but ready to throw himself heart and soul into

To me always affectionate.

Always interested.

* See vol. i. p. 257.

the business brought before him, as though his own fortune had been dependent on it.

I have heard Dickens described by those who knew him as aggressive, imperious, and intolerant, and I can comprehend the accusation; but to me his temper was always of the sweetest and kindest. He would, I doubt not, have been easily bored, and would not have scrupled to show it; but he never ran the risk. He was imperious in the sense that his life was conducted on the *sic volo sic jubeo* principle, and that everything gave way before him. The society in which he mixed, the hours which he kept, the opinions which he held, his likes and dislikes, his ideas of what should or should not be, were all settled by himself, not merely for himself, but for all those brought into connection with him, and it was never imagined they could be called in question. Yet he was never regarded as a tyrant: he had immense power of will, absolute mesmeric force, as he proved beneficially more than once, and that he should lead and govern seemed perfectly natural to us:

Easily bored and imperious to outsiders.

> "We who had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
> Dwelt in his mild and magnificent eye,
> Learned his great language, caught his clear accent,
> Made him our pattern to live and to die."

The first time I visited Dickens at Gadshill Place was in the summer of 1857, not long after his acquisition of that pleasant property, in response to an

invitation conveyed in the following very characteristic letter:*

"Tavistock House,
Sunday, Nineteenth July 1857.

My dear Yates,—Although I date this as above, I really write it from Southampton. I have come here on an errand which will grow familiar to you before you know that Time has flapped his wings over your head. Like me, you will find those babies grow to be young men before you are quite sure they are born; like me, you will have great teeth drawn with a wrench, and will only then know that you ever cut them. I am here to send Walter away over what they call in Green Bush melodramas 'the Big Drink,' and I don't at all know this day how he comes to be mine, or I his.† First invitation.

I don't write to say this, or to say how, seeing Charley and him going on board the ship before me just now, I suddenly came into possession of a photograph of my own back at sixteen and twenty, and also with a suspicion that I had doubled the last age. I merely write to mention that Telbin and his wife are going down to Gad's Hill with us about midday next Sunday, and that if you and Mrs. Yates will come too, we shall be delighted to have you. We can give you a bed, and you can be in town (if you have any such savage necessity) by twenty minutes after ten on Monday morning.—Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS."

We had a most delightful day, lying out on the grass under a tree. Dickens was greatly amused at a story of Telbin's about a Scotchman at the play, who, in the ecstasy of his delight, thumped the man sitting next him; and he himself told some capital A delightful day.

* The publication of the letters from Charles Dickens in these volumes is authorised by his legal representative.

† Lieutenant Walter Dickens died in December '63.

stories of Rogers the poet, of whom he gave a ludicrous imitation.

Within the next twelve months the story of Dickens's domestic affairs was made known to the public, and he had of his own self-seeking deliberately chosen to undergo such an ordeal as is proposed to few men. It had been obvious to those visiting at Tavistock House that, for some time, the relations between host and hostess had been somewhat strained; but this state of affairs was generally ascribed to the irritability of the literary temperament on Dickens's part, and on Mrs. Dickens's side to a little love of indolence and ease, such as, however provoking to their husbands, is not uncommon among middle-aged matrons with large families. But it was never imagined that the affair would assume the dimensions of a public scandal.

Strained state of affairs.

Dickens, the master of humour and pathos, the arch-compeller of tears and laughter, was in no sense an emotional man. Very far, indeed, was he from "wearing his heart upon his sleeve," where his own affairs were concerned, though under Mr. Delane's advice he was induced to publish that most uncalled-for statement in *Household Words* regarding his separation, a step which, in the general estimation, did him more harm than the separation itself. He showed me this statement in proof, and young as I was, and fresh as was then our acquaintance, I felt

Not an emotional man.

so strongly, that I ventured to express my feelings as to the inadvisability of its issue. Dickens said Forster and Lemon were of the same opinion—he quarrelled with Lemon and with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans for refusing to publish the statement in *Punch*, and never, I think, spoke to any of them again—but that he himself felt most strongly that it ought to appear; that, on Forster's suggestion, he had referred the matter to Mr. Delane, and by that gentleman's decision he should abide.

Publishes his "statement."

There can, I take it, be no doubt that if the matter was referred to any jury composed of men ordinarily conversant with the world and society, the verdict returned would be a unanimous condemnation of the advice tendered to Dickens by Delane. The truth is that this particular episode in Dickens's career is not an appropriate one for indiscriminate investigation, and the mistake which it will be generally held Dickens made was that which is usually known as "washing dirty linen in public." Dickens had the faults, as well as the virtues, of the literary character. A man who has given to the world so many distinct creations—creations which will always have their place in English literature, and which have passed into the main currency of the English language—was full of the irritability, the sensitiveness, and the intolerance of dulness which might have been expected. If he had been wholly devoid of a certain bias in the

Badly advised.

direction of theatrical ostentation—if, in a word, his temperament had been more rigid, more severe; if he had not given such prominence in his thoughts to the link which bound him to the public whom he served so splendidly, he would not, in this particular affair, have acted as he did. The two leading personages in this little drama are dead, and I fail to see the necessity or expediency of recalling its various details. It is not for me to apportion blame or to mete out criticism. My intimacy with Dickens, his kindness to me, my devotion to him, were such that my lips are sealed and my pen is paralysed as regards circumstances which, if I felt less responsibility and less delicacy, I might be at liberty to state. As it is, I am concerned with the man, and I shall content myself with remarking that it was fortunate for him that just at this time Dickens was opening up a new field of labour. To have concentrated his mind upon the writing of a book, amid all this *Sturm und Drang*, would have been impossible; but into his public readings he could throw all his energy, and temporarily forget his troubles.

No necessity for recalling details.

Occasional readings were given at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, in the months of May, June, and July. There was a considerable amount of anxiety among Dickens's intimate friends lest the indignation caused by the publication of the "statement," and still existing among a section of the

First paid Reading.

public, might find vent on his first appearance on the platform. Arthur Smith, his manager, a timid man by nature, was especially nervous; but I do not think Dickens was made acquainted with the feelings of some of those by whom he was surrounded.

But the moment Dickens stepped on to the platform, walking rather stiffly, right shoulder well forward, as usual, bud in button-hole, and gloves in hand, all doubt was blown into the air. He was received with a roar of cheering which might have been heard at Charing Cross, and which was again and again renewed. Whatever he may have felt, Dickens showed no emotion. He took his place at his reading-desk, and made a short prefatory speech, in which he said that, though he had read one of his books to a London audience more than once, this was the first time he had ventured to do so professionally; that he had considered the matter, and saw no reason against his doing so, either in deterioration of dignity or anything else; and that, therefore, he took his place on the platform with as much composure as he should at his own desk. Then he opened his book, and commenced.

Calm and composed.

The book was *The Cricket on the Hearth*, now read for the first time. Hitherto, Dickens had always taken the *Carol* for his readings, and I was curious and somewhat doubtful as to the effect of the new

The *Carol*.

book on an audience. The *Carol* is, so to speak, more *Christmassy:* the descriptions of outdoor scenery and of domestic doings, at what time-honoured custom leads us to call in after-dinner speeches that "festive season of the year," cannot fail in making an immediate and palpable impression; the rough hearty geniality, smacking of frost and firelight, of crackling logs and sputtering chestnuts, and steaming punch and sparkling wine, that pervades every page, is irresistible in its influence: reading, or, better still, listening to it, we rub our hands and shrug our shoulders involuntarily. To take up the book in the hot weather would be ridiculous, for the mind is so imbued with the word-painting that sunlight is an insult to the understanding, and dust and verdure are simply delusions and snares. The characters, moreover, are essentially typical of London life: we have all done business with Scrooge, played at forfeits at his nephew's house, stood "best man" to Topper on the occasion of his wedding with the plump sister with the lace tucker, peeped into Fezziwig's warehouse, seen Old Joe smoking his pipe at the door of the Clerkenwell marine-store, been waited upon by the benevolent merchant with his subscription-list; and from how many Camden Town and Dalston chimneys has not the goose-stuffing-tainted smoke of Bob Cratchit's fire gone curling into the crisp and glorious air?

Essentially a Christmas book.

In some of these attributes the *Cricket* is most deficient. It is essentially a tale of rustic and domestic life, passing in that class of society which a cant phrase has so generously stigmatised as the "lower orders;" and it is dependent for its success on the concentration and elaboration of an interest which, originally powerfully conceived, is worked out with masterly skill, and arrests the attention rather by the faithful and gradual development of character than by the observation and photography of every-day scenes and objects. The *Cricket.*

There was, however, no doubt of its interest and attraction to the audience present—ordinary upper and lower middle-class people, amongst whom the Dickens books find their most numerous and most enthusiastic readers. From first to last they sat in rapt suspense, broken only by outbursts of laughter and applause; and at the conclusion the vehement cheering was renewed. The success of the readings was assured. A great success.

At the end of July, Dickens, accompanied by Arthur Smith, started on a provincial tour, commencing at Clifton on the 2nd August. On the 4th August he wrote me from Plymouth:

"We had a most noble night at Exeter last night, and turned numbers away. Arthur is something between a Home Secretary and a furniture-dealer in Rathbone Place. He is either always corresponding in the genteelest manner, or dragging rout-seats about without his coat." Provincial tour.

23576

And again, in a letter dated from the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, 21st August, he says:

"A wonderful house here last night, and the largest in money we have ever had, including St. Martin's Hall. There were 2300 people and 200 guineas. The very books were all sold out early in the evening; and Arthur, bathed in checks, took headers into tickets, floated on billows of passes, dived under weirs of shillings, staggered home faint with gold and silver."

Thenceforward all was plain sailing. Those "peculiar relations (personally affectionate, and like no other man's) which subsist between me and the public," of which Dickens had spoken in his capacity as author, stood him in good stead in his new venture. He was received everywhere with the greatest personal affection and respect, and his receipts were enormous.

Within a year Tavistock House was sold, and Dickens took up his permanent residence at Gadshill. A stout, red-faced, comfortable, old-fashioned family house, with a wide porch and a bell-tower, which always associated it in my mind with the Warren at Chigwell, but standing in a broad garden easily overlooked from the road, and with an occasionally noisy country tavern within eye and earshot,

Gadshill Place.

Gadshill Place was not, according to a common phrase, "every one's money." But Dickens had associations with it, and gave associations to it, and also practically improved the property by judicious

outlay. A generous man, he also was always a man of business; liberal with his money, he always meant having his money's worth.

Life at Gadshill for visitors, I speak from experience, was delightful. You breakfasted at nine, smoked your cigar, read the papers, and pottered about the garden until luncheon at one. All the morning Dickens was at work, either in the study—a room on the left hand of the porch as you entered: a large room, entirely lined with books, and with a fine bay-window, in which the desk was placed*—or in the Châlet, a Swiss house of four rooms, presented to him by Fechter, which took to pieces, and was erected in a shrubbery on the side of the road opposite to the house, where he had a fine view extending to the river. In the Châlet he did his last work, on the fatal 8th June, using a writing-slope which, by the kindness of Miss Hogarth, is now mine, and on which I write these words.

Life at Gadshill.

The Châlet.

After luncheon (a substantial meal, though Dickens generally took little but bread and cheese and a glass of ale) the party would assemble in the hall, which was hung round with a capital set of Hogarth prints, now in my possession, and settle on their plans. Some walked, some drove, some pottered; there was

* Originally the "Bachelor Bedroom," and under that title most humorously described, with its various tenants, by Wilkie Collins in *Household Words*.

Long walks.

Rochester Cathedral to be visited, the ruins of the Castle to be explored, Cobham Park (keys for which had been granted by Lord Darnley) in all its sylvan beauty within easy distance. I, of course, elected to walk with Dickens; and off we set, with such of the other guests as chose to face the ordeal. They were not many, and they seldom came twice; for the distance traversed was seldom less than twelve miles, and the pace was good throughout. I have now in my mind's eye a portly American gentleman in varnished boots, who started with us full of courage, but whom we left panting by the wayside, and for whom the basket-carriage had to be sent.

The murder in Cobham Park.

It was during one of these walks that Dickens showed me, in Cobham Park, the stile close by which, after a fearful struggle, Mr. Dadd had been murdered by his lunatic son in 1843. Dickens acted the whole scene with his usual dramatic force. I had heard something of the story before from Frith, who is an excellent *raconteur*. The murderer then escaped, but was afterwards secured: he had been travelling on a coach, and his homicidal tendencies had been aroused by regarding the large neck, disclosed by a very low collar, of a fellow-passenger, who, waking from a sleep, found Dadd's fingers playing round his throat. On searching Dadd's studio, after his arrest, they found, painted on the wall behind a screen, portraits of Egg, Stone, and Frith, Dadd's intimate associates,

all with their throats cut—a pleasant suggestion of their friend's intentions.

Generally accompanied by his dogs (when I was first with him they were Turk, a liver-coloured mastiff, and Linda, a St. Bernard, which Albert Smith had brought from Switzerland), Dickens would go along at a swinging pace: sometimes over the marshes famous in *Great Expectations;* sometimes along a hilly tramp-infested road to Gravesend, skirting Cobham Park, and past the "Leather Bottle," whither Mr. Tupman retired; past Fort Pitt, near which Dr. Slammer proposed to take Mr. Winkle's life; down miry lanes and over vast stubble-fields, to outlying little churches, and frequently to a quaint old almshouse standing, I cannot remember where, in a green courtyard, like an Oxford "quad." Dogs.

They were stiff walks for any one not in full training, as Dickens always was at that time, but to me they never seemed long or fatiguing, beguiled as the time was by his most charming talk. With small difficulty, if the subject were deftly introduced, he could be induced to talk about his books, to tell how and why certain ideas occurred to him, and how he got such and such a scene or character. Generally his excellent memory accurately retained his own phrases and actual words, so that he would at once correct a misquotation; but on more than one occa- Talk about his books.

sion I have, in conversation with him, purposely misquoted from one of his books, in order that he might set me right. Who, indeed, would not be suspected, justly or unjustly, of misquotation, if he could be set right in a letter so overbrimming with delicious fun as the following?—

"Your quotation is, as I supposed, all wrong. The text is NOT 'which his owls was organs.'

Correcting a quotation.

When Mr. Harris went 'into a empty dog-kennel' to spare his sensitive nature the anguish of overhearing Mrs. Harris's exclamation on the occasion of the birth of her first child (the Princess Royal of the Harris family), 'he never took his hands away from his ears or come out once till he was shown the baby.' On encountering that spectacle, he was (being of a weakly constitution) 'took with fits.' For this distressing complaint he was medically treated: the doctor 'collared him, and laid him down on his back upon the airy stones'—please to observe what follows—'and she was told, to ease her mind, his 'owls was organs.'

That is to say: Mrs. Harris, lying in her bed, hears a noise, apparently proceeding from the back-yard, and says, in a flushed and hysterical manner, 'What 'owls are those? Who is a-'owling? Not my 'ugeband?' Upon which the doctor, looking round one of the bottom posts of the bed, and taking Mrs. Harris's pulse in a reassuring manner, says with admirable presence of mind, 'Howls, my dear madam?' No, no, no, —what are we thinking of? Howls, my dear Mrs. Harris? Ha, ha, ha! Organs, ma'am, organs—organs in the street, Mrs. Harris. No howls!'"

While on this subject, I may say that many of Dickens's private letters read like excerpts from his published works. Here is one, for instance. My old friend Mr. Thomas Archer pressed me to ask Dickens

to take the chair at a dinner on behalf of the Orthopœdic Hospital. Here is Dickens's reply:

"I send you an Orthopœdic shield to defend your manly bosom from the pens of the enemy. For a good many years I have suffered a great deal from charities, but never anything like what I suffer now. The amount of correspondence they inflict upon me is really incredible. But this is nothing. Benevolent men get behind the piers of the gates, lying in wait for my going out; and when I peep shrinkingly from my study window I see their pot-bellied shadows projected on the gravel. Benevolent bullies drive up in hansom cabs, with engraved portraits of their benevolent institutions hanging over their aprons like banners on their outward walls. Benevolent area sneaks get lost in the kitchen, and are found to impede the circulation of the knife-cleaning machine. My man has been heard to say 'that if it was a wicious place, well and good—*that* ain't door work; but that when all the Christian virtues is always a-shouldering and a-helbering on you in the 'all, a-trying to get past you and cut up into master's room, why, no wages as you couldn't name would make it up to you.'—Persecuted ever,

C. D." "In the name of charity."

From Paris, in September '65, he writes:

"The heat has been excessive on this side of the Channel, and I got a slight sunstroke last Thursday, and was obliged to be doctored and put to bed for a day. But, thank God, I am all right again. The man who sells the *tisane* on the boulevards can't keep the flies out of his glasses, and as he wears them on his red velvet bands, the flies work themselves into the ends of the tumblers, trying to get through and tickle the man. If fly-life were long enough, I think they would at last. Three paving blouses came to work at the corner of this street last Monday, pulled up a bit of the road, sat down and looked at it, and fell asleep. On Tuesday one of the blouses spat on his hands, and seemed going to begin, but didn't. The other two have shown no sign of life whatever. This morning the industrious one ate a loaf. You may rely upon this as the latest news from the French capital." Heat in Paris.

Dickens took great interest in theatrical affairs, and was very fond of theatrical society. He had a lifelong affection for Macready, and a great regard for Regnier and Fechter; of the latter he said once to me, "He has the brain of a man, combined with that strange power of arriving, without knowing how or why, at the truth, which one usually finds only in a woman." He had also a liking for Phelps, Buckstone, Webster, Madame Celeste, and the Keeleys. He saw most of the pieces which were produced from time to time, but he delighted in the *ir*regular drama, the shows and booths and circuses.

Liking for actors.

One day—a Queen's birthday, on which I had a holiday from my office—we had spent together at Gadshill. The family were absent, and the house was in charge of the gardener, whose wife cooked us a steak, and Dickens had taken care to bring the cellar-key with him. We rambled about during the afternoon, and at night we went to the Rochester Theatre. I forget the play; indeed, I recollect nothing but the presence of mind of a large man in a green baize tunic and a pair of buff boots, who, to Dickens's joy, evidently did not know a word of his part. He strode into the middle of the stage without uttering a syllable, looked fiercely round, then said in stentorian tones, "I will r-r-re-tur-r-n anon!" and walked quietly off to read up his part at the "wing."

A holiday with C. D.

Presence of mind.

We returned to town that night, and Dickens,

who had a theory that no one ever liked it to be thought that he or she could sleep in public, fell into a doze in the train. When he woke I said to him, "You've been asleep, sir!" He looked guilty, and said, "I have, sir! and I suppose you're going to tell me that *you* 'haven't closed an eye!'" Asleep?

On the very last outing which we had together, about two months before his death, we went to a circus, where we saw a highly-trained elephant standing on its head, dancing and performing tricks. Dickens was greatly pleased. "I've never seen anything better!" he said; "it's wonderful how they teach them to do all this!" Then a moment after his eyes flashed with that peculiar light which always betokened the working of some funny notion in his brain, and he said, "They've never taught the rhinoceros to do anything; and I don't think they could, *unless it were to collect the water-rate, or something equally unpleasant!*" The trained elephant.

There was another "show" experience of mine, which Dickens was never tired of hearing me relate. Many years ago, one dusty summer's night, I turned into the Strand Theatre, where were being exhibited the Bosjesmen, some wretched African savages, at a charge of a shilling to the boxes, sixpence to the pit, and threepence to the gallery. I went into the pit. After the miserable creatures had gone through a dance, their showman, a gentleman in black, with The Bosjesmen.

beautifully-arranged hair, advanced to give a description of them. "The little man," he commenced in mellifluous accents, "is forty-two years old!" He paused for an instant, and a ribald boy in the threepenny gallery called out, "And how old are *you?*" The showman started, struck an attitude, and with outstretched hand exclaimed, "Old enough to tell you, sir, that you are no gentleman!"

C. D. as editor.

As an editor Dickens was most painstaking and conscientious: outside contributors, whose articles had passed the first critical ordeal of Mr. Wills's judgment, and had been referred to "the Chief," received thoroughly impartial attention from him, while for his friends he could not take too much trouble or show too much interest. As an illustration of this, take the following letter, written after reading in MS. a story submitted in '57:

"I return the story with pleasure, and I need not tell you that you are not mistaken in the last lines of your note.

Excuse me on that ground if I say a word or two as to what I think (I mention it with a view to the future) might be better in the paper. The opening is excellent, but it passes too completely into the Irishman's narrative,—does not light it up with the life about it, or the circumstances under which it is delivered, and does not carry through it, as I think it should with a certain indefinable subtlety, the thread with which you begin your weaving. I will tell Wills to send me the proof, and will try and show you what I mean, when I have gone over it carefully."

Again:

"The mail-journey very good; perhaps a little diffuse here

and there—in the railway-carriage and on board the steamer; but I will run my pen through such portions in the proof."

He was a ruthless "cutter," and the very last time I saw him at the office he laughed immensely, as I said, when I noticed him run his blue-ink pen through about half a column of the proof before him, "Poor gentleman! there's fifteen shillings lost to him for ever!"*

As after-dinner speaker.

Dickens was by far the best after-dinner speaker I have ever heard. Mr. Sala, Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Parkinson, Lord Houghton, and Mr. Henry Irving are good, but Dickens was above them all. For years I scarcely missed an opportunity of hearing him speak in public. The first time I ever heard him was on a Shakespeare birthday at the Garrick Club, when he was in the chair, and made an elaborate speech, naming the day as the birthday of all the wondrous characters of Shakespeare's creation, specially, I remember, mentioning Falstaff as the "hugest, merriest, wittiest creature that never lived." The last time I heard him was two months before his death, at the dinner for the benefit of the Newsvendors' Fund, a favourite institution of his, when he again alluded to Fal-

* I suppose that in their close attention to his suggestions his regular disciples became unconscious imitators of his style. In Mr. J. C. Hotten's *Life*, and in Mr. A. W. Ward's admirable monograph in the "English Men of Letters" Series, a paper of mine called "Pincher Astray" is attributed to Dickens.

staff—"Trying," he said, "like Falstaff, but with a modification almost as large as himself, less to speak himself than to be the cause of speaking in others."

His readiness.

In connection with this subject I am reminded of Dickens's wonderful readiness. I was so much in the habit of going with him to public dinners, and the managers of those entertainments so frequently begged me to propose his health as chairman, that it became a joke between us as to whether I could possibly find anything new to say. On one occasion—it was at one of the Newsvendors' dinners—I said nothing at all! I duly rose, but, after a few words, my thoughts entirely deserted me, I entirely lost the thread of what I had intended saying, I felt as though a black veil were dropped over my head; all I could do was to mutter "health," "chairman," and to sit down. I was tolerably well known to the guests at those dinners, and they were evidently much astonished. They cheered the toast, as in duty bound, and Dickens was on his feet in a moment. "Often," he said—"often as I have had the pleasure of having my health proposed by my friend, who has just sat down, I have never yet seen him so overcome by his affection and generous emotion as on the present occasion." These words turned what would have been a fiasco into a triumph. "I saved you that time, I think, sir!" he said to me as I walked away

Saved!

with him. "Serves you well right for being over-confident!"

I do not think I ever heard him to less advantage than on an occasion when most was expected of him, at the farewell banquet given to him at the Free-masons' Tavern on the 2nd November 1867, just before his last visit to America. For that affair Charles Kent, Edward Levy (Lawson), and I were the joint secretaries, and we worked night and day to make it the success which it proved. The applications for tickets were innumerable, and hundreds had to be disappointed. Just as all were taking their places, Edward Levy came to me and said, "We must find a better place for Matthew Arnold! He is right away at the far end." We went together and induced the great poet-critic to change his seat. "Who is that very polite gentleman?" asked Mr. Arnold of me as we walked up the room. "Mr. Edward Levy." "What—of the *Daily Telegraph?*" "Yes," I replied; "the keeper of the 'young lions.'"

Farewell banquet to C. D.

"The young lions."

Lord Lytton presided over this dinner, and, due allowance being made for his high-falutin matter and manner, spoke well; but the best speech of the night was made by Sir Alexander Cockburn.

In the following week I accompanied Dickens and his daughters, Wilkie Collins, Arthur Chappell, and Charles Kent to Liverpool, whence he sailed next day in the Cuba, which, five years later, took me to New

With C. D. to Liverpool.

York. Leave-taking, as is always the case, was difficult; we had inspected Dickens's cabin, looked round the ship, and were uncomfortably uttering commonplaces, when the knot was cut by Dickens suddenly turning to me, as standing nearest to him, and saying, "It must be done!"—then in his heartiest tone, and with his warmest hand-grip, "God bless you, old fellow!"

Some months previously he had given me a great proof of his affection and esteem. I had heard from Mr. Stanford, the geographical publisher, that the directors of a certain well-known and excellent society were about to establish a secular weekly periodical, somewhat on the *Household Words* basis, and that they were looking out for an editor. I immediately made up my mind to apply for the post, and wrote to two or three friends for testimonials of my fitness for it. This is what Dickens sent me in reply:

A testimonial.

"I am exceedingly sorry that I should happen to be away reading, and therefore unable to help you in your presentation of yourself to the Committee of the ——. But I fear I may not be in London for more than twenty-four hours together until May is nearly out.

You cannot overstate my recommendation of you for the editorship described in the advertisement; nor can you easily exaggerate the thorough knowledge of your qualifications on which such recommendation is founded. A man even of your quickness and ready knowledge would be useless in such an office unless he added to his natural and acquired parts habits of business, punctuality, steadiness, and zeal. I so thoroughly rely on you in all these respects, and I have had

so much experience of you in connection with them, that perhaps the Committee may deem my testimony in your behalf of some unusual worth.

In any way you think best make it known to them, and in every way rely on my help, if you can show me further how to help you.

With hearty good wishes, ever yours,

C. D."

That letter is a specimen of the heartiness and thoroughness which characterised every action of Dickens's life. From the writing of a book, "out of which I have come," he said in a letter to Lady Blessington, "looking like a murderer," to a game of rounders in the Gadshill field, to dancing a Scotch reel or leading "Sir Roger de Coverley," to organising a party for playing "Spanish merchant" or "buzz," to brewing and baking a jug of gin-punch—whatever he did was done with all his heart and soul. Thorough.

I had a letter from Dickens from Gadshill, dated

* I must tell the conclusion of this story. The Committee selected me and one other—a gentleman afterwards well known at the criminal Bar, who is no longer living—from the crowd of applicants. They then asked me if I were prepared to give them my whole time and attention, which of course meant giving up the Post Office. I therefore let them know that I could not relinquish my existing avocation, with which a proper discharge of the duties required by them would not interfere. So they appointed my rival, but immediately afterwards discovered that he was a Presbyterian, and therefore ineligible. The matter ended by their paying him a year's salary, and leaving the question of starting the magazine in indefinite abeyance.

10th May 1868, announcing his return from America, and proposing a meeting on my return from the country, where I then was. "You may suppose what arrears of business of all kinds I have," he says, "and how they are complicated by Wills's illness and absence." We met soon after. He still retained the sun-browning which he had gained on the homeward voyage, and looked better than I had anticipated after his work and illness in America.

C. D. home from America.

I saw but little of him during that year, which was one, to me, of considerable anxiety, and during greater part of which I lived out of London. In the spring of the following year, '69, I was devoting some of my annual leave of absence from the Post Office to the purposes of a little lecturing tour. Finding that on Monday, the 12th April, I was due at Leeds, and seeing from Dickens's memorandum of reading engagements, with which he furnished me, that he was going to read there, in the same hall, on the following night, I wrote asking whether we should meet. He replied, proposing we should sup together on the Monday night, after my work.

We meet at Leeds.

Accordingly, on my return to the Queen's Hotel, I found Dickens and Mr. Dolby, who was then his business manager. Dickens was lying on a sofa—he had relieved himself of one of his boots, and the foot was swathed in lotioned bandages. This was the recurrence of a trouble from which he had suffered

for some time, and of which I was cognisant, but I was not prepared for the change in his appearance and manner. He looked desperately aged and worn; the lines in his cheeks and round the eyes, always noticeable, were now deep furrows; there was a weariness in his gaze, and a general air of fatigue and depression about him.

Change in C. D.'s appearance.

He tried to rouse, told me of the public dinner at Liverpool at which he had been entertained on the previous Saturday, under the presidency of Lord Dufferin, laughingly alluded to a passage of words he had had with Lord Houghton, and praised a speech made by Sala. Then he inquired about the acoustic properties of the hall in which I had just lectured, and where he was to read the next night, and gave certain orders for the arrangement of curtains there. But that extraordinary elasticity of spirits, his great characteristic, seemed to have vanished; he was evidently wearied and in much pain, and went early to bed.

He tries to rouse.

The next morning at breakfast he seemed much better, and his ordinary cheerfulness had returned. I had to go on to Sheffield amid pouring rain, and Dickens congratulated me on the outlook. "It was just the kind of day," said he, "on which the loveliness of the locality would be seen to the highest advantage." We parted, and within a week he was stricken down at Preston; had to telegraph for his

Stricken down.

medical attendant, Mr. Beard, under whose advice, and that of Sir Thomas Watson, the readings were entirely suspended for a time.

This was on the 22nd April. On the 26th May, in a letter to Earl Russell, Dickens is "happy to report myself quite well again." There is no doubt, however, that his health was by this time wholly undermined, and that the attack at Preston was, as his sister-in-law phrased it, "the beginning of the end."

Better.

It is curious to notice what a hatred he had to any public reference to the state of his health; it amounted almost to a mania. On the 3rd September 1867 Dickens wrote the following jocose certificate to Mr. F. D. Finlay, who had sent him some newspaper paragraph announcing his illness:

His hatred of being thought ill.

"This is to certify that the undersigned victim of a periodical paragraph-disease, which usually breaks out once in every seven years (proceeding from England by the overland route to India and by the Cunard line to America, where it strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains, and, rebounding to Europe, perishes on the steppes of Russia), is *not* 'in a critical state of health,' and has *not* 'consulted eminent surgeons,' and was never better in his life, and is *not* recommended to proceed to the United States 'for cessation from literary labour,' and has not had so much as a headache for twenty years.

CHARLES DICKENS."

This is funny, but by no means strictly accurate. Eighteen months before, at the end of February '66, Dickens had written to Forster: "For some time I

have been very unwell. F. B. [Frank Beard] wrote me word that, with such a pulse as I described, an examination of the heart was absolutely necessary. 'Want of muscular power in the heart,' B. said."

Six months before, on the 19th February '67, he wrote to his sister-in-law: "Yesterday I was so unwell with an internal malady which occasionally, at long intervals, troubles me a little, and it was attended with the sudden loss of so much blood, that I wrote to F. B., from whom I shall doubtless hear to-morrow." Bad symptoms.

Less than one month before, on the 6th August '67, he writes to Forster: "I am laid up with another attack in my foot, and was on the sofa all night in tortures. I cannot bear to have the fomentation off for a moment. I was so ill with it on Sunday, and it looked so fierce, that I came up to Henry Thompson. . . . Meantime I am on my back and chafing."

There is no one now, I suppose, who does not recognise that this pain in the foot and lameness were gouty expressions of internal disorder. Sir Henry Thompson saw this at the time, and said so. But Dickens hated the idea of having the gout, and, in his old autocratic way, refused to have it, and declared he could not have it. "I make out so many reasons against supposing it to be gouty, that I really do not think it is." And, with his powers of persuasion, he seems to have brought Mr. Syme, an eminent surgeon of Edinburgh, to his views, and got *Will* not have gout.

him to declare the disorder to be "an affection of the delicate nerves and muscles, originating in cold." But Sir Henry Thompson was not to be thus pleasantly cajoled.

Never did man wishing to deceive himself carry out his object so thoroughly as Dickens. One can see the shoulder-shrug and the eyebrow-raising with which he would have received the information told of any one else. He has pain, inflammation, every possible gouty symptom in his foot, the chosen locality for gout, but it is *not* gout, it is something originating in cold. The same symptoms appear in the other foot—still not gout. As he walks along the streets one day, he can read only the halves of the letters over the shop-doors that were on his right as he looked. "He attributed it to medicine," says Forster. It is really almost too astonishing.

His self-deception.

Dickens came up to London, renting Mr. Milner Gibson's house, 5 Hyde Park Place, almost immediately opposite the Marble Arch, in January 1870, for the purpose of giving his last series of readings. We dined together two or three times, at the Cock in Fleet Street, where, I suppose, I have been with him a score of times, and at the Albion in Drury Lane, in his favourite box round the corner, away from most of the visitors. I also dined at his house, and was at a large reception where many well-known people were present.

Last meetings.

On the 11th March, when Dickens gave his final reading, and "vanished from those garish lights for ever," I was with Mr. Scudamore at Edinburgh, whence, from the "instrument-room" of the General Post Office, I sent Dickens an affectionate message, which was given to him just before he stepped on to the platform, and to which he returned an affectionate reply.

His public farewell.

On my return to London we met again, going that circus expedition before mentioned. Another meeting was arranged, but was postponed by the following letter:

"5 Hyde Park Place, W.
Monday, Sixteenth May 1870.

My dear E. Y.,—Let us have our little out next month, after I have struck this tent. My foot has collared me again, and has given me great pain: I have not the use of it now.—Ever, C. D."

We never had that "little out"! I never saw him again! He was to have taken his daughter to the Queen's Ball on the 17th, but was too ill; he cancelled all his dinner engagements, and between that date and the end of the month, when he returned to Gadshill, only dined out once, at Lord Houghton's, to meet the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians.

His last dinner in London.

But I heard from him once more. I consulted him on a business matter, and received a reply, with an enclosure, dated three days before his fatal seizure.

Always considerate.

And as the one shows his keen business insight, and the other his warm desire to serve his friends, I give both:

"Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent,*
Sunday, Fifth June 1870.

My dear Edmund,—I enclose you a letter to Fields's House. You address them as Publishers, Boston, Mass., U.S. of America.

There is this difficulty in the way. They republish from early proofs in a weekly magazine of their own, called *Every Saturday*. In the case of *Edwin Drood*, their republication in those pages (tried with a serial, I think, for the first time), to their own best advantage, would have anticipated, as to certain portions, the publication in England; and consequently, *as to those portions*, would have destroyed the English copyright. This I was obliged to point out to them, and forbid. As they had not anticipated the objection, they *may* find the speculation generally not worth their money. But I merely mention this to you for your private preparation, and take no notice to them.

Ever yours,
C. D."

[*Enclosure.*]

"To Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.

My dear Sirs,—My particular friend Mr. Edmund Yates has asked me if I will give him a letter of introduction to you, advancing—if I can—his desire of disposing of early proofs for publication in America of a new serial novel he is writing, called *Nobody's Fortune*.

Mr. Yates is the most punctual and reliable of men in the

* "Why do you have 'Kent' on your notepaper, sir?" I asked him. "Post-office sorters always look for the name of the post-town, and 'Rochester' is quite enough." "Because, sir, there might be two Rochesters, and because some people write so badly it might be mistaken for something else!" His delight may be guessed when one day a letter of mine to him was missent to *Dor*chester.

execution of his work. I have had the plan of his story before me, and have advised him upon it, and have no doubt of its being of great promise, and turning upon a capital set of incidents. It has not been offered in America as yet, I am assured.* Faithfully yours always,

CHARLES DICKENS."

Dickens was struck down by apoplexy—a condition which Sir Thomas Watson, on examination fourteen months before, had foreseen—on the 8th of June, and expired twenty-four hours later. His death.

"The state thus described," says Sir Thomas Watson after the consultation in April '69, "showed plainly that C. D. had been on the brink of an attack of paralysis of his left side, and possibly of apoplexy. *It was, no doubt, the result of extreme hurry, overwork, and excitement, incidental to his readings.*"

There is the wise physician's opinion in his own words; and surely on reading it one is almost justified in saying that Dickens's death lay at his own door; that to a very great extent it was no doubt hastened, if not caused, by his extraordinary persistence in self-sacrifice. It is impossible for me to believe that he did not comprehend what he was doing, and what result all that he did was tending to bring about. What would he have thought, what would he have said, of any other man who could What hastened it.

* The early proofs were purchased by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., and the story was published by them in *Every Saturday*.

only read half of the letters of the names over the shop-doors, who "found himself extremely giddy and extremely uncertain of the sense of touch, both in the left leg and the left hand and arm," and who ascribed those symptoms to "the effect of medicine"? With what caustic touches would he have described a man who, suffering under all those symptoms, and under many others equally significant, harassed, worn out, yet travels and reads and works until he falls dead on the roadside!

Why?

And, it will be asked by the generations to come—or, indeed, by the present generation; for one is apt to forget that more than fourteen years have passed since Dickens died—for what purpose, to what end; were these fatal labours undertaken, these desperate exertions made?

His fame.

Not the acquisition of fame. For thirty years Charles Dickens had enjoyed the utmost renown that literary genius could possibly earn. His books were read, his name was loved and honoured, wherever the English language was spoken. His Sovereign had sent for him to visit her, and working men, passing along the streets and recognising him by his photograph, would pull off their hats and give him kindly greeting. The sentiments of the entire civilised world find expression in the lady who stopped him in the streets of York, and said, "Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with

many friends?" in the warm-hearted Irishman, who ran after him as he hurried to the Belfast hotel, and asked him to "Do me the honour to shake hands, Mr. Dickens; and God bless you, sir, not only for the light you've been to me this night, but for the light you've been in my house, sir (and God love your face!), this many a year!" To what mortal man has been meted out fame and honour and personal affectionate regard in greater measure than this?

Not for the acquisition of money; at least one would think not, when one learns from Mr. Forster that Dickens's real and personal estates amounted, as nearly as may be calculated, to 93,000*l.*!

His fortune.

Of this, 20,000*l.* were made in America, and the odd 13,000*l.* derived from the sale of his house, pictures, &c.; so that we may take it he was worth, before his visit to America, some 60,000*l.* This, in round numbers, would bring in 2500*l.* a year; his periodical must have been worth another 2500*l.*; while a new book must have earned him something like 10,000*l.**

With such an income and an expenditure which was generous but not lavish, there was, so far as an

* The price paid down by Mr. Chapman for *Edwin Drood*, calculated on a sale of 25,000 copies, was 7500*l.*, publisher and author sharing equally in the profit of all sales beyond that impression; and the number reached, while the author yet lived, was 50,000. Messrs. Fields & Osgood paid 1000*l.* for the early sheets for America, and, in addition, there was Baron Tauchnitz's cheque, amount unknown, but sure to be liberal, for his Leipzig edition.

outsider could see, every means for providing comfort and luxury, no occasion for alarm even when the bread-winner should have ceased to exist; certainly no occasion for the daily and nightly labour, the constant travel, the superhuman exertions, the frightful wear and tear which brought his existence to a premature close.

Though I have raised the question, I believe the answer to be comparatively simple and the explanation commonplace. It may be that if Dickens had not exerted himself—had not, to use a common expression, taken so much out of himself—as he did during the last few years of his life, he might, at the present moment, have been a hale and hearty man—indeed, a young man, as youth is judged nowadays—of seventy-two years. But the conditions of existence are prescribed by that constitutional fatalism known as temperament. Dickens was not only a genius, but he had the volcanic activity, the perturbed restlessness, the feverish excitability of genius. What he created that he was. His personages were, as readers of his letters know, an integral part of his life.

My ideas on the subject.

Nor were the enthusiasm and intensity which he experienced in his daily business less remarkable. The meditative life, the faculty of a judicious resting, the power of self-detachment from contemporary events which enables so many of our octogenarians to be comparatively juvenile, had no charm for him. To him old age would never have brought tran-

quillity, and therefore it may be said that old age would never have arrived. It was a law of his existence that his foot should be always in the stirrup and his sword always unsheathed. He had, moreover, as I have above explained, a chivalrous regard to the public. He was their devoted servant, and he was anxious to spend his life-blood in their cause. Consequently, even when he knew his power as a novelist was on the wane—according to Forster it had, indeed, been on the wane so far back as the days of *Bleak House*—he determined to seek a new sphere, and one which to his histrionic temperament was singularly congenial, in his readings. This I believe to be the true account of the reasons which weighed with him in selecting that arduous ordeal which brought his life to its premature close. Other reasons of a more melodramatic and sensational character might be cited, but it is my conviction that they would be less to be trusted.

One word more. In regard to the friendship which Dickens vouchsafed me, I have been frequently asked, "Did he come up to the expectations you had formed of him? Was Dickens the man as lovable as Dickens the author?" And I have always replied, "Yes; wholly."

All the kindness of heart, geniality, generosity, appreciation of whatever could be appreciated in others, manly independence, hatred of humbug, all

The author and the man.

the leading qualities of his books were component parts of his nature. For one holding a position so unique in the world he was wonderfully modest; and while he always quietly and unostentatiously asserted his own dignity, I never saw the smallest appearance of "putting on airs." His expressed dislike to allow his daughters to play before the Court as amateur actresses, his repeated refusal of the Queen's requests that he would come round after an amateur performance and be presented to her, he being in his theatrical costume, were evidences of this self-respect; and his belief in, and assertion of, the dignity of his calling were just as marked. Any foothold on the literary ladder, no matter how low, had its interest for him. "I do not plead as a stranger," he said at the Newspaper Press Fund; "I hold a brief for my brothers;" and then plunged into some delightful stories of his reporting days.

What he was to the world the world knows; to me he was the most charming of companions, the kindest of friends.

"I weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And where warm hands have pressed and closed
Silence, till I be silent too.

I weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A spirit, not a breathing voice."

CHAPTER IV.

PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

I HAD the honour of an acquaintance with the late Lord Chief Justice of England, SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, which extended over some years, and was to me the source of much pleasure. A better talker with a sweeter voice cannot be imagined: matter and manner were both excellent. He had lived so long, so much, and with such people that his experiences were as unique as the way in which he told them. Sir A. Cockburn.

I first met him at Lady Fife's in Cavendish Square, in the year '67, to my great delight—for I had heard much of him from Dickens, and had long admired him from a distance. The next week I dined with him at his house in Hertford Street, with a small party. His dinners were excellent, though not elaborate, and be the rest of the *menu* what it might, a joint of cold roast beef always prominently figured therein; he drank little wine himself, but gave much and good to his friends, and as a host he shone pre-eminent. As Mr. Disraeli said in the course of his notable reply to Dr. Kenealy in the House of Commons, "The Lord Chief Justice is not a man who enters our drawing-rooms with an air of adamantine A model host.

gravity." Nor did he assume such an air as he sat at the head of his own table, the model of a host in his mien and bearing, with all the vivacity of youth tempered by the wisdom of age.

The Palmer trial.

When the other guests left, Sir Alexander, to my delight, invited me to remain for a cigar and a chat. We adjourned to the library, a cosy room lined with books on all sides from floor to ceiling, where his home-work was done. I took occasion to refer to the great Palmer trial, where he had conducted the prosecution, and of which I knew from Dickens he had most interesting anecdotes. My allusion had the desired effect, and my host started off at once.

His getting up the case.

I listened to his wonderful story of the case, from its commencement to its close: how he, then Attorney-General, read the notes of the proceedings and of the earlier examinations, and became convinced not merely of Palmer's guilt, but of the manner in which the crime was carried out; how he worked night and day in studying the effects of various poisons, and finally submitted himself to an examination by friendly experts to prove that he had mastered the subject; how he elected to have the prisoner tried on Cook's case, though it was the weakest of the several indictments which he could have brought forward, feeling certain that if he failed to hang Palmer for the murder of Cook he would indubitably convict him for the murder of his wife. I remember his telling me how, having been called away by his duties as

Attorney-General to Westminster, he returned to the Old Bailey as Lord Campbell was summing up, and looking down from a gallery into the court, "I knew," said he, "by the look of John Campbell's face, that Palmer was a dead man."

It was in connection with the Palmer trial that he told me he experienced what he considered the greatest compliment ever paid to him. Palmer was in the habit, as he stood in the dock, of writing instructions or suggestions to his attorney, Mr. Smith, screwing them up into little pellets, and tossing them over to their destination. One of these, which he wrote immediately after the verdict of guilty had been pronounced by the jury, was afterwards handed to Sir Alexander Cockburn. It merely contained these words: "It's the riding that has done it;" conveying thereby, in sporting metaphor, which Palmer was constantly using, the prisoner's opinion that it was solely due to the Attorney-General's conduct of the case that the verdict against him had been obtained.

Compliment paid him.

One more anecdote in connection with this subject is in my mind. "I remember," said Cockburn, leaning back in his chair and laughing, "an article which appeared in one of the picture-papers—not the *Illustrated London News*, I fancy, but another—which gave portraits and personal descriptions of all engaged in the trial—judges, counsel, prisoners, and all. The portraits were, as usual, not to be recognised, but the letterpress was exceedingly impudent and very amus-

Impudent but amusing.

ing. Some of the phrases were excellent. ——* was spoken of, I recollect, as 'the buck of the Bar,' a term which fitted him exactly. I never knew who wrote it." "Permit me," said I, rising, and pointing to myself with a low bow, "to introduce to you that distinguished journalist!"†

Sir A. Cockburn at Dickens's readings.

One night, after a *tête-à-tête* dinner in Hertford Street, I had the pleasure of accompanying Sir Alexander to one of Dickens's readings. The subjects were the *Christmas Carol* and "The Trial from *Pickwick*." With the first Cockburn was heartily delighted, laughing and—almost—crying; but the delivery of the trial affected him very differently. He pish'd and psha'd throughout; he was, I think, annoyed at being recognised and stared at by people who wanted to see how he took the points, and particularly the imitation of the judge; and at the conclusion he stigmatised the performance as "perfectly ridiculous, a mere broad farce or exaggerated pantomime."

A dinner in Hertford Street.

I have a note of another delightful dinner with the Lord Chief some years later, in May '75, when were present Lord Kenmare, Lord Elcho, Lord Camoys, the Spanish Ambassador, Sir Henry Pelly, Mr. Delane, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., Mr. Waddy, Q.C., and Captain Cockburn. On this occasion I was

* Now a judge.

† The reference was to some "graphic" sketches of events and occurrences at the Palmer trial, which in my early days I had written for the *Illustrated Times*.

again happily detained by Sir Alexander till 1 A.M., part of his most interesting talk being devoted to a life-history of Edwin James.* We also talked of my old schoolfellow Richard Bethell, second Lord Westbury, who was just dead, and of his father, the first lord, the Lord Chancellor, of whom Cockburn told several excellent stories, among them the following:

Story of Sir R. Bethell.

Sir Richard Bethell, being Attorney-General, and Sir Alexander Cockburn, being Solicitor-General, had occasion to discuss some important legal reform which was to be brought before Parliament; and the former suggested that it should be talked over at his seat, Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke. There accordingly Cockburn visited him, and on the first morning they and Dick Bethell, the eldest son, went out shooting. There were very few pheasants, but after they had been out a little time a terrific howl was heard from one of the keepers, who had been badly shot. A warm altercation, carried on in strong language, occurred between the two Bethells, father and son, each accusing the other of having shot the man. Cockburn took an opportunity of asking the keeper by which of his masters he had been shot,

* Edwin James came to grief in 1862, and was disbarred on account of various disgraceful transactions in which he was involved. He went to America, and practised at the Bar there, but did no good: six years afterwards he returned to London, called himself a "jurisconsult," and advised on "shady" cases. He used to be seen walking the West End in a shabby Inverness cape. He died two or three years ago.

and got the reply, "Damn 'em! both of 'em!" Next term-time there was a meeting of legal dignitaries about this question of reform. Sir Richard Bethell opened the proceedings by saying that he had given the question careful attention, and was glad to say that his learned friend, the Solicitor-General, to whom he had explained his views, was of his way of thinking. On Cockburn's demurring gently, and saying he did not recollect the discussion having taken place, Sir Richard said, in his most mincing and affected tones, "You must recollect it, my dear friend: *it occurred the morning you shot my keeper!*"

Just before I left, I was talking to Sir Alexander about his having given up hunting, and he told me a good horse-story: A man saw a very handsome chestnut horse at Horncastle Fair, and was astonished at the lowness of the price asked for it. After some chaffering he became the purchaser, taking it without warranty or anything else; and having paid his money, he gave a "tip" of five shillings to the groom, and asked him what was really the matter with the animal that he should be sold so cheap. The man, after some hesitation, declared that the horse was a perfect animal with the exception of two faults. "Two faults!" said the purchaser; "well, tell me one of them." "One is," said the man, "that when you turn him into a field he is very difficult to catch." "That," said the pur-

A good horse-story.

chaser, "is no harm to me, as I make a point of always keeping my horses in the stable, and never turning them into the field. Now of the other?" "The other," said the man, scratching his head, and looking slyly up—"the other is that when you have caught him he is not worth a rap!"

The Lord Chief held but a poor opinion of his judicial brethren, nor did he rate highly the abilities of any of the leading members of the Bar, with the exception of Mr. Benjamin, of whom he always spoke very highly. He had some good Bar stories, for only two of which I can find space. One was of a very prosy advocate, who, pleading before a full bench, was constantly repeating his argument. "I am sorry to interrupt you, Mr. ——," at length said the senior judge, "but you have already advanced that argument twice, and it is useless your doing so again." "But there are three of your lordships," said the barrister.

A prosy advocate.

Of the other story the *dramatis personæ* are all living, so that I must "dissemble" as regards their names. One day a Mr. Rufus Rightly (who is known in the profession as Mr. Rather Wrongly), in an argument before Mr. Justice Littleton (a very good man and a clever lawyer, though somewhat soft), had put certain questions which were objected to by the opposite side, and which Mr. Justice Littleton accordingly held over until he had consulted his learned

Mr. Rufus Rightly.

brother in the other court. This happened to be Lord Coke, who, on hearing the question, asked who had put it, and on being told Mr. Rufus Rightly, said, "O, I should certainly not allow it; and, my dear Littleton, as a general rule I would never allow any question which that gentleman may put, and which may be objected to." Mr. Justice Littleton returned into court after luncheon, and, when the case was renewed, said, "O, Mr. Rightly, I have taken the opinion of my learned brother on the objections which you have raised in this case, and I have decided not to allow them; and I may as well tell you that *in any other case in which you may raise objections, I have decided not to allow them!*"

Musical visitors.

Cockburn was passionately fond of music, and the leading professors of the art were constant visitors at his house, notably Herr Joachim, who always paid one of his first visits in Hertford Street after his annual arrival in England, and who was to be found there constantly during his stay. The late Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) was also one of Sir Alexander's favourite guests; and the sympathetic qualities of her lovely voice never seem to have lost their effect on him. Mrs. Nassau Senior and Mrs. Rudolf Lehmann were also frequently to be heard in the somewhat gaunt and gloomy drawing-room, which certainly lacked every possible evidence of a woman's care. At one time Cockburn was a constant attendant

at the Monday Popular Concerts; but of late years he had given up going there.

Among the *habitués* of Hertford Street were Mr. Henry Calcraft, Dr. Quin, Lord Sherbrooke, Dr. and Mrs. Priestley, and Charles Halle; and Cockburn had a lifelong friendship with the well-known Eton master, the late Rev. W. G. Cookesley.* *Habitués.*

Although Sir Alexander never posed for a wit, he was very smart and ready. "I wanted to ask you a question this morning," I said to him one day at dinner, "but you were on the bench. Are you get-at-able by a note there?" "Do you mean a five-pound note?" he asked instantly. Smartness in repartee.

He retained to the last his happy power for repartee. In reply to a remark made by some one only the week before his death as to Ireland being a "God-forsaken country," Sir Alexander immediately retorted, "It is not at present so much a 'God-forsaken' as a 'Government-forsaken' country."

His devotion to work may be estimated by the fact that, after a medical consultation, held nearly two years before his death, he was plainly informed that his disease had reached such a point that he might die at any time without a moment's notice. His Devotion to work.

* I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Cookesley, a very charming man: he was intimate with Mr. Disraeli, from whom he received the living of Tempsford, and there was a curious likeness between him and Cockburn.

retirement from the bench was advised by his friends and his medical man; and it was suggested, as an alternative, that he might prolong life by devoting himself to his favourite amusement of yachting and a mild course of literary labour, for the purpose of putting into shape his legal, political, literary, and social reminiscences. The Chief Justice, however, would not hear of retirement, and on each of the three occasions on which he was seized with disease of the heart, returned to work without the needful rest for recuperation.

He had been ailing and failing, for he was in his seventy-ninth year, but his death was almost sudden. On Saturday afternoon, the 20th November 1880, the Lord Chief Justice walked home from court feeling much as usual, but, as the event proved, for the last time. When his servant took him up his whisky-and-water about eleven o'clock, he complained of not feeling well. Shortly after this he rang his bell, and died in ten minutes, the butler alone being present.

Death.

On Sunday, 7th October 1877, I had the honour of being presented to LORD BEACONSFIELD at Brighton. I was walking in the afternoon on the green esplanade opposite Brunswick Terrace, and saw the Premier leaning on Mr. Corry's arm. I nodded to Mr. Corry, who presently ran after me, saying, "I want to present you to the Prime Minister." Lord Beaconsfield,

Introduction to Lord Beaconsfield.

who wore a long great-coat and curly-brimmed hat, raised his hat in the old-fashioned way, receiving me very graciously. He shook hands, saying, "Very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Yates; hitherto I have only known you by reputation." He motioned that I should fall in by his side, and he walked between Mr. Corry and myself up and down. He expressed himself as much struck by the brightness of the place, he himself having just come "from the middle of the country, where the fall of the leaf made everything very dreary." In his young days, he said, the Steine had been the great place for promenade, but this walk by the side of the sea was certainly preferable.

Changes in Brighton.

Mr. Corry then questioned me about the vacant editorship of the *Times*, saying it was impossible there should be truth in the rumour that the post had been offered to Mr. ——. Lord Beaconsfield agreed, saying that —— had some qualifications for the post, but not all that were requisite. He then asked me about Mr. Chenery, whose appointment as successor to Mr. Delane had been notified in *The World*. Lord Beaconsfield said he had heard "that he held a chair of Arabic somewhere," but he did not consider that a very essential qualification for the editor of the *Times*. I ventured to traverse this statement, and told him that Mr. Chenery was an excellent journalist, and had twenty years' experience of the traditions of Printing

Mr. Delane's successor.

House Square. "But is he versed in social diplomacy like Mr. Delane?—that is an important part of his duties," said Lord Beaconsfield. I only said in reply that Mr. Chenery could and did—as was most assuredly the case—make himself very agreeable in society.

Dickens and Lord Beaconsfield.

We spoke of Dickens. I mentioned that Dickens had told me of his meeting Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) at dinner; this was only a few weeks before Dickens's death. I told Lord Beaconsfield that, in mentioning the circumstance to me, Dickens had said, "What a delightful man he is! what an extraordinary pity it is that he should ever have given up literature for politics!" This, as I expected, seemed to amuse Lord Beaconsfield very much. He said, "I remember the occasion perfectly; it was at Lord Stanhope's. I was one day mentioning to him my regret at having seen so little of Mr. Dickens, and he said, 'He is coming to dine here next week; come and meet him.' I went, and sat next to Dickens."

Authors less interesting than their books.

Lord Beaconsfield spoke of the charm of Dickens's conversation, his brightness, and his humour; and I remarked I had always held that Dickens was an exception to the general rule of authors being so much less interesting than their books. I asked Lord Beaconsfield whether it was not in his experience that many men, of whose powers of conversation he had heard much, proved, on meeting them, to be by no means beyond the average.

"That is rather a wide field," he said. "Perhaps, on the whole, you are right; but I can easily understand that you, or any other clever man, finding yourself in the company of a professional writer, and having a smart thing on the tip of your tongue, might hesitate to give it utterance, saying to yourself, 'If I say that, this damned fellow will put it into his article.'"

Lord Beaconsfield's opinion.

These were Lord Beaconsfield's *ipsissima verba;* and now that he is gone, and that there can be no harm, *this* "damned fellow" has done so.

THE "PUNCH" STAFF.

Punch is exactly ten years younger than I am, and I can well recollect its first number. I was with my mother when my father brought it to her, saying, "Here is Stirling Coyne's new paper." From what I have since heard and read I should imagine Mr. Coyne's connection with it cannot have been very close or have endured very long. His wit and humour were fully up to the average of the early numbers; but when an improvement took place, and *Punch* gradually settled down to its stride, Coyne's not very excellent farce-jokes must have been found out of place.

The birth of *Punch*.

Those who are interested in the early fortunes of the periodical will find them set forth in a little book called *Mr. Punch, his Origin and Career*, which is easily obtainable: they seem to have been of the usual

pattern—start, struggle, imminent bankruptcy, purchase by a new proprietary, and ultimate success. The idea was that of a Mr. Last, a printer; the name was suggested by Mr. Henry Mayhew, who was for some time co-editor with Mr. Mark Lemon; and among the earliest members of the staff were Douglas Jerrold, Gilbert a'Beckett, Horace Mayhew, W. H. Wills, and Albert Smith. From the two last my personal knowledge of the early days of *Punch* was derived.

Original staff.

When I first knew anything of the inner life of the periodical, MARK LEMON was its editor. *Quâ* personal appearance he was made for the part. Corpulent, jovial, bright-eyed, with a hearty laugh and an air of *bonhomie*, he rolled through life the outward impersonation of jollity and good temper. Of his early career but little was known. He was much associated with actors, and, I imagine, had been one of them. It is certain that he had been a publican, keeping among other taverns one in Wych Street, called "The Shakespeare," where Albert Smith had seen him, rubbing his hands in his usual efflorescent manner, and crying, "More steaks, gentlemen! coming directly!"

Mark Lemon.

He had no verbal wit, but he was an extraordinarily funny man, full of ridiculous ideas, which he would carry out in a most humorous manner. As Hans Christian Andersen once said to me, after seeing

Lemon go through some amusing tomfoolery at a garden-party at Fulham, "Mr. Lemon is most excellent full of comic." Save in dramatic composition, where he excelled—I have in a previous chapter mentioned his *Domestic Economy*, *Hearts are Trumps*, &c.—his original attempts were nothing worth. Late in life he took to novel-writing, but made nothing of it, and his songs and ballads, which he turned out to order, were desperate productions.

Lemon as funny man.

But Mark Lemon made an excellent editor of *Punch*. He was a Jew, as his *prénom* and surname sufficiently testify, and had all the keen appreciation of that quick-witted race. He was patient and long-suffering where his interest was concerned, and could bear without resentment a slight from Thackeray or a snub from Leech. He had a great power of shaking hands, always impressing the owner of the hand shaken that he (the shaker) was, by the process, covered with glory and steeped in delight. But with all this he was, when occasion required, a man of firm will, kept his team together with a strong hand, knew what each man could do best and made him do it, and thoroughly understood the public for which he had to cater.

An excellent editor.

Lemon died in harness in 1870, and was succeeded by SHIRLEY BROOKS, who had long been his right-hand man and shrewdest counsellor. In such

Shirley Brooks.

a position Brooks was invaluable: his fertility of resource was matchless; he suggested cartoons for the artists, found titles for the cartoons, wrote the "Essence of Parliament," and never missed a suitable subject or a seizable point.

His early days.

Shirley Brooks was the son of an architect, and was brought up as a solicitor; but he hated the law, and soon took to literature. For several years his life was that of every respectable literary man, nothing but the prosy tale of sheer industry gradually acquiring lucrative employment. He always brought the business element into his work, and considered that he was as much bound to supply "copy" at the specified time as he would have been, in his law days, to deliver a brief before the hearing. As soon as he could swim without the corks of law he let them float away, and managed to keep his head up, not, however, without more struggle than would be pleasant to, or even good for, everybody. But the world comes to every one who will wait—and work; and it came to him.

First literary plunge.

Introduced to Mr. Douglas Cook, then editing the *Morning Chronicle*, which was flickering brilliantly before it finally went out, Brooks, in some literary reviews which he wrote, showed such knowledge and acumen, that on the important office of summary-writer in the House of Commons falling vacant it was given to him.

At the time of his appointment he had never heard

a debate in his life, but he soon learned his work, and continued at it for five sessions, during which time it was impossible for such a man, who really minded and cared for his business, not to pick up a great quantity of miscellaneous as well as political knowledge, of all of which he afterwards availed himself. Summary writer.

Early in his connection with the *Chronicle* its directors resolved upon a widely-spread investigation into the condition of the agricultural classes on the Continent and elsewhere. To Mr. Angus Reach was allotted the inquiry into this class in France; and in that delightful work, *Claret and Olives*, may be seen how admirably he discharged his task. To Mr. Shirley Brooks was offered a similar mission in the south of Russia, Asia Minor, and Egypt. He gladly accepted it, and made a tour of six months, collecting the desired materials. His letters duly appeared in the *Chronicle*, and the Russian portion of them, to which much attention was attracted, were republished in Messrs. Longman's *Travellers' Library*. Special Commissioner.

How Shirley Brooks fought his way on to *Punch* has already been told in these pages. Once there, he speedily made his value felt. He began with a rather weak novelette, wholly unsuited to his new organ, but he quickly became acclimatised, and thenceforward was king of the position. His "Essence of Parliament" is absolutely unique: his gallery training as summary-writer was of immense value, and not merely Brooks's value to *Punch*.

was the essence of the actual debate distilled in the alembic of his wit, but retrospect and forecast found places in his fancy. His verses were better than nine-tenths of the poems of his day. His style, both in verse and prose writing, was excessively neat, but his neatness never swamped his humour. He was charmingly witty, but at the same time broadly funny: *e.g.*

"'What are the wild waves saying?'
Said a maid in a round straw hat,
On the sands of Margate playing—
'Papa, can you tell me that?'
Her sire, in grim displeasure,
No kind of an answer made,
Till she fetched him a slight refresher
With the flat of her wooden spade."

A set of verses in a more serious strain are too long to quote entire, but too good not to be rescued from oblivion. The great Sir Robert Peel is supposed to be asking his son Frederick (now Chief Commissioner of Railways, then a young man "about town") his favourite question, "What's a pound?" The son replies:

"What's a pound?"

"A pound, my father, is the price
That clears the Opera wicket:
Two lemon gloves, one lemon ice,
Libretto, and your ticket.
A pound will buy a grape in March,
Will buy a peach in May;
Or, in July, to Ellsler arch
Will fling a rich bouquet."

Sir Robert rebukes him:

"My son, these butterfly remarks
Are trash, as you must feel;
They suit the dandies in the Parks,
Not him who signs him Peel.
I hoped to find my offspring tread
On higher, nobler ground:
And, once again, I ask you, Fred,
To tell me, 'What's a pound?'"

The son replies with his previous frivolity, and then Sir Robert points the moral:

"A labourer lives in yonder cot,
With wife and children five;
And six-and-sixpence, weekly got,
Keeps the whole seven alive.
On this he struggles like a horse,
Or crouches like a hound:
Fred, you can multiply of course—
Now, go and spend your pound!"

Brooks's readiness was as great as Jerrold's, but his humour, with a strong sub-acid flavour, was peculiarly his own. They were talking once, at my table, of the horrors of catalepsy and being buried alive, and I was mentioning the Frankfort custom of depositing the bodies in the dead-house for twenty-four hours before burial, with a bell-rope attached to the wrist, that a signal might be given in an instant, in the event of returning animation. "Ah," said Brooks, "that custom evidently suggested Tennyson's line—'Many a morning on the moorland did I hear the copses ring!'" Brooks's humour.

Thoroughly his own, too, and uttered with his usual curl of the nostril and lip, was his remark on looking round my bookshelves, and seeing my old school Homer, which Simpson, after patching and mending its back, had labelled "Homer's Iliad." "*Homer's* Iliad," said Brooks, with an inflection on the name—"yes, I believe it *is* the best!"

Brooks's appearance and manner of life.

In his youth Shirley Brooks was a singularly handsome and thoroughly English-looking man, with well-cut features, fresh complexion, and bright eyes. Even at the last, when his hair was silvery white and his beard grizzled, he retained his freshness, which, combined with his hearty genial manner, his appreciation of, and promptitude to enter into, fun, made him look considerably younger than his real age. He was hearty and hospitable, fond of dining at the dinners of rich City companies, where he would make excellent speeches; fond of enjoying the company of a friend at the Garrick Club, or at a corner table in a coffee-room at one of the old hotels in Covent Garden. It was his special delight to gather together at his house in Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, a score of intimate acquaintances on the last night of the old year, and in a few kindly words, as midnight chimed, to wish them happiness and prosperity in the coming season.

Shirley Brooks never took any exercise, and lived far too well, consequently his originally fine constitu-

tion was undermined by a complication of disorders. He hated being away from London, and when in the country or at the sea for his annual holiday looked thoroughly wretched and out of place, wore London clothes and a tall hat, and occupied his entire time in reading newspapers. He died on the 23rd February '74. On the day previous he was told that —— (a newspaper reporter) had called to inquire after him. "There is no need for him to do that," Brooks said feebly; "he shall have his paragraph at the proper time." Last days.

Shirley Brooks was succeeded in the editorial chair by TOM TAYLOR, who was not a success. In his youth he had some humour of a certain kind, but the salt had lost its savour. As a writer, Taylor was weak; as an editor, vacillating and fidgety. He was at his best in dramatic adaptation, at his worst in his *Punch* work, which was badly chosen, long-winded, and dull. What Taylor spoiled in a pointless column, Brooks would have condensed into a paragraph or a verse bristling with wit. Taylor laboured under the delusion that he was a poet, and the volumes of *Punch* contain more bad verses of his, not merely wanting in the higher qualities of poetry, but halting lines which will not scan, than most periodicals of the same kind. Tom Taylor's principal recommendations in life were his punctuality, kindness of heart, open- Tom Taylor.

handed charity, and thorough respectability. But the possession of these virtues does not qualify a man to be a contributor to a satirical journal: certain of the *dii majores* of that department of literature have been wholly without any of them. Tom Taylor was an excellent man, but an indifferent editor, and *Punch* was at its lowest when under his guidance.

F. C. Burnand.

Of his successor, MR. F. C. BURNAND, there is but little occasion to speak. He enlisted under Whitefriars in his youth, and rose in the ranks which he now commands. There is not, perhaps, in the language more exquisite fooling than in his *Happy Thoughts*, the earliest numbers of which excited the admiration of Dickens, who inquired of me about their author. No man has a keener sense of humour than Mr. Burnand, or a greater appreciation of it in others: he is good-tempered, but he never allows himself to be trifled with in the conduct of his business, and with a perfect geniality takes care to preserve strict discipline.

John Leech.

A man of a grave and almost melancholy cast of countenance, handsome withal, was JOHN LEECH; quiet, reserved, and gentlemanly in manner, a hearty hater of posing, and noise, and publicity. Save at the weekly dinner, he consorted but little with his colleagues on *Punch*, with the exception of Thack-

eray: he was intimate, at one time, with Dickens, to whom he gave a walking-stick inscribed "C. D., from J. L.," which Dickens often carried; with Millais, with Mowbray Morris, and with M. J. Higgins. He and Albert Smith had been fellow medical students at the Middlesex Hospital, fellow assistants to that general practitioner who figures in *Ledbury* as "Mr. Rawkins," but in later life there was not much in common between them. I fear Albert was a little too rowdy for Leech. My relations with Leech were always particularly pleasant. He would have undertaken the cover for my first shilling book had he not been too busy; and for my entertainment he drew me an admirable large crayon head of a foreign tenor, for which he would not hear of accepting payment. My old friend Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., treated me in similar generous fashion.

His friends.

His kindness to me.

There was very little that was eventful in Leech's not long life. He was always at work, but was generally behindhand with his cartoons; and half of Lemon's life was passed in hansom cabs, bowling away to Notting Hill, or Brunswick Square, or Kensington, where, in succession, Leech lived. His principal relaxation was hunting, either with the Queen's or the Brighton harriers; and a glance at *Punch* would always tell which watering-place the Leech family had visited during the autumn. He never, to my knowledge, made but one joke: I told

Stories of Leech.

him Brough was going to Australia, and he asked, "Was he going to Brough it in the bush?" He used to troll out the old song of "King Death was a rare old fellow," in a deep bass voice; and he had one story which he was fond of telling. He and some friends went to a travelling waxwork show. The exhibitor, pointing to an attenuated figure in uniform with a star on its breast, said, "King George IV." Leech started, and said, "I thought George IV. was a fat man!" "Did yer?" sneered the showman; "and yer wouldn't be a fat man neither, if you'd been kep without vittles so long as him!"

Leech suffered desperately from a disorder of the nerves, and had a dread, amounting to a monomania, of noise. He died in November '64, aged forty-seven, and was buried at Kensal Green, the funeral service being read by Mr. (now Canon) Hole, who had been Leech's companion on that "Little Tour in Ireland" which they had jointly recorded with pen and pencil.

His death.

HORACE MAYHEW was one of those who have found a recognised connection with *Punch* to act as a comfortable life-belt, buoying them up, and enabling them to float prosperously down the stream. He was not largely endowed with native wit, but treated what he had on the gold-beater's principle, and made it go a long way. He was a cheery, lighthearted, good-natured creature, with some power of drawing, a

Horace Mayhew.

knowledge of French, a good bass voice, and an unfailing power of emitting jokelets. He was cursed with a competence, which prevented the necessity of his striving to do his best, but enabled him to do kindly service to others less fortunate.

Of my experiences of DOUGLAS JERROLD'S wonderful wit I have spoken elsewhere, and I had not the pleasure of MR. GILBERT A'BECKETT'S acquaintance; but I am reminded in this place of two characteristic anecdotes of THACKERAY. I was walking with him one evening from the club, and, passing a fish-shop in New Street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked "1*s.* a dozen," the other "1*s.* 3*d.* a dozen." "How they must hate each other!" said Thackeray, pointing them out. Two stories of Thackeray

A friend called on him on the morning of Sunday, December 15th, 1861, with the *Observer* in his hand. Thackeray spied the black border of the paper instantly, and started up. "The Prince Consort is dead?" he cried. The visitor intimated assent. "Ah!" said Thackeray, dropping into his chair, "*poor dear gentlewoman!*"

MR. J. R. PLANCHÉ was one of my earliest friends; indeed I believe I first entered juvenile "society" at a child's party at his house in Brompton. He was intimate with my father, about whom he had many J. R. Planché.

good stories. Such a pleasant little man, even in his extreme old age—he was over eighty at his death—and always neatly dressed, showing his French origin in his vivacity and his constant gesticulation. I met him one day at dinner, where he was seated next Mr. A—— M——, who said to him, "It's a dreadful confession, Planché; but now whenever I'm introduced to any one I have to say, 'I knew your father.'" "Don't mind that, my dear fellow," said Planché; "for years past, under similar circumstances, I've had to say, 'I knew your grandfather.'" He was rather proud of his connection with the Heralds' College, and disliked being joked about it; but he was greatly delighted at the following lines which I addressed to him:

"Mr. Planché, I entreat you, sir! give up the HERALDS' COLLEGE,
Leave Blue-mantle and Clarencieux to fudge heraldic lore,
To vamp armorial bearings, and to scatter useless knowledge
Of *rampant* and of *couchant*, of *argent*, *gules*, and *or*!

Cut your curt-hose, put on trousers! doff your breast-emblazoned tabard!
Clear your cobwebs, seize the pen which you have never plied in vain;
For the bright sword of your wit is growing rusty in its scabbard,
And we long to see it gleaming in the gas-lamps once again!

We remember how it rattled in the joints of Humbug's armour,
Mowed down Conventionality, laid Cant and Error low;

In the hands of Miss Fitzwilliam, or some other *piquante* charmer,
How deftly every cut was dealt, how masterly each blow!

But your mantle, Mr. Planché, has on none of those descended
Who in this present Christmastide pretend to do your work;
And as to your Excalibur, the least said soonest mended,
For in its stead your followers wield a feeble little dirk.

I mean—to give up metaphor—that where an illustration
Of yours would ring with Attic wit and pungent repartee,
They put their Webster's dictionary through a long gyration,
And leave us finally in doubt as to what their aim may be.

With slang they cram their dialogue—and slang is not amusing—
No gentle lady's tongue should talk of 'going it like bricks!'
'Old cove's' a term which I don't like to hear an actress using;
Nor is coin most pleasantly described as 'a joey and three kicks.'

* * * * *

Then, Mr. Planché, come once more and doff your herald's tabard!
Clear your cobwebs, seize the pen which you have never plied in vain;
For the bright sword of your wit is growing rusty in its scabbard,
And we long to see it flashing in the gas-lamps once again!"

I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and have heard him say good things and tell amusing stories, but as they were mostly about person still living, they are not admis-

sible here. The Duke, however, confirmed me about the truth of two stories concerning which I interrogated him, one relating to his father, the other to himself, and which I therefore give. It appears that some tradesmen—I will call them Brown & Smith—had been dunning Lord Charles Wellesley for some time for money due, and at length they wrote to his father the Duke. Then they received the following communication:

The two Dukes of Wellington.

"Apsley House.

F.-M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Messrs. Brown & Smith.

The Duke is not Lord Charles Wellesley, neither is he Messrs. Brown & Smith's debt-collector."

The other story is to this effect: Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., of *Ten Thousand a Year* fame, was not unaccustomed to attempt to ingratiate himself by what he considered adroit flatteries. One day, talking with the late Duke, he said, "What a thousand pities it is, Duke, that you were not brought up to political life! If you had been, you would have far excelled your contemporaries, and been the first statesman of the day; nay, even now there is no reason, if you applied yourself, why you should not achieve that position!"

The Duke listened, and then said, "Mr. Warren, I am very glad there is no one here but ourselves to hear you say this!"

"Why, your Grace, why?" asked Warren.

"Because," said the Duke, "they might fancy I was such a damned fool as to believe what you say!"

My first acquaintance with MR. ABRAHAM HAYWARD was made under somewhat peculiar circumstances. I had been reading the first edition of his *Collected Essays*, and wanting more information on a certain point, I took the liberty of calling upon him without introduction, pleading the fact set forth in his book—that he had been acquainted with my father—as an excuse for my temerity. Mr. Hayward, whom I found in the lodging at No. 8 St. James's Street in which he died, received me very graciously, spoke much of my father's varied abilities in public and pleasant gifts in private, and gave me all the information I required. Not by nature a particularly gracious man, his courtesy on this occasion was perhaps due to the fact that I quoted to him his own story of Samuel Rogers and Maltby going to call on Dr. Johnson in Bolt Court, and having their hands on the knocker, when their courage failed them, and they ran away. Hayward was much pleased at this, and said, "You did as Boswell would have done—came boldly in;" and more pleased when I capped the quotation from himself, and said, "And I have been received in all kindness."

Abraham Hayward.

I introduce myself to him.

The mention of Rogers led to Hayward's showing me a Dantan bust of that very irritable old gentleman,

Sam Rogers.

wonderfully like, appallingly hideous and quaint, warranting Luttrel's remark on reading Rogers's lines,

> "The robin with a sidelong glance
> Comes and looks at me askance,"

"If it had been a carrion crow it would have looked him straight in the face." We had a long talk about Rogers, of whom I mentioned certain stories told me by Dickens, which Hayward said were quite true, but "scarcely fitted for publication in the *Quarterly Review*."

I saw Hayward pretty frequently afterwards, met him at dinner at Sir Alexander Cockburn's and other houses, and had much talk with him on literary matters. I was in the habit of asking him for information, which he gave me freely. Here is a specimen:

"8 St. James's Street, January 19.

Dear Mr. Yates,—I do not know who wrote the article on Wilberforce, but I agree with you that to call him a 'truly delightful person' is an absurdity. I saw a great deal of him, and to me all his agreeability was spoilt by his palpable insincerity. He was a coarse-minded man. The committee of the Athenæum were frequently obliged to write to him about his selfish irregularities. He lodged in Pall Mall, and quite lived at the club. After breakfast it was his custom to sit upon two newspapers while reading a third, or to retire with a whole bundle. The article on 'Plain Whig Principles' is a bit of Reeveism *tout pur*. It is not authorised by the Whig leaders, not by Lord Granville, nor Lord Hartington, nor, to the best of my belief, by any Whig of note.

Bishop Wilberforce.

Faithfully yours,

A. HAYWARD."

And again:

"8 St. James's Street, January 14th, 1880.

I meant to write to you some time since, but better late than never, to say with what pleasure I read your 'Club Case' in *Time*, which completely confirms the impression I have always maintained of it. Indeed, I told Thackeray that he was wrong when he first mentioned it to me. It always struck me that the club had nothing to do with the matter. I think you have done quite right to publish the facts, which can never again be turned to your disadvantage. Dickens certainly gave you bad advice, and I cannot help thinking that you fell a victim to the ill-feeling between him and Thackeray. I have written an article on Metternich in the forthcoming *Quarterly*, but I quite agree with your opinion of the book, and so, I think, will the reading public."

Hayward on the Garrick case.

Some time before this I had obtained his consent to his figuring as a "Celebrity at Home" in the columns of *The World*. He was much pleased with the manner in which the task was performed, and he wrote to me:

"The article was much more pleasing and flattering than I had any reason to expect. I feel much obliged by the kind intention which prompted it, but I assure you that I am very little of a diner-out; and as for the pleasures of the table, I regard them as depending much more on the company than the cookery. I found *The World* a general topic at Strawberry Hill."

I have a note in my diary:

"Tuesday, January 15, 1878.—To-day met Hayward in Bond Street. I told him I had been just reading his article on Lord Melbourne in the new number of the *Quarterly*, and that I remembered his previous paper on the same subject printed in his *Essays*. Hayward was much pleased. He took me aside and talked to me for many minutes. He said the last time he saw Lord Melbourne was a few months before his

Lord Melbourne.

death at Brockett. It was July, but Lord Melbourne was sitting before a roaring fire, Mrs. —— walking up and down the room in an agony of tears. Lord Melbourne, suddenly turning to Hayward, said, 'It's a damned good thing for a man to have a balance at his banker's.' And then he added, 'It's a damned bad thing for a woman to find it out.' After Melbourne's death W—— C—— told Hayward that on that very day he (Lord Melbourne) had drawn a cheque for seven hundred pounds in favour of Mrs. ——."

And again:

Sir Robert Peel.

"Coming out of the Grosvenor Gallery with Hayward, we saw Sir Robert Peel in a cab, and Hayward began talking about his father and the accident which killed him. He was riding on Constitution Hill, when two young ladies galloped up, causing his horse to shy, and he fell on his ribs, one of which penetrated his lungs, and eventually caused death. Chloroform was not known then, and Sir Robert was most sensitive to pain, else it is believed had he undergone an operation he might have been saved."*

Here are some explanations of one of his *Quarterly* articles which Hayward gave me: The "literary man of note" who was asked to dinner on the ground that he was well versed in Massinger and Marlow, with whom he proved to have only a superficial acquaintance, was John Forster. The celebrated beauty who asked Lord Melbourne whether Baron Maule was the man he (Melbourne) made a judge of for burning down

* As an illustration of his father's sensitiveness, the present Sir Robert Peel told me he well remembers on one occasion Sir Henry Halford, the eminent physician, giving an account of a railway accident which he had witnessed, and which he described with such minuteness that Sir Robert had to stop him, as he was on the point of fainting.

the Tower was Lady Harriet d'Orsay. Hayward's note to me says: "She was a very clever woman, though a languishing beauty, and meant it satirically." The "eminent man of letters" whose *beau idéal* of a wife or mistress was a woman who would sit on a footstool at his feet, looking up fondly in his face, and only interrupt him to whisper that he was the handsomest creature on earth, was Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.

The "inside track."

I suppose that most people who knew him would be of the cabman's opinion, that MR. JOHN FORSTER was a very "harbitrary gent;" but to me he was, I am bound to say, always amiable, friendly, and helpful. It was through Dickens's influence and recommendation mainly, no doubt, that he thus made me an exception to his general rule, but I think he also had a personal regard for me.

John Forster.

A friend who was staying at Gadshill at the time when my first novel appeared told me that Forster, with a book in his hand, greeted Dickens coming in to luncheon with,

"I have been reading, my dear Dickens, this book of Mr. Yates's. Do you know it is really very good, my dear Dickens—quite as good as Mr. Anthony Trollope."

"That is not very high praise," said Dickens, and sat down to his lunch.

Characteristic story.

Dickens used to tell a very characteristic story of Forster, which has never found its way into print. At the commencement of hostilities between Dickens and Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the copyright of *Household Words* was sold by auction at Mr. Hodgson's. Dickens was represented at the sale by John Forster and Arthur Smith, another intimate friend and ally of his, whom we will call Mr. Blank, being also present. When the sale was concluded, Mr. Blank was the first to arrive at the office in Wellington Street, where Dickens was anxiously awaiting the news. Having told it, Mr. Blank said,

"I cannot resist telling you how admirable Forster was throughout: cool, prompt, and energetic, he won the day with his business-like readiness."

Blank departed, and Forster arrived; and in the course of the interview Dickens, thinking it would please him, took occasion to tell what had been said about him by Blank.

"I am very sorry, my dear Dickens," said Forster, "that I cannot return the compliment, for a damneder ass than your friend Mr. Blank I never met in a business affair."

His interest in *The World.*

Mr. Forster was very much interested in the success of *The World*, about which I had a long talk with him at his house at Palace Gate in the autumn of 1875. He told me that in its palmiest times the *Examiner*, with which he was connected for twenty

years, had never attained a third of our then circulation. The following letters will give a good idea of the man in his later days:

"Ninth December 1875.

I wish to send a copy of my *Swift* volume to you at your private address, if you will be so good as to tell me where. You will, perhaps—when I add that the book comes to you with no view or *desire for* review in *The World*—not be quite ready to believe me. You will, nevertheless, be wrong in that. When Mr. Murray sent me a list of press copies—a very short one only—*The World* did not appear, and I quite acquiesced, not making any addition to it, or inserting *The World*. You may well suppose that I have not much care for the worst public notices, nor much pleasure in the best, as matters now go with me. Just look into the volume when you find a leisure hour, and if you think of the friend now gone who taught me to feel an interest in you, you will not be likely to think unkindly of it or of me. But I *entreat* that you will not consider it right or needful to say a public word about it." His Life of Swift.

I did consider it right that public words, both about the book and its author, should be said in *The World*, and they were said; with what effect upon the latter his letter will testify:

"5th Jan. 1876.

My dear Yates,—You are very good and kind to me. You have done thoroughly what you wished to do: you have given me pleasure—pleasure unalloyed by anything excepting doubt (which does not on this occasion distress one as perhaps it ought) whether all the friendly expressions are deserved; but generous words are not for criticism. The article is written throughout with a nice consideration, and there are some things in it that have touched me very much. Again I heartily thank you for it, and beg you to believe me

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN FORSTER."

Charles Reade.

My intercourse with CHARLES READE was always pleasant, but never intimate. I was a member of the Garrick Club when he was elected, and first used to excite the indignation of the old gentlemen by changing his boots for a pair of slippers, which he kept in a dressing-room, and in which he, tiger-like, walked to and fro perambulating the coffee-room.

A friend in need.

On one occasion I owed much to his good services. I was lecturing at Oxford, and declining to submit to the "chaff" of a knot of undergraduates at the end of the room, I shut up my book and retired, that being the signal for the commencement of a row in which I was freely threatened. Charles Reade, who was staying at the time in his Magdalen rooms, pushed his way into the middle of the disturbance, claimed me as his friend, and pacified the rioters, with whom we both of us spent a jolly evening.

From time to time I had short letters from him of various kinds, one of which, showing his method of work and his odd notions of literary *meum* and *tuum*, I subjoin:

"2 Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge, December 11th.

How he worked.

Dear Yates,—I observe that you publish short stories in *The World*. I seldom do anything in that way, but it so happens that I have one to dispose of. It came about thus: My letters on the wrongs of authors elicited a shoal of communications from the United States, and amongst them one from a young author, who complained that he could not get his American sketches published in America because he is not an Englishman. "Send me one," said I. He did so; and

finding there was some good stuff in it, marred in many places by garrulity and other defects of inexperience, I agreed to work on it. I cut and improved the good, and excised the bad, especially high falutin, and a piece of preposterous tragedy that spoiled the lot. Thus handled, it seems to me to read well, and I am not the least ashamed to sign my name to it, only, as a matter of international probity, I must put the American author's name first. If this outline indicates anything acceptable, I shall be happy to submit the manuscript for approval. If not, please tell me. Yours truly,

CHARLES READE."

MR. MARTIN TUPPER'S family and mine had, as has been already stated, been long acquainted. His father was the senior partner in the then well-known medical firm of Tupper, Chilvers, & Brown, in Old Burlington Street, the junior partner having the good luck to marry Miss Meredith, for so many years the intimate friend and companion of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. My first meeting with Mr. Martin Tupper was at the house of a common friend at Albury, where I was staying. Mr. Tupper, who lived in the neighbourhood, received me with great cordiality, and asked me to come and see him the next day. During my visit he showed me an immense volume, in which were pasted all the criticisms, favourable and unfavourable, of his works, and all the parodies; among the latter I saw, with horror, some which I had written, and, with more horror, a marginal note in Mr. Tupper's handwriting, "I understand these to be by Edmund

Martin Tupper at Albury.

His wonderful book.

Yates: they are very smart." He was particularly kind and good-natured over the matter.

Lord Tennyson.

The first time I met LORD TENNYSON was in Mr. Tupper's company, at the house of Mr. J. Bertram Payne, the then representative of Moxon & Co., where a few literary men were gathered together. It was the first time that the two poets had met, and it was most amusing to watch their bearing to each other. The proofs of Mr. Hughes' recently finished drawings for the illustrated edition of *Enoch Arden* were submitted to the Laureate, who approved of them all with one exception. "This is not right," he said, in his deep voice. "'There came so loud a calling of the sea.' The man cannot have lived by the sea; he does not know what a 'calling' means. It is anything but a great upheaval such as is here represented."

Carlyle and the "puir creatur."

Of CARLYLE I may say *vidi tantum*. I was presented to him by Dickens one day when we met him walking down Portland Place, but as we parted from him Dickens told me a good story. He had met Carlyle at dinner a few nights before, where there was present a certain pompous gentleman, who still lives to adjust literary reputations. A question of some moment having been started, it was promptly disposed of by this personage, who, as Dickens said, "in his usual style, took hold of it, made it into a small

parcel, and laid it away on a shelf, not to be moved thence any more." It seems that after the oracle had delivered himself there was a dead silence, in the midst of which Carlyle, who had been blankly gazing at the great personage opposite to him, said, in a truly absent manner, but perfectly audible, "Eh, but you're a puir creatur—a puir, wratched, meeserable creatur," and then went on with his dinner.

George Eliot.

On Folkestone pier my old friend George Henry Lewes presented me to GEORGE ELIOT. They had been intending to cross the Channel that day, but were delayed by the rough weather. We had some very pleasant talk, and the great novelist was good enough to remember some articles of mine in the *Illustrated Times* on the first appearance of her *Scenes of Clerical Life*, in which I had doubted the claims of one Mr. Joseph Liggins, who had announced himself as the author of the book.

I remember at the time of the publication of *Adam Bede* writing to Dickens to tell me the real name of its author. His very funny reply was to the effect that "it is either Bradbury or Evans; but I do not think that it is Bradbury."

J. T. Delane.

I had a good deal of intercourse and communication with MR. J. T. DELANE during the last years of his life. He was very sensitive about any notice

being taken of his failing health. He writes to me on June 15:

"I am very much obliged to you for the considerate notice of my little accident, and above all for reserving it until you could announce the recovery, which saves me a deluge of 'kind' inquiries much harder to bear than the fall itself."

And again:

"October 23rd.

I am very much obliged to you for intimating that there is no necessity for people to occupy themselves with my health. I have this moment returned from Blenheim, the last of a series of autumnal visits, and have no intention of leaving town again before Christmas, when I shall endeavour to fulfil some shooting engagements. My health is excellent, and I hope no unfavourable conclusion will be drawn from the fact that I declined to shoot partridges in the heavy rain of yesterday."

The following is of special interest:

"16 Serjeants' Inn, June 15.

Sensitiveness.

Dear Mr. Yates,—You would much oblige me if you would contradict, in the next number of *The World*, the statement in the last —— ——, of my resignation as editor of the *Times*. There is absolutely no foundation whatever for the rumour, and the suggestion that I resigned in sympathy with Mr. Sampson is particularly offensive, considering the circumstances under which he did resign. As a matter of fact, I had no acquaintance with Mr. Sampson, and certainly no sympathy with him. Ever faithfully yours,

J. T. DELANE."

Mr. Delane held fast to the old-fashioned theory that the editor of a newspaper should be an impersonal myth, and in replying to my request that an old friend of his might be allowed to write an article

on him for the series of "Celebrities at Home," sent me the following:

"16 Serjeants' Inn, February 22.

Dear Mr. Yates,—Ever since I first saw you personate a slack-rope dancer at Mrs. Horace Twiss's some twenty-five years ago,* I have had frequent proof of your kindness, for which I am by no means ungrateful; but the culminating proof of your desire to please will be if you will spare me from being included in your 'Celebrities at Home.' Pray let me remain at home in the shabby little house I have occupied for the last thirty years, and where my anxious desire has always been to avoid becoming a celebrity. Any public notice of myself or my habits has caused me such annoyance that I feel justified in attaching an importance which would otherwise appear altogether disproportionate to the request. Leave me in my obscurity, dear Mr. Yates, and I shall ever be your debtor.

Will not be a "Celebrity."

Faithfully yours,
J. T. DELANE."

It is lucky for me that emperors, kings, princes, statesmen, and "men of light and leading" of all kinds have not been influenced by these feelings.

Many of my early days were spent in company with Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, the latter of whom happily survives to this day. ROBERT KEELEY was not merely an admirable actor: he was a man possessed of much common sense and mother-wit, and had a certain amount of reading. In private, as in public, his utterances were given forth with an extraordinary

Robert Keeley.

* Mr. Delane is here mixing up the dinner-party at Horace Twiss's, at which Albert Smith and others performed (see vol. i. p. 225), with the Amateur Pantomime.

stolidity of manner and expression, which rendered them doubly amusing.

He had a great vein of shrewd sensible humour. Standing by me one day at a window of the Swan Inn at Thames Ditton, looking at the ducks wending their way across the lawn in a pouring shower, loudly quacking their delight, Keeley softly muttered under his breath, "Ha, ha, damned fools! you don't think how this rain is making the green-peas grow!"

Two stories.

Nor shall I readily forget seeing him standing in the window of an hotel at Boulogne, where a little *marchande des fleurs* was offering him her wares.

"Des fleurs, monsieur?" said the little girl.

"Pas aujourd'hui."

"Monsieur, achetez des fleurs!"

The request met with the same response.

A third time the girl tried, to receive a similar rebuff; but, on a fourth application, Keeley turned from the window, muttering as he went,

"I have said 'Pas aujourd'hui' three times, and now you may go to the devil!"

J. B. Buckstone.

I did not see much of BUCKSTONE in his later life, but when we met we were always on the pleasantest terms. He was an excellent *raconteur*, and none of his stories went off better than those against himself, which he told freely. Here is one of them. Coming home late one night to his private house, which

adjoined the back portion of the Haymarket premises in Suffolk Street, he found a man leaning up against the stage-door of the theatre, very drunk and vomiting violently. Disgusted at the sight, Buckstone went up to the wretched creature, and desired him to go off.

"Get along! go to ——!" was all his reply.

Buckstone reiterated his objurgations, but failed to get anything more definite out of the man, until, in the height of his anger, Buckstone cried,

"I will call the police, sir! Do you know who I am?"

Upon which the man, with a chuckle, replied,

"Of course I do; some stupid ass giving a devilish bad imitation of Buckstone."

His later days were full of poverty and sadness, and his sensibility was much keener than most persons believe. A short time before his death I sent him some letters written by him to my father many years before, which I knew would interest and amuse him.

They came back with these words:

"I return you the letters, interesting certainly, but conveying a melancholy feeling. They carry me back forty years; I wish they could do so in reality. Not that I care much for a longer life; but I have seven young children and a wife, whom, old as I am, I love, and for their sakes alone I wish for a little more working-time."

Some of the wittiest and most amusing letters I

Miss Braddon.

have ever received came to me during my editorship of *Temple Bar* from MISS BRADDON, several of whose earlier attempts made their appearance under my direction, and who has always honoured me with a steady friendship.

Her letters.

"Did you see," she writes, "what the —— says about *Aurora Floyd* and my philosophy in the matter of beer, brandy, and cigars and tobacco? It is all Mr. Tinsley's fault for advertising me as 'Mary Elizabeth.' I used to be called *Mr.* Braddon, and provincial critics were wont to regret that my experience of women had been so bitter as to make me an implacable foe to the fair sex. They thought I had been 'cradled into magazines by wrong,' and had learned in the Divorce Court what I taught in three-volume novels."

Hear her again as to the style in which these same three-volume novels are very often written:

"The Balzac-morbid-anatomy school is my especial delight, but it seems you want the right-down sensational; floppings at the end of chapters, and bits of paper hidden in secret drawers, bank-notes and title-deeds under the carpet, and a part of the body putrefying in the coal-scuttle. By the bye, what a splendid novel, *à la* Wilkie Collins, one might write on a protracted search for the missing members of a murdered man, dividing the arms not into *books*, but *bits*! 'BIT THE FIRST: The leg in the gray stocking found at Deptford.' 'BIT THE SECOND: The white hand and the onyx ring with half an initial letter (unknown) and crest, skull with a coronet, found in an Alpine *crevasse*!'

Seriously, though, you want a sensational fiction to commence in January, you tell me. I cannot promise you anything new, when, alas, I look round and find everything on this earth seems to have been done, and done, and done again! Did not Jules Janin so complain long ago in a protest against

romancism, *i.e.* sensationalism? I will give the kaleidoscope (which I cannot spell) another turn, and will do my very best with the old bits of glass and pins and rubbish.

There they all are,—the young lady who has married a burglar, and who does not want to introduce him to her friends; the duke (after the manner of ——) who comes into the world with six-and-thirty pages of graphic detail, and goes out of it without having said 'bo!' to a goose; the two brothers who are perpetually taken for one another; the twin-sisters ditto, ditto; the high-bred and conscientious banker, who has made away with everybody's title-deeds. Any novel combination of the well-known figures is completely at your service, workmanship careful, delivery prompt."

I saw JULES JANIN twice, once in life, once in death. The first occasion was at a dinner given by M. de la Grené at Ledoyen's open-air restaurant, in the Champs Elysées. There were present several naval officers, some *mondains*, and a few journalists, among the latter Emile de Girardin and Jules Janin. It was my good fortune to be placed next Janin, whose work, *bavardage* though it were, I had long admired. He talked freely and pleasantly of the Dumas's, *père et fils*, of Marie du Plessis, the original of Marguerite Gauthier, of Rachel and Déjazet and Schneider, and many other *reines de la rampe*. Of the Dumas's he told me an excellent story. It appears that on the publication of *La Dame aux Camélias*, old Alexandre wrote to his son, as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and adding that he ought to know something about the difficulties of novel-writing, as he had himself been guilty of several. Alexandre

Jules Janin.

Story of the two Dumas.

fils replied in the same spirit, thanking his correspondent for his congratulations, of which he felt specially proud, *as coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in the highest terms!*

The second occasion was on Saturday, the 20th June 1874. Janin had died the night before at his house in the Rue de la Pompe, Passy, and I was asked by a friend of mine, a former colleague of the great critic's, to accompany him on his visit of condolence. Such a pretty house, built in the style of a Swiss châlet, and standing in the midst of a garden full of waving trees, velvet turf, and sweet-smelling flowers. In this garden Janin used, in the summer, to receive his friends, members of the literary world, so proud to pay homage to their illustrious *confrère*. Amid the iron-work of its outer gate was worked the monogram "J. J.," initials so eagerly looked for in the *Journal des Débats* every Sunday for forty years. We sent in our cards, and a gentleman came out of the house to receive us—a type of a certain class of Frenchmen, small, gray, self-possessed, dressed in black, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole.

Janin's house.

In answer to our interrogatories, having first announced himself as Dr. Villette, the family physician, he told us that M. Janin had expired very peacefully and without a struggle. For weeks past his corpulency had been so enormous that he had been unable

Account of his death.

to move himself, but had to be carried by his servants from place to place. On this Friday afternoon he had eaten rather more dinner than usual, a little *bouillon*, instead of the cup of milk which had recently sufficed for his meal, and feeling fatigued desired a servant to help him to bed. As he reached the couch he gave one long sigh, and it was all over. The rumour that he had been for some time out of his mind had, the doctor declared, no real foundation.

The knowledge that he had lost for ever the power of locomotion affected him very much. Not long before his death he said to some friends, "I suppose I am celebrated; I am a great writer; I am a member of the Academy! *Eh bien*, I would renounce all that glory to walk—to walk round this room without assistance!" And he was specially irritated by the compassionate looks with which visitors would regard him. They did not like to openly express their pity, but they looked it. Janin, with his quick appreciation, recognised what was meant, and suffered under it horribly, but in silence. It was from this, Dr. Villette thought, that the idea of his dementia had first arisen.

Dislike to being pitied.

At the doctor's invitation we walked into the chamber of death where the body then lay. It was a large dining-room, on the second-floor, painted in gay colours, with a large open fireplace in the style of the Renaissance, and with windows opening on to the garden. Owing to its easiness of access M. Janin

had for some time used it as his dwelling-room, and there he died on a couch on which Béranger had also breathed his last. At a table in a corner sat a priest, an old lady, and two old gentlemen. The old lady had a long list before her, from which she read aloud various names, and the old gentlemen and the priest put cards into envelopes which they addressed. These cards were the invitations to *faire part,* as it is called —to take part in the funeral ceremony. They looked around for a moment as we entered, but immediately returned to their business, which they carried out, I am bound to say, without apparently the smallest appreciation of the surrounding circumstances. And yet one might have thought that even the most careless would have been impressed; for there, on a low bed in the middle of the room, lay the remains of one who for a quarter of a century had been one of the most shining lights of French journalism, and who had won for himself a world-wide reputation. The expression on the hairless face was mild and childlike, as though the seventy years' contest with the world had left no impression on it, calm and innocent, as of a happy old man in a peaceful slumber.

French customs.

The doctor accompanied us through the house. Behind the mortuary chamber was the kitchen, bright and glistening with its *batterie de cuisine,* its shining pots and stewpans. The broad staircase leading to

the first floor was hung with rare engravings after the ancient masters. At the top of the staircase was the small winter dining-room, and leading out of it a huge chamber, used indiscriminately as dining-room and library. In each of the four corners of this room was an enormous bookcase in black oak, filled with Aldines and Elzevirs, rare editions of rare works. Above the white marble mantelpiece with its Louis Seize clock was a portrait of Madame Janin; in front of the window, on a column pedestal, a marble bust of Janin, and close by his desk, covered with papers written over in blue ink. There, enveloped in a dressing-gown and with a silk travelling-cap on his head, he used to work. Here he passed the last fifteen years of his life; here he wrote his translation of Horace, his *Neveu de Rameau*, his holiday *feuilletons* for the *Débats*.

His work-room.

As we returned to Paris my friend told me several anecdotes of Janin. His handwriting was very bad, a nightmare for a printer, so illegible that only two compositors out of the whole staff of the *Débats* were able to translate it. When he contributed to any other periodical he always dictated his work to Madame Janin, who wrote an excellent hand. One day he wrote a letter to a friend, who after much trouble deciphered two or three words, which made him think his correspondent must be Janin. He immediately started for Passy.

Anecdote.

"Ah, here you are!" cried Janin on seeing him; "you have read my letter?"

"Not at all," replied the friend; "I have received it, and I've brought it here for you to read it to me."

"Well," said Janin, much cast down, "I'll try."

Janin was not malicious, but occasionally he would say a bitter thing. A rich but hard-hearted man, who made sad havoc of the French language, called on him one day. After listening and suffering for some time, Janin spoke to his visitor in Latin. The man was astonished.

"I don't understand you, M. Janin," he said after a pause; "I don't speak Latin."

"Try, sir, try!" cried the great critic; "you could not speak it so badly as you do French."

Janin was buried on the following Monday, and I attended the funeral. Among those assembled in the garden of the house, before the procession started, I saw Emile Girardin, in his short coat and with his *pince-nez;* Dumas *fils*, whose hair had grown gray, and who was becoming more and more like his father; John Lemoinne, a small English-looking man; swarthy Henri de Péne, with his glass fixed in his eye; gray, stout M. de Lesseps; Mélingue, the famous actor, the original Buridan in the *Tour de Nesle;* Arsène Houssaye, Nadar the photographer, and Alberic Second. I was standing by a table on which were several sheets of paper inscribed with the names of

Janin's funeral.

Celebrities present.

the visitors. An old gentleman with a white head and a short-cut white beard, a red pleasant face, dressed in an alpaca jacket, and carrying a straw hat in his hand, came up to *inscrire*, and gave me a kindly bow as I made way for him. As he left I looked down at the paper to see what his name might be, and was astonished to read the words, "Victor Hugo."

There was a special reason why I should stand well in MR. E. A. SOTHERN'S good graces, for in the columns of the *Daily News* I warmly welcomed him, and prophesied his future success. E. A. Sothern.

We speedily became friends, and remained so during his life. I imagine his happiest time was when he was living at The Cedars in Wright's Lane, Kensington (a house which, after his day, found a very different tenant in Monsignor Capel), when he was in the full swing of his popularity, much courted and flattered by "smart" people, and adored by the public. At that time, though constantly in society, and necessarily keeping late hours, he hunted regularly with the Queen's or the Baron's, and sometimes even more distant packs, and lived with strict moderation.

His practical joking, always one of his favourite pastimes, was sufficiently pronounced in those days, though not carried to the extent which it reached on Practical joking.

his later visits to America. The most successful of these Transatlantic hoaxes was his inviting an English stranger (Mr. Lee), who wished to see the manners of the New Yorkers, to a dinner, at which certain well-known negro minstrels—Messrs. Dan and Neil Bryant, Nelse Seymour, &c., attended, without their burnt cork, and were introduced to the English stranger as some of "our prominent citizens." Upon the party sitting down to dinner, after an interchange of the usual courtesies, Neil Bryant tied his napkin round his head, and began nodding violently. Mr. Lee asked for an explanation from his next neighbour, and was confidentially informed that these peculiar actions were the result of hereditary eccentricity.

Other eccentricities following, however, both on the part of Mr. Bryant and his associates, Mr. Lee became indignant. Mr. Sothern, on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, protested against the proceedings with assumed earnestness. Mr. Florence, with apparent good faith, admonished Mr. Sothern not to interfere. Nelse Seymour, pretending to be greatly incensed against Mr. Bryant, rushed upon him with a carving-knife. Mr. Bryant drew a revolver, and a sham fight occurred between himself, Mr. Seymour, and several others. The result not being deemed satisfactory, Messrs. Sothern and Florence proposed to fight a duel on the spot, and immediately drew pistols, ostensibly for that purpose.

It was, I think, through my recommendation that Sothern cancelled his final American engagement, and husbanded such strength as yet remained to him. He came to stay with me at Goring, evidently dreadfully ill, but trying to carry it off with a jaunty air. He was going to Yarmouth on a fishing expedition, then back to America, to fulfil numberless engagements. "He had been a little out of sorts, but would soon be right again," &c. When I took the freedom of a friend, and spoke to him seriously, he confessed that he was in a desperate state of health. I sent him to my friend Dr. Roose at Brighton, who patched him up for a bit; but the malady had advanced too far. The careful moderation in eating and drinking which distinguished him when I first knew him had, I am afraid, been given up for many years past; his constitution was undermined, and he died in the following year. Last days.

As an amusing companion next in order to Dickens I should certainly rank CHARLES MATHEWS. I did not become intimately acquainted with him until he was nearly sixty-five; but I certainly never had a younger, more amusing, more vivacious friend. In his little house in Pelham Crescent, Brompton, which was crammed from attic to basement with works of art, most of them drawings made by young Charles Mathews when he went abroad with the C. J. Mathews.

"Blessingtons" to study architecture in Italy, he was the cheeriest and most agreeable of hosts. Smoking-capped and dressing-gowned—for he invariably declined, either at home or abroad, to give way to the conventionality of evening-dress—seated at the head of his table after dinner, with one of the worst cigars imaginable—his tobacco was the only bad thing in his house—in his mouth, he would not only talk most admirably himself, but be the cause of excellent talk in others. There Planché would forget that he was even his host's senior, and contribute his quota of seasoned jest; there Arthur Sketchley, "talented, though obese," as he would describe himself, would be very funny himself, and the cause of much more fun in Henry James Byron, who was never seen to greater advantage than in Pelham Crescent.

At home.

Mathews was an excellent letter-writer too. From the far shores of Lake Michigan I sent him a reminder of my existence. He seems, from the following reply, to have found my manuscript somewhat illegible:

"Hôtel d'Angleterre, Nice,
January 28th, 1873.

A letter from him.

My dear Edmund,—I was delighted and surprised at receiving a letter in Arabic from, as I supposed, our old Cairo Dragoman Hamet; but, on deciphering the commencement, and discovering it unmistakably to be 'My dear Charley,' I began to think I must be in error, as I never remember his having addressed me so familiarly before; and as, on referring to the date and address, I clearly made out 'Bancroft House,' I exclaimed at once, 'How stupid I am! Of course, it's from

Marie Wilton! And yet, when did she move to Cat Sapient Milk?* Turning to the signature (as I ought to have done at first), the mystery was solved, and I immediately set apart five hours for the reading, at the end of which time I had nearly made out every other word, and by dinner-time yesterday had pretty well mastered the contents.

Well, I *was* glad to receive the letter, I confess. We thought you had forgotten us altogether; and Lizzie actually made *observations* (I won't repeat them) on your never coming to look us up on our return from the antipodes. Never mind, she will *fix* you yet; you *sha'n't* walk up and down, and tell your stories; and we *won't* laugh at them if you tell them sitting; and I won't tell you any of mine, nor Lizzie any of hers—there now!

I'm not going to write you a long letter, so don't you think it. While you are shivering and shaking, snowed up at Cat Sapient Milk, we are basking under sun-umbrellas in the midst of orange and lemon groves, palms, olives, and figs, by the side of the turquoise sea, and grudge every moment in the house, with a positive horror of pen and ink. So we'll put off all we have to say till we meet, which, without any nonsense, we both wish may be soon, with all our hearts; for we both love a cordial laugh, and with no one do we get it so well as with jolly old Edmund. With our united loves and good wishes for your success and return,

Ever faithfully yours,
C. J. MATHEWS."

Mortimer Collins.

There are frequent references to MORTIMER COLLINS throughout these volumes, a man for whom I had great regard as a friend and the greatest admiration as a lyrist.

His place is yet unfilled. There are hundreds of society verse-makers and of imitators of Praed, but

* "Cat Sapient Milk" must have been his reading, of course, of my illegible writing.

no Mortimer Collins. Searchers in back numbers of *Temple Bar* and *The World* will find many exquisite lyrics, which have not yet been republished; but here is a gem of another kind, which was printed in an obscure periodical that had a very short existence. It was written on the occasion of the appearance of an advertisement announcing a new novel by the Rev. J. M. Bellew:

A poem by him.

"Oh, oh, oh! what a wondrous city is
London! If you wish for pleasures that are new,
If you are bored or bothered, which a pity is,
Mind and send at once for the novel by Bellew.

He, he, he, who talent does not lack at will,
Surely he will give us something very new;
Publish it for him the firm of Hurst & Blackett will,
And make, I hope, a fortune of this novel by Bellew.

Bel-bel-bellow, the title at the termini;
Shout out the name—it's the proper thing to do;
A fascinating fellow, who can preach a clever sermon, I
Guess will be the hero of this novel by Bellew.

P'raps—p'raps—p'raps, the scene at the diggins is;
Perhaps it is in India, across the ocean blue;
Anyhow, the gentleman whose real name Higgins is*
Now is coming out with a novel by Bellew!

Spur-Spur-Spurgeon, on, poke him up and urge him on;
He's the only man this Higgins to outdo.
Surely he won't let himself be beaten by a clergyman,
Surely he'll excel this novel by Bellew!"

* J. M. B.'s original name was Higgin.

Photogravure Goupil & Cie

Edmund Yates
1879.

From a portrait by W. W. Ouless. R.A

London. Richard Bentley & Son. 1884.

CHAPTER V.

LATER DAYS IN THE POST OFFICE.

With the occasional break afforded by the special trips recorded in an earlier chapter, and by the annually recurring month's holiday, which was generally spent with my family at some quiet seaside place, my official life went on in tolerably regular course.

It was supposed, by my literary friends, to be a monotonous life; and I was often greatly compassionated, principally by those who lounged through their existence, and were vastly indignant if the ravens, or their equivalent, did not cater for them lavishly. I do not think that the monotony preyed very much upon me; I always found plenty of amusement in my morning omnibus-rides, in which, despite Sir Rowland Hill's kindly admonition, I persevered till the last; I liked the pleasant conference with friends at luncheon-time; and, though the work itself—the superintendence of the post-office buildings in large towns and the provision of proper postal accommodation for the public throughout the provinces—was not particularly enthralling, a student of character could find plenty of opportunity in the correspondence with the local

Quietly happy days.

magnates, and the observation of the discomfiture of the Parliamentary representatives under pressure by their constituents.

Promotion.

I do not know that I myself should have enjoyed it so much as I did, had not that good fortune, which has stood me in such wondrous stead during my life, decreed that the one position to which I should most eagerly have aspired, and which more than any other in the service I could satisfactorily have filled, should fall vacant just at the time when I was ripe for promotion, and that I should have been appointed to it. This was the head of the Missing Letter Branch of the Secretary's office, and the performance of its duties not merely gave one the chance of showing individual capacity, but of escaping from the ordinary routine.

The Missing Letter Branch.

The Missing Letter Branch was a speciality; it undertook to investigate all complaints and applications from the public regarding letters which had not reached their destination; and as fraud, as well as accident, was a large factor in these irregularities, I was constantly engaged in following up the mysterious ramifications of romances of real life, with all the looked-for adjuncts of traps, detectives, private examinations, &c. All cases of theft, or that bore any suspicious appearance, were brought under my cognisance, and duly submitted by me to Mr. William Peacock, the Assistant-Solicitor, who is still

living, though he has long since retired, whose name was thoroughly well known to the public, and whose genial appearance must still be fresh in the memory of a large number of the Bar.

In addition to a large staff of clerks, I had the assistance of four "travelling officers," who were constantly employed in confidential investigations in the country, and four first-class detectives of the A division from Scotland Yard, two of whom would be attached to such of the travelling officers as wanted extra help, while the other two were on duty in a glass case fitted up in the hall of the General Post Office, into which a speaking-tube, hanging close by my chair, communicated. My staff.

We had a funny story in connection with that speaking-tube. One day a gentleman, who was at that time a large employer of literary labour, called on me at my office to discuss some matter in which we were mutually interested. It struck me that he had been lunching, and lunching off—or rather on—whisky, and his manner was particularly short and disagreeable. He had finished his business, and was standing opposite me, when the mouths of the two speaking-tubes hanging by the arms of my chair, attracted his attention.

"What are those things?" he asked. A disbeliever.

"Speaking-tubes."

"Where do they go to?"

"This one to the messengers' lobby, this to the constables' box in the hall below."

"Ah, pshaw, with your constables!" cried my friend. "Do you mean to tell me there's constables there ready to come to your call? Pooh, nonsense! you're always full of your swagger!" And, muttering other unpleasant remarks indicative of his incredulity, the great man left the room.

As the door shut behind him, I thought I would give him a well-deserved lesson, and I blew down the pipe.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Are you both there?"

Teaching a lesson.

"Yes, sir."

"Stop a stout man in a white waistcoat, who is coming down the staircase; take him into the Secretary's lobby, and secure him till I come."

"All right, sir!"

I turned to my work, and two minutes afterwards had a message from the hall-keeper that "they had got the man." Then I went leisurely through the passages and down the grand staircase, at the bottom of which I found my employer, with a plain-clothes constable on either side of him, holding tightly on to his waist.

"Here's the man, sir!" said the senior of the two officers; "he says it's a mistake; but they always say that, sir, as you know very well."

"Mistake!" roared the irate bibliopole; "what the etcetera is the meaning of all this?"

"Only to let you know in future that I don't swagger in the way you seemed to suppose. You can let him go, men!"

The ordinary method of detecting an official who had fallen into dishonest ways was by making up a "test" letter, which would fall into his hands and be dealt with by him in the course of his regular duty. In this letter was an enclosure, a coin, or a packet of stamps, which had been previously marked by the testing officer, and could be sworn to in a court of justice. If the letter did not come to hand at the proper time, the suspected man was at once seized and searched, and, in most cases, the contents found upon him. "Test letters."

It was the theory of those versed in such matters that a man had generally availed himself of a good many chances of theft before the suspicions of the authorities were directed towards him; so that the testing officer had to deal with no innocent lamb, but with a sheep possessing a considerable amount of blackness—part natural, part acquired—and for whom the net must consequently be spread in an artistic manner. A good deal of ingenuity had to be exercised in the writing of the letters in which the marked bait was enclosed, as the least suspicion of their genuineness would have induced the thieves to de-

stroy them, and to do away with their contents. Hence the great object was to make the letters read as natural as possible.

Grandfather's money.

I recollect one, which amused me very much at the time. It was addressed to some non-existent person in New Zealand, and was written as though by a brother. It went at some length into family details, all very cleverly and graphically narrated: the death of "dear old grandfather" was touched on with much pathos. It then proceeded, "You will recollect the George II. sixpence which used to hang on his watch-chain, and which we used to play with when children, sitting on his knee? The poor old man perfectly remembered how pleased you used to be with it, and desired it might be forwarded to you, after his death, as a memento. So I enclose it." I am sorry to say the coin proved an efficient bait: the thief took the letter, and we found dear old grandfather's George II. sixpence in his pocket.

I have often thought since that our proceedings in these matters were wholly unconstitutional and highly reprehensible, though they had the effect of bringing affairs to a head very quickly. After the culprit had been arrested and searched, he was haled off to the Solicitor's office, and there, in the presence of a certain select few, examined by Mr. William Peacock, who acted as a kind of French *juge*

Mr. W. Peacock's method.

d'instruction, administered the most terrifically searching queries, and probed the man to his very marrow.

Our worthy Solicitor had formed his manner on that of certain of the most notable Old Bailey practitioners of the day, and relied greatly on his powers of easy *badinage* and smart retort. One day I recollect his being completely "stumped" by a man just brought before him.

"Well, sir!" he cried, in his most sarcastic tones—"well, John Smith—I see that's your name—this is a pretty piece of business!"

"Is it, sir?" replied John Smith easily. "I haven't heard the particklars of it yet! Wot's it all about?"

Mr. Peacock collapsed; but in general he conducted this, I believe, wholly illegal preliminary examination with so much adroitness, and got his facts so completely marshalled, that the committal of the unfortunate wretch by the magistrate was a thing of certainty and speed.

The Old Bailey.

When the prisoners were brought up for trial at the Old Bailey Sessions, I used to accompany Mr. Peacock to the court. I had always had a great interest in criminal proceedings, and had frequently spent my shillings and devoted my luncheon-time in visits to the gallery, where I knew one of the door-keepers, who was occasionally employed as an extra waiter at the Alfred Club, where I used frequently to dine. In those early days Messrs. Clarkson and Bodkin

were the shining lights of the court, but I recollect nothing of them.

When I attended in a recognised position, always sitting with Mr. Peacock, I made friends with many who have since been leaders of the Bar. Edwin James, who advised me in the Garrick Club case; Serjeant Ballantine; Mr. Hawkins and Serjeant Parry, both in later years retained as leading counsel for *The World*, until removed, the one by promotion, the other by death; Mr. Serjeant Shee, Mr. (now Sir Hardinge) Giffard, Mr. (now Baron) Huddleston—all would come down occasionally on special retainers; while the court was led by Mr. (afterwards Serjeant) Sleigh, Mr. Ribton, Mr. Clark, Mr. Metcalfe—the two last-named being counsel for Post Office prosecutions; and the Junior Bar was well represented by Mr. Poland, Mr. M. Williams, Mr. Douglas Straight; Mr. Morgan John O'Connell, who represented the Mint in prosecutions; Mr. A. B. Kelly, an excellent descriptive reporter on the *Times;* Mr. Eyre Lloyd, &c.

Leaders.

Juniors.

I soon became known to the Aldermen and Sheriffs, and frequently had the pleasure of lunching with them, and listening with becoming awe to the remarks of the celebrated barristers sitting round the table. Naturally, in the course of my experience as head of the Missing Letter Branch, I was much mixed up with the leading detectives—not so much in

employing them, for we relied mainly on our own officers, as in affording them certain facilities for the prosecution of their inquiries.

Of the well-known brothers, John and Daniel Forrester, the successors to the old Bow Street Runners, with the difference that their employment was in the City, I may say *vidi tantum:* I recollect seeing them, very much alike, standing outside the Mansion House; but I was on pleasantly intimate business terms with Michael Haydon, the celebrated City detective, one of the bravest and shrewdest men I have ever met, who is immortalised in Frith's picture of the "Railway Station," and with many other excellent police-officers. City detectives.

With one of these, Sergeant Hancock, I tried what my old friend, Sir Rowland, would doubtless have characterised as a "dangerous" experiment. Hancock was, and maybe still is, one of the smartest men in the City force. I saw him one afternoon, in plain clothes, lounging round the big drapers' shop-windows in St. Paul's Churchyard, always reckoned good hunting-ground for the swell-mobsmen. I satisfied myself that he had not noticed me, and, gradually approaching, got close behind him, and gently slid my hand into the tail-pocket of his coat. In an instant both his hands were behind him, and had seized mine in a vice-like grip. He turned his head quickly round, and there was a smile of triumph on A "s ll."

his face, which faded away and gave place to melancholy disappointment when he recognised his captive. "Too bad of you, Mr. Yates," he grumbled; "I did think I had got one of them that time."

The experiences arising from my position were varied and most interesting, and of no small use to a person engaged as a novelist in the portrayal of human weakness. It would not do to enter upon them here; but there was one episode so strange, so singular, and showing such a misdirection of ability, that I am tempted to narrate it. I recollect Dickens being immensely interested in it at the time. Shortly, the circumstances were these.

Interesting experiences.

A letter, containing a large sum in bank-notes, addressed to a firm in the City, failed to reach its destination. The numbers of the notes were known, payment of them was stopped, all the banks and leading financial houses were warned, and provided with the requisite information on which to act in case any of the notes were presented. Time passed, and nothing was heard of the letter or its contents. Four or five years had elapsed since the date of the theft, when my principal assistant came to me in a state of great excitement, and told me he had just received notice that one of the notes in the —— case had been paid into the Bank of England.

In accordance with our usual custom, we procured the note from the Bank, and commenced to try

and trace its career. It was a 10*l.* note, and had been paid into the Bank in a total of several thousands by a firm of woollen-drapers in St. Martin's Lane. They were visited, they examined their books, and declared they had received it from a tailor at Oxford. One of the travelling officers was at once despatched to Oxford with the note, saw the tailor, who recognised the note by his own private mark on it, and said that it had come to him from a former customer, who, while an undergraduate, had got rather heavily into his debt, and who was "liquidating" by sending his old creditor a small amount whenever he could spare it. Would he give us his customer's name and address? Certainly; his name was Fifay, he was now reading for the Bar, and lived in chambers in Elm Court, Temple.

So far, so good. I thought I would go in person to call on Mr. Fifay, who might require delicate handling. Mr. Fifay was at home, in pleasant chambers, with more signs of the productions of Dumas *fils* and Xavier de Montepin than of Blackstone and Byles visible; a pleasant young fellow, who was glad to see me, knew my name, of course—had read so many of those charming, &c.; in fact, thought he had met me at Jack Stokes's, if not at Tom Styles's. His face changed considerably when I reminded him that I was an official of the Post Office, and informed him of the particular

business which brought me to him. He was manifestly taken aback, as I have frequently seen others under similar circumstances: he had evidently entirely forgotten—if he had ever known—anything about my connection with St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Mr. Fifay was a little frightened at first, as most people are under any kind of legal or official examination; but he soon recovered himself when he found how much about his affairs I already knew. He admitted having sent a 10*l.* note to Gowner of Oxford, and that it was the one in question there was very little doubt, as, if the truth must be told, it was the only one he had had for a very long time. Where did he get it? O, all on the square. I didn't think he had been "frisking the till," did I? The truth was, Gowner had been dunning like blazes, and he, Fifay, had written to his guardian, Rev. Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, who paid him an allowance, for a little advance. The Doctor, in a letter of admonition, had enclosed twenty pounds, "a tenner and two fivers," and the "tenner" Fifay had forwarded to Gowner. "Many thanks; good-morning;" and I left Fifay apparently much relieved that nothing worse had happened to him.

It looked as though the tracing of this note would be a long and difficult job. Country clergymen do not, unfortunately, as a rule, have very many 10*l.* notes, are not so overburdened with

them as to make it difficult to say whence this or that was received; but, on the other hand, they are for the most part poor men of business, wholly unmethodical, and with limp powers of recollection. Dr. Primrose, however, to my great delight, proved a very different kind of person. A little round apple-faced old gentleman, his person and his parsonage were models of neatness and order. Seated at a large old-fashioned *escritoire*, which nearly filled his little study, he listened to all I had to say, and when I ceased he struck in at once:

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly; on the 8th April"—referring to a memorandum-book he had taken from a drawer—"I sent a 10*l.* note to Charles Fifay."

"And this is the note?" I asked, handing it to him.

"O no, it isn't!" he replied quickly. "I can tell that without looking at it. This is a crumpled, dirty, much-used note; that which I sent to Charles was a brand-new one, which I had just got from Wigglesworth's bank. It was numbered"—and he referred again to the memorandum-book—"'$\frac{S}{V}$26,708: London, May 29, 1867;' and this one—bless me! this is '$\frac{R}{G}$79,234: London, March 8, 1859.' Quite a different thing."

"You're certain you remember the number?" I asked somewhat suspiciously.

"Positive! Look for yourself at my entry when I sent the money to Charles."

I looked, and satisfied myself there was no mistake—there could be no collusion; and for the time we were completely at fault. Other bank-notes, however, belonging to the same parcel soon began to come in, and from what was learned during the tracing of them an old and much-respected letter-carrier, on the Fleet Street walk, was arrested on suspicion, and was committed for trial. Before he was charged at the Old Bailey he made a clean breast of it, confessed his crime, and explained his *modus operandi*.

How it was done.

It appears that he originally stole the banker's letter, and took it to his home. But he had heard so much talk in the Office about the way in which such robberies were detected, the manner in which bank-notes were traced, &c., that he was frightened to make any immediate use of his ill-gotten spoil, and kept the bundle of notes, securely locked up in a box, for years. At length the time came when he thought he might profit by his temerity, and he adopted a remarkably ingenious scheme. He would select certain letters which, from his manipulation of them during the sorting process, he imagined contained bank-notes, and laid them aside. At night he conveyed them home, opened them, took out the bank-notes which they contained, replacing them by notes of equal value taken from the long-since stolen bundle, sealed

the letters again, and took them to the Office next day to be forwarded to their destination. In this fashion he was gradually working off his stock of "stopped" notes, and making up a little sheaf of more serviceable ones in their place, when he was detected, and sent into penal servitude.

I remained for nearly ten years at the head of the Missing Letter Branch, and thought I should remain there until I had become disabled, or until I had served the necessary number of years for securing a pension, when the acquisition by the Government of the telegraphic system of the country most unexpectedly influenced the whole course of my future life.

Purchase of the Telegraphs.

The suggestion of this gigantic addition to the regular work hitherto performed by the Post Office Department had originated with Mr. Scudamore, and, when sanctioned by Parliament, had been handed over to him to carry out. The history of that extraordinary time has yet to be written, but certainly not by me, as my share in the carrying out of the scheme was infinitesimal; but when it is written, the public will read with wonder of the desperate unflagging energy by which it was carried through by the man who had planned it, and his devoted band of followers, who sat up night after night, denying themselves rest, comfort, almost food, in order that

the compact with the Government might be duly executed.

F. I. Scudamore.

From my personal friendship with Mr. Scudamore I knew a good deal of what was going on; but I had no hand in the affair, and never thought I should have. One day, however, very soon after the telegraphs had been taken over by the Post Office, I was sent for by Mr. Scudamore. He spoke to me in the kindest manner, telling me he felt sure I must be somewhat wearied of the duties of the Missing Letter Branch after such long performance of them, and hinted it was not improbable that before many months certain sweeping changes might be made in the administration of the Office, under which I might find myself shelved. Of my ability, he was good enough to say, there was no doubt; but the selection of those to be "compulsorily retired" would rest with Mr. Tilley, the Secretary, with whom I was no special favourite; and that, possibly, Mr. Tilley might not be sorry of an opportunity for displacing me in favour of some one whose "zeal for the service"—a convenient official phrase—was more conspicuously manifest. In truth, I had had one or two conflicts with Mr. Tilley, in which, notwithstanding the weight of his official position, I had not been wholly unsuccessful.

Mr. Tilley.

Mr. Tilley was a shrewd, caustic, clever man, bred in the Post Office service, and knowing it thoroughly;

by no means a crotcheteer, but, with his public office experience, tempered by plenty of worldly knowledge, and as unimpressionable as an oyster. An excellent public servant, had he not been a *sic volo, sic jubeo* gentleman—one who never allowed anything or any one to stand in his way; who was accustomed to do as he liked without being called upon for his reasons; and with whom, as I have stated, I, not being entirely willing to prostrate myself in order that I might be ridden over roughshod, had more than once come into collision.

I had led the mill-horse life for so long—I had been jogging easily round and round for so many years—that I had never contemplated the arrival of a time when I might have to surrender my post, and with it the 500*l.* a year, which, though but a portion of my income, was a certainty.

No such contingency was, however, immediately at hand. Mr. Scudamore told me he had a plan for effectually utilising my services in a way that would be pleasant to myself and valuable to the department. The Government, it appeared, had in contemplation an enormous extension of telegraph business. Under the private companies comparatively few places, and those only towns of fair size, had telegraphic intercommunication; but now that the affair had been acquired by the Post Office it was intended that every place of sufficient importance to be a money-order office should

New use for my services.

also be made a centre for the receipt and despatch of telegrams. This extension of business would necessitate the erection of poles and the carrying of many thousand miles of wire over public and private property; and it was to obtain the consent of the various corporate bodies and private landowners to the Government's amiable trespass on their domains that my services were about to be called into requisition.

Mr. Scudamore laughed as he showed me the minute to the Postmaster-General, in which it was set forth that the person to fill the appointment should be a gentleman of pleasant manners, possessing a certain knowledge of the world, and assured me that I was the very man to meet the requirements. Then he gave me twenty-four hours to turn the matter over, and I retired.

Necessary qualifications.

I at once commenced making inquiries from some of the higher officials in the Telegraph Department as to the details of my proposed duties, and all I learned was most satisfactory. I found I should be practically my own master, taking a certain district at a time, and working in it until I had exhausted my schedule of persons on whom I was to wait, and then moving on elsewhere; that I should get rid of the long familiar life of the Office, with its stated hours of attendance and its jog-trot routine; that I should necessarily have plenty of leisure time in which to pursue my literary

Sounds well.

labours; and that I could always take my wife for my companion whenever she was so inclined. Moreover, I felt convinced, more from my old friend Scudamore's manner than from anything he actually said, that he thought it very much for my interest that I should accept the proffered berth; and as this view was ratified at home, the next morning I signified my thankful assent.

And so, though I was still an "officer of the department," my old servitude at St. Martin's-le-Grand came to an end after twenty-three years, and I entered upon a new official career. The necessity for punctual arrival, with its concomitant hateful "attendance-book," the daily dreary grind, the perpetual attachment to the "desk's dull wood"—all were abolished for a time at least, and, as it proved, for ever.

I accept.

My duties were pleasant, and thoroughly congenial. The engineer, in proposing a certain extension of telegraphic accommodation, would report that difficulty might possibly be experienced in "getting consent," as we used technically to call it, for the erection of poles or carrying the wires over certain property. This might mean on public roads or private lands, across gardens, through streets, or over chimneys. I was then despatched to see how the difficulties could be smoothed. I took up my quarters in the place, harangued mayors and

My new career.

corporations in council assembled; presented myself before local magnates in their libraries, on their lawns, even in the midst of their shooting-parties when time pressed; sat with old ladies, and dissipated their fears of the wires proving lightning-conductors, and importing the "electric fluid" into their bedrooms; persuaded invalids that the sighing of the wind through the wires, instead of being an annoyance, had an Æolian harp-like quality of soothing; laughed, chaffed, persuaded, cajoled, threatened—when necessary; but generally got my way.

My duties.

I had some very curious experiences, and in recalling them I am often astonished at my own audacity. We had a "difficulty," of which I now forget the details, with the city of Cork; and I was despatched to attend a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, which had been specially invoked, with instructions to be firm. There was a large gathering in a handsome hall, and the feeling against the Government seemed to run very high. The debate was opened by some of the principal merchants, and there were reporters who took down every word. When my turn came I stated what the Post Office required to be done in return for what it was doing; and when, after several speeches strongly condemning my suggestions, they were unanimously refused, I quietly told them that they had done a bad day's work; for the Government, finding its efforts thwarted, would cer-

I "orate."

tainly attempt no further extension of the telegraph system in Ireland. The row that ensued was appalling. I made my way out of the place amidst hootings; the local journals indulged in the fiercest diatribes; and two days after, Mr. McCarthy Downing, then member for the city, rising in his seat in the House of Commons, asked the Government whether I had authority for the threat I had held out.

At a fashionable watering-place in Devonshire there was considerable opposition to our carrying the wires through the streets; and at a meeting of the Town Council, which I attended, the scheme was fiercely denounced, one of the strongest malcontents being, as I discovered, the ground landlord of the post-office building. In my speech in reply I alluded to this fact, saying I felt inclined to upbraid one who ought to have been on our side with Cæsar's words, "Et tu, Brute!" The gentleman in question immediately rose, and asked the mayor whether such expressions were in order.

One of my funniest experiences was in attending the Local Board of a little town on the Thames, where I was told we should be hotly opposed, as we proposed to take the wires along a pretty road leading from the station, on one side of which ran the garden of a wealthy lady, whose agent was to be my chief adversary. He was pointed out to me when I entered the little room, where perhaps fifteen people were assembled—

a very stout little man, with a roll of paper in his hand. He was evidently much excited, and at once demanded that "the inspector," as he would persist in calling me, should "lay his proposition before the meeting." I accordingly made a brief statement, during the delivery of which the little man fidgeted and fumed, but said nothing. When I sat down, one or two of the tradesmen, after exchanging a nod with my friend, asked me some questions which had evidently been prearranged.

The little man.

Then the little man rose, and commenced to denounce the scheme which I had propounded as one which would overwhelm with ruin and confusion their lovely and peaceful village, so well known to, and so sought after by, the angler, the oarsman, the tired and weary citizen, who flew thither for rest. After a good deal in this strain, the little man stopped and mopped his forehead; then, striding across the room, he bore down upon me, and, waving his roll of paper close under my nose, cried: "And who are you who would, unbidden and uninvited, proceed to force your posts and wires down our throats? Minion of the Government! I defy you!" Then he struck an attitude, and was greeted with subdued cheers by his friends. There was no chaff in this, it was all meant perfectly seriously. I was afraid my little friend had expressed the wishes of the meeting, and I retired covered with ignominy.

I am denounced.

One more anecdote of my experiences in those

pleasant days. A gentleman, a large landowner in Lancashire, had written to the Post Office complaining that in some recent extension of the telegraphs a trespass had been committed on his property, and desiring that the matter might be immediately set right. The tone of the letter was exceedingly offensive and dictatorial, and it was evident that he was a very ugly customer. The telegraph engineer reported that though a little modification of the selected route might be made, to clear off entirely from the complainant's land would involve a considerable *détour;* and, under all the circumstances, it was considered advisable that I should go down and see what could be done with our obstreperous customer in a personal interview.

An ugly customer.

I did not receive much encouragement from the landlord of the inn at the town near Mr. P——'s estate, where I put up for the night before paying my visit, who described him as being a "hoighhanded un"—whatever that might mean—as very proud and arrogant, and as having all these evil qualities inflamed and intensified by constant illness. This did not promise well; and I received much the same account from the man who drove me over in a gig the next morning. However, I was in for it; and, on arrival, I walked boldly up the steps and set the bell clanging.

I gave my card to the servant who appeared,

telling him to take it to Mr. P——, and say that I had come down from London to see him on the subject upon which he had written to the Post Office. The man looked very doubtful, and told me Mr. P—— was ill, and never saw anybody.

Was there a Mrs. P——, I asked, who could represent her husband? O yes, there were; but she "was wusser nor him," the man said—not in illness, but in temper. I could not go away without having seen somebody, so I told the man to take the card to his master, and bring me some message in reply. He returned speedily, bidding me wait where I was, and Mr. P—— would come to me. So I lounged round the big stone hall and examined the family portraits.

Presently a door opened, and the servant reappeared, convoying an elderly lady with a flaming face. I stood at "attention" and made a salaam; but she took no notice of me, and went straight to her carriage, which had drawn up at the steps. About ten minutes after, the door opened again, and a wheel-chair was pushed in by another servant, who retired at once.

The occupant of the chair was a big man, who had been handsome, and who still preserved his *distingué* looks, though his features were a good deal distorted by constant pain. He had keen black eyes and a bristling gray beard, and a general air of great *hauteur*. He turned slowly round to where I stood, and called

to me, "Come here, sir," very much as though I were a dog, and then asked me what I wanted.

I referred him to my card, which he was twisting in his thin bony fingers, and was just beginning a statement of the object of my visit, when he broke out into the most desperate tirade against the Government, against me, against the telegraphs, and almost against everything. Why the etcetera had the Government meddled in the matter? The private companies did the thing well, and in a gentlemanly manner, without interfering with the rights of property; but this etcetera Liberal Government wanted to grab everything. What the etcetera did I mean by coming to his house and demanding to see him? Didn't I consider it an etcetera liberty? Because he did; and he'd be etcetera'd if he'd put up with it, &c.

Why the etcetera?

I kept perfectly quiet, though I felt very hot and uncomfortable, until Mr. P—— stopped for sheer want of breath, and then I struck in. I told him that he was probably the best judge of how he should receive any one in his own house; but that such a reception, in the course of a tolerably wide experience, was a novelty to me; that it was not for me to say anything about his diatribes against the Government, and that, as for myself, I was there merely as an official sent on a mission to discharge certain duties; but that, as I was perfectly certain the Postmaster-General would not

My defence.

like me to stay to be further sworn at and insulted, I would take my leave.

I was moving towards the door, when the old man, looking very faint and spent after his recent exertion, motioned me to him, and said, in a weak voice, "You are quite right, sir, and I have to ask your pardon. I forgot myself, and let my passion get the better of me. I am very sorry for having caused you pain; but I am an old man, and I have been desperately ill. When I recover, in a minute, I will talk to you." He touched my hand gently with his, and then lay back, gasping for breath.

Victory.

Of course I was considerably moved at this, and I at once begged him to think no more of it; that I could perfectly understand his state; that I would wait his convenience, and do everything I could to arrange the business on which I had come down in accordance with his wishes.

He bowed his head in thanks, and touched my hand again; then he sat up in the chair—he had revived considerably while I had been speaking—and, to my intense astonishment, he burst out into loud cries of "Yates! Yates!" For a minute I thought he had gone mad. I tried to speak, but he stopped me, and cried "Yates!" again, as loudly as he could.

"Yates!"

I was relieved to find that Yates, who speedily put in an appearance, was the farm-bailiff, who

was despatched with me to the scene of the trespass, and with whom I soon entered into amicable relations. On my return to the house, Mr. P—— approved of all that had been settled between the two Yateses; I found luncheon laid for me; and my host had his chair wheeled to my side, and proved an agreeable companion.

My experiences, on the whole, were remarkably pleasant and enjoyable; and while leading a very agreeable life during the two years, I may fairly claim to have "done the State some service."

I was nearly always courteously received, and in by far the greater number of my visits I managed to carry my point. In this result I was a good deal assisted by the fact that at that time such popularity as I had gained as a novelist was at its height. I was always immensely amused at watching the surprise which people would exhibit on reading my name on the card which I handed them, and then, looking in the corner, would see "Telegraph Department, General Post Office," inscribed there. Their faces would wear the same kind of expression which is displayed by travellers in a railway-carriage when a well-known actor gets in. Some would ask me if I were any relation to myself; others wondered whether they really had the pleasure, &c. And in every case where it came out that I was really their friend of the circulating library or the

I occasion surprise.

railway bookstall, the fact not merely acted as an introduction, but, I am sure, frequently stood me in good stead.

I made some very pleasant acquaintances, and paid some very pleasant visits: one to Lord Dartmouth, at Patshull, near Wolverhampton, where I was hospitably entertained; and one to the notorious Lord Lonsdale, a very naughty old nobleman, who was the original of Major Pendennis's noble friend, Lord Colchicum, and Mr. Disraeli's Lord Eskdale. His lordship had represented to the Office that the recent erection of some poles and wires on Shap Fell, a wild and desolate moorland district, had been very destructive to his grouse, which in their flight, more especially in the dark, hurled themselves against the almost invisible wires, and were killed or maimed.

Lord Lonsdale.

He made an appointment to receive me on a certain day at Lowther Castle, and was most courteous and genial. He was a very old man at that time, considerably past eighty, and a prisoner to his chair, but quite bright and intelligent. He fully understood and at once accepted a proposition which I made him in regard to shifting the poles; and when I rose, my business ended, begged me to sit again. He had ordered luncheon for me, he said; and if I had never seen the castle, he thought I should like to go over it; and he should much like a

At Lowther.

chat with me about the Office, for he had once—long before my time—been Postmaster-General.

I had forgotten that circumstance, but Lord Lonsdale had forgotten nothing. He sat by me while I had my luncheon, asking clever questions and making very sharp comments on the people who had been in the G.P.O. in his day, and some of whom still remained. Then he asked me if I were related to "his old friend Yates of the Adelphi;" and when I told him, he had a long series of reminiscences to go through, all most amusing. I was afterwards shown over the castle by the steward, and took my leave of Lord Lonsdale late in the afternoon, after a delightful day. His comments.

The old nobleman died soon after this; and there is a curious, and I believe authentic, anecdote connected with his death. He had long possessed a wonderful dinner set of Sèvres china, which had been stolen in Paris during the Revolution, and subsequently purchased by him, of which three pieces were wanting. For years and years he sought for these three pieces without success. At last he heard that they were in a sale at Christie's. He sent a friend to purchase them, and, being very old and feeble, waited at the door in his brougham. The three pieces were purchased, Lord Lonsdale took them home, and died that night. Anecdote.

During those two years, in the discharge of my

duty, I travelled over a large portion of England and Ireland, Scotland not coming within my province. I generally arranged, always with a due regard to the public interest, that my work should lie in the large provincial towns, or their vicinity, during the winter, while in the lovely spring, summer, and autumn weather I took to the country districts. I am glad to think that my exertions were recognised and gave satisfaction. I had the best of friends in my chief, Scudamore, and the kindest of allies in the engineer of the south-western district of England, Mr. W. H. Preece, now known as one of our foremost electricians, and in Mr. T. H. Sanger, head of the Telegraph Office in Ireland, one of the most genial generous creatures that ever drew breath, who died a year or two ago. To these two friends I owe a deep debt of gratitude, for under their auspices I was pleasantly, though continuously, employed, and I had a most delightful time.

My official journeys.

For weeks I had my head-quarters at Plymouth, comfortable rooms at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, whence I rambled all over the lovely neighbourhood, Port Eliot and Saltash, with excursions up the Tamar and the Dart, and further afield to Mevagissy and St. Ives and St. Austell and the queer little fishing village of Looe, to Menheniot and Scorrier and Liskeard.

Devon and Cornwall.

Over the wild and bleak Dartmoor I took the

wires to Princetown, the oasis of building in the midst of the barren desert, and into the great convict prison close by.

To Boscastle, and all the adjacent Arthur's land, I was the pioneer of telegraphy, staying at Mrs. Scott's quaint and excellent hotel, with the old figurehead from the man-of-war erected in the garden, and the most amusing visitors'-book, wherein I recollect a gentleman gravely records his satisfaction at having, after a protracted perusal of many pages, at last found a person who will give two *m*'s to "accommodation," and the landlady's stories of Douglas Cook, the original editor of the *Saturday Review*, who had a house in Tintagel, which he occasionally visited, and who is buried in the place. Boscastle.

A change of head-quarters to Penzance, with visits to the Lizard and the Land's End, an inspection of the Longships Lighthouse, and a good deal of yachting in Mount's Bay; a run over to Helston, to see the celebrated "Flurry" or Flowery Fair, with its quaint custom of the entire population dancing in and out through the open doors of all the houses, which gave scope for an amusing article in *All the Year Round*. Helston.

For I did not neglect my regular literary work during this time. That would have been impossible, not merely for the absolute necessity of earning what it brought in, but from the fact that engage- Literary work.

ments had been previously entered upon, from which it would have been impossible to escape. So, giving the day, from immediately after breakfast till dinner, to my official excursions, I rose early and retired late; and, having my indefatigable secretary Simpson with me, I was enabled to get through a large amount of dictated work, which he reduced into longhand during my absence the next day. Besides very many occasional articles for magazines and newspapers, I wrote two entire novels while on this tour—*Castaway*, which I began on the Derby Day, 1871—the first Derby I had missed for twenty years—in the pretty house belonging to, and standing in, the grounds of the Castle Hotel, Linton, and the best scene in which I wrote in the Railway Hotel, Killarney, with the clatter of its *table d'hôte* in the room below; and *Nobody's Fortune*, the scene of which is nearly wholly laid in Cornwall, the names of the *dramatis personæ* being names of stations on the Cornwall Railway—it was my frequent habit to name my characters out of *Bradshaw's Guide*—and which was mainly written in a big bedroom at the top of the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, in Plymouth.

Two novels.

Pleasant it was that the stern behests of duty took me, in the early days of a lovely August, into Lakeland, and kept me there—now at Ullswater, now at Keswick, now at Windermere, where my brother-in-law was vicar at the time—for nearly six weeks.

The Lake country.

Earlier in that year I had a long spell in Ireland. I was often called over to Dublin, where my old friends Nugent Robinson; John Harris, lessee of the Theatre Royal; and Dr. Tisdall, Chancellor of Christchurch, made me very welcome, and where I would meet such charming companions as Father Healey, Professor Mahaffy, and Dr. Nedley. But this time I made a much longer stay—had several days at Killarney, the neighbourhood of which I thoroughly examined, under the superintendence of Mr. Currie, who then managed the Railway Hotel, and his head-guide, Stephen Spillane; and went on a most interesting excursion through the wild parts of Kerry to Valentia, where I had a day in the Atlantic cable-house, and obtained enough information and grasp of "local colour" to enable me to lay there the scene of action in the next Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, which I called "Slaves of the Lamp."

Dublin.

Killarney.

There was a good deal to do, too, in Galway about that time; and, as the town was not particularly inviting, I made my head-quarters at Salthill, a village on the sea, a few miles off, where the accommodation was quaint and simple in the extreme, and where, on a Sunday morning, all the men and boys of the neighbourhood, numbering, perhaps, a couple of hundred, bathed from the shore. They mostly only paddled within their depth, and expressed great

Galway.

surprise at the distance which I, a strong and practised swimmer in those days, achieved.

But the pleasant times, like all other times, pleasant or unpleasant, had to come to an end. After two years' most happy wanderings I found my occupation gone. The purchase of the telegraphs, and the manner in which the business had been carried out in all its ramifications, had cost far more than the Government had originally intended to spend over the affair, and the Treasury positively forbade our entertaining the idea of any further extension of empire or expenditure of capital. Economy and retrenchment were the order of the day, and I received instructions to wind up all the work I had in hand as quickly as possible, and to enter upon nothing further.

End approaches.

I ran up to town directly I received this communication, and went straight to the G.P.O. to seek advice from Scudamore. The official storm, which shortly afterwards burst upon him with such fury, was then only rumbling in the distance; but though I have no doubt he knew perfectly well what was coming, and although he was beset on every side by worries which would have tried the nerve or confused the sense of most men, he was too good a friend not, even in the midst of this whirling excitement, to have given a thought to the fortunes of those in whom he was interested. He saw me at once, told me he felt convinced I should come to him; that he had, therefore,

Consultation.

thought my case out, and was ready with his advice. There was no further employment for me in the Telegraph Department, he told me plainly; there would be no further extension of the system for a very long time, and consequently no further "consents" to gain; after the life of comparative freedom which I had led for so many months, a return to the ordinary routine of a Government office would probably be very irksome to me.

I confessed so much, but what was I to do?

Scudamore did not hesitate; he advised me to resign my appointment, and ask for superannuation. The change in the constitution of the Secretary's office which he had mentioned two years before was now imminent; the position which I had previously held was about to be abolished, as part of that large measure of reorganisation, and that would enable me to count ten extra years in my claim for a pension, the amount of which was regulated by the number of years of service. I might serve an additional ten years, Scudamore pointed out, and then only be superannuated in the same sum which I should now receive—now, when I was in the prime of life (forty-one), with all my faculties undimmed, and with my command of the literary market at its best.

Scudamore's advice.

Scudamore urged his point with that wonderfully magnetic enthusiasm so peculiarly his: but at first I felt too much frightened to go with him, to

look at the future through his roseate glasses. I had always been accustomed thoroughly to indorse Sir Walter Scott's description of literature as a good stick to help you along, but a bad crutch to lean upon entirely for support; and now for nearly five-and-twenty years I had always had the comforting reflection that, come what might, as long as the country and the Bank of England lasted, there was always a certain sum, though not a very large one, at my disposal on the first of every month. This sum I should have, not indeed to give up altogether, but to see considerably reduced; for the proposed pension, even under the exceptional circumstances named by my friend, would assuredly not amount to anything like one half of the salary, and all the rest of the outgoing money must be provided by my work.

Uncomfortable doubts.

Of course for many years by far the larger portion of my income had been the produce of my pen, and I had never had any difficulty in placing anything I wrote. But would that be the case when, with all my time at my disposal, the supply would be so vastly increased? The ranks of the novelists were swelling year by year; already the halcyon days of large payments were past, and publishers were declaring they could not give their former prices, owing to the increase of competition. Could I go again into journalistic harness,

A serious outlook.

special-reporting, reviewing, dramatic criticism? and, even if I could, should I get the employment? I was no longer in the first freshness of youth, and many men of rising reputation were pressing forward and making their presence in the field fully recognised by me and my coevals.

Reflections such as these, which it was impossible not to admit, made me look very serious during the domestic conferences which were held during the two succeeding days. But my good fortune did not desert me in this, as it proved, most important moment; and, feeling perfectly certain that Scudamore had not tendered his advice hurriedly or without due consideration, I determined on following it.

I am pensioned.

My application, indorsed with the Secretary's recommendation, was speedily sent in to the Treasury; and, on a bright morning in March 1872, exactly twenty-five years after I entered the service, as I opened my letters at an hotel in Falmouth, I found one among them informing me that my prayer was granted, and that I was a free man, with a pension of about 200*l.* a year.

Farewell dinner to me.

In the following June I was entertained at dinner at Willis's Rooms by nearly a hundred of my old colleagues, with Frank Scudamore in the chair; to my great delight, several of my private friends, among them Sala and Parkinson, were invited guests, and

wishes for my future prosperity were most eloquently and genially invoked.

I must not close this chapter without further reference to the two members of the Post Office service who are best known to the public, Rowland Hill and Anthony Trollope, with both of whom I was more or less associated; and, as a bystander is said in the old proverb to see most of the game, it is probable that I, who interfered with neither, had better opportunities for observing their various peculiarities than if I had occupied a less subordinate position.

Two well-known P.O. officials.

The two men cordially hated each other. Trollope admits it in his *Autobiography*. "And then there were the feuds—such delicious feuds! I was always an anti-Hillite, acknowledging, indeed, the great thing which Sir Rowland Hill had done for the country, but believing him to be entirely unfit to manage men or to arrange labour. It was a pleasure to me to differ from him on all occasions; and, looking back now, I think that, in all such differences, I was right."*

Their mutual dislike.

* My friend and former colleague, Mr. Pearson Hill, Sir Rowland's son, on the appearance of Trollope's *Autobiography*, sent me the copy of a letter addressed by A. T. to Sir Rowland, on the latter's retirement from the service in 1864. In this letter Trollope says: "I cannot let your resignation from office pass without assuring you of my thorough admira-

Sir Rowland Hill was far too cautious and reserved ever to put his likes or dislikes into print. But he hated Trollope very cordially, and could not avoid showing it when they were brought into contact. On such occasions there was a fund of amusement for any bystander who knew what was going on. Trollope would bluster and rave and roar, blowing and spluttering like a grampus; while the pale old gentleman opposite him, sitting back in his armchair and regarding his antagonist furtively under his spectacles, would remain perfectly quiet until he saw his chance, and then deliver himself of the most unpleasant speech he could frame in the hardest possible tone. Sir Rowland Hill.

I recollect one occasion when I had attended a meeting of the Surveyors, which was held in the

---

tion for the great work of your life. I have regarded you for many years as one of the essential benefactors not only of your own country, but of all the civilised world. I think the thing you have done has had in it more of general utility than any other measure which has been achieved in my time." Mr. Hill seems to see in this praise either a refutation of the "anti-Hillite" statement or a piece of insincere and fulsome flattery; but I think the sentiments expressed in statement and letter are compatible. I am more with Mr. Hill in his remarks, as an indication of Trollope's value as a public servant, "that he declares promotion by merit to be a 'damnable system' (vol. ii. p. 118); and by his own showing he left the service because, under that system, even when administered by his own brother-in-law, he could not get the position he wanted."

summer-time, at that good old-fashioned inn the Red Lion at Henley, for the purpose of laying before them some views of Sir Rowland's. I had secret instructions that if these views were controverted I was, on the authority of the Secretary, to declare the meeting adjourned, to reassemble at the General Post Office under Sir Rowland's chairmanship. As I expected, the Surveyors were by no means unanimous, Trollope as usual being loudest in opposition; so I proceeded to act upon my instructions. These were received with much discontent; but my orders were imperative: I dismissed the meeting, and the next day the Surveyors—some very sulky, none very pleased—assembled in the Secretary's room at St. Martin's.

My move.

I had told the old gentleman exactly what had occurred, and I knew from his snort of defiance as he listened, and from the battle-light gleaming behind his spectacles, that he probably meant mischief. He got his first shot at Trollope early in the discussion: Anthony burst in with an interruption; but Hill, pointing at him with his pencil, said at once: "One at a time, Mr. Trollope, one at a time, if you please; another gentleman is speaking now." And later on, when some one had been talking of "official phraseology," the old gentleman made a great hit. "One of you gentlemen," he said, "has used the words 'official phraseology.' Now official

Trollope winged.

phraseology is a good thing in its way, but very often it by no means describes the actually existing state of affairs. For instance, in writing to you gentlemen, I am accustomed to describe myself in official phraseology as 'Your obedient humble servant,' whereas"—and here he sat up and glared round through his glasses—"*whereas I'm nothing of the sort!*"

Sir R. Hill's sarcasms.

Rowland Hill had a peculiarly effective way of saying a caustic and unpleasant thing: voice and manner lent their aid to send the shaft rankling home. "I'm afraid I must take the blame of that, Sir Rowland," said one of his chief subordinates to him. "You must indeed, for you've deserved it," was his rejoinder. "I should be very sorry to see you adopt such a measure, Sir Rowland," said another. "You had better reserve the expression of your regret until it's called for," remarked the old gentleman, in chilling tone.

Sir Rowland Hill was one of the least eccentric members of a very strange family, and in his oddity there was always a good deal of common sense. A family story illustrates this. In his later years—he lived to be eighty-four—he had to be very particular as to his diet, and one day, when the doctor had ordered him to take half a cutlet for dinner, he fancied Lady Hill in her kindness had helped him too bountifully.

"The doctor said half a cutlet, my dear," he remonstrated.

His dry humour.

"Well, my dear, that is only half."

"I think you've been too generous, my dear; this is the larger—"

"I can assure you, my dear, it is the exact half."

After a moment's hesitation Sir Rowland said, "If that be so, my dear, perhaps you won't mind giving me *the other half!*"

He occasionally said a dry thing very amusingly. My wife and I were calling at Hampstead one Sunday: the weather was rough, "and," said Lady Hill, "the wind is so cold that our doctor positively forbade our going to church this morning." "There was no occasion for any particular peremptoriness in his instructions to *me* in that regard," muttered Sir Rowland, who was standing beside me.

Throughout our relations at the Post Office he was invariably kind to me; and when some time after he had retired I asked him for his autograph, he sent it me in very pleasant form. "I am reading your *Land at Last*," he said in his letter, "and enjoy it much, as I have enjoyed all your other novels."

His later days.

Sir Rowland lived for some fifteen years after his retirement from the Post Office, and died, where he had long resided, at Bertram House, Hampstead; one of the latest acts of his life being to fight and overthrow a design for building a smallpox hospital close

by. He enjoyed novel-reading and converse with his brothers and a few intimate friends. He could always be drawn into discussing questions connected with his old "shop," and never allowed that any suggestion about postal affairs was of any use unless it were to be found in what he called "my pa-amphlet," *i.e. Post Office Reform; its Importance and Practicability;* the pamphlet in which he first astonished the official and commercial world by setting forth his views regarding a uniform rate of postage.

He was cautious and shrewd to the last. Three years before his death I saw him, and obtained his permission for my friend Mr. Becker to visit and make a pen-portrait of him, to be included in the series "Celebrities at Home" in *The World.* Sir Rowland consented, received Mr. Becker very kindly, and, aided by Mr. Pearson Hill, supplied the visitor with much interesting information. They showed him all the curiosities connected with the early postal *régime:* the block stamps, the Mulready envelopes, the caricatures of R. H., and the fulminating placards with which town was posted at the time of the "Sunday labour" question.

His characteristic caution.

But when the old gentleman saw his visitor taking a note of the "portable property"—the K.C.B.'s ribbon and star, the silver box enclosing the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company, the salver from Liverpool, wine-coolers from Glasgow, candelabra from Wolver-

hampton, and other valuable testimonials—he became alarmed. "Pearson," he said to his son, "it would be as well if Mr. Becker did not mention in his article the exact locality where these things are kept, or he might inadvertently attract the attention of burglars to the house!"

Anthony Trollope.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast to Rowland Hill than Anthony Trollope, physically—save that both were bald and spectacled—and mentally. One small, pale, and, with the exception of a small scrap of whisker, closely shaven; the other big, broad, fresh-coloured, and bushy-bearded: one calm and freezing, the other bluff and boisterous; one cautious and calculating, weighing well every word before utterance, and then only choosing phrases which would convey his opinion, but would give no warmth to its expression; the other scarcely giving himself time to think, but spluttering and roaring out an instantly-formed opinion couched in the very strongest of terms. "I differ from you entirely! What was it you said?" he roared out once to the speaker who preceded him at a discussion of Surveyors.

His roughness and roarings.

His goodness of heart.

Trollope was very little known in the London office, whence he had been drafted many years previously, and he certainly was not popular among the subordinates of his district. He was a very kind-hearted man; but with persons in the position of clerks in small offices, letter-carriers, &c., manner has a great

effect, and Trollope's manner was desperately against him. I do not believe that any man of his time was more heartily, more thoroughly, more unselfishly charitable; and he not merely did not let his left hand know what his right hand did in such matters, but he would savagely rap the knuckles of any hand meddling with his affairs. The larger portion of that collection of books of which he speaks with such affection in the *Autobiography* was purchased to relieve the necessities of an old friend's widow, who never had an idea but that she was doing Trollope a kindness in letting him buy them.

Trollope was as "thorough" in his Post Office work as he was in his literary labours. His declarations of affection for his official employment are frequent in the *Autobiography;* and in a speech which he delivered at a meeting held at St. Martin's-le-Grand in 1858, to establish a Post Office Library and Literary Institution, he said, "We belong to the Civil Service. That service has not always been spoken of in the terms I firmly believe it deserves. It has been spoken of as below those other posts to which the ambition of Englishmen attaches itself; but my belief is that it should offer as fair an object of ambition as any other service, and that the manner in which the duties are generally performed by most of the departments with which I am acquainted deserves that the men belonging to it

Love for his office.

should not be placed in a lower position than those in any other service. I myself *love* the Post Office. I have belonged to it ever since I left school. I work with all my heart, and every one else should do the same; then they will rise with the department, and the Civil Service will rise to the level of any other profession, whether it be the Church, the Bar, the Army, or the Navy."

His lecture on the "Civil Service as a Profession," delivered before his colleagues, and afterwards printed in the *Cornhill Magazine*, was to the same effect. Nevertheless, he resigned his situation in the Post Office at the age of fifty-two, when he was in full bodily and mental vigour, thus cutting himself off from any chance of a pension, which is not granted, save in the case of illness or under abolition of office, to any person under sixty. This step was partly the result of pique, as he himself allows, from his having failed to obtain the post of Assistant Secretary, then vacant, for which he had applied. Such an appointment would have been worse than fatal. The proverbial bull in the china-shop would have been a tame and harmless animal compared to Trollope in the Assistant Secretary's chair.

But the real truth was, his love for the Post Office had long been evaporating, and was nearly gone: there were no more "delicious feuds," for Rowland Hill had retired, and Frederick was mild

and inoffensive, and not worth fighting; and the then Secretary was Mr. Tilley, Trollope's own brother-in-law. Moreover, Trollope was a very different man from the unknown clerk to whom the Post Office was all in all: he was, if not in the first, first in the second, flight of novelists of the day; he was— what he had never been in his office—popular in certain circles, notably at the Garrick Club. He would have more leisure for clubs, hunting, and whist, and at the same time be earning more money; and he would have opportunities for foreign and colonial travel, and consequent book-making, such as he never would have had again in the department, where his official trips had already been much discussed. He, too, lived for fifteen years after his retirement a more enjoyable life than is given to most of us, and all the happiness in which he right honestly deserved.

Why he retired.

It has often been noticed that Trollope had a very poor notion of humour, either in his works or in private life. He once attempted a professedly funny story, *The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, but it was a ghastly failure, as he admits; nor was he a good *raconteur* or conversationalist. He told one story, however, remarkably well, and it always struck me as one of the funniest I ever heard. So I give it, confirmatory as it also is of what I have previously said regarding the eccentricity of some of the mem-

No humour.

A good story.

bers of the Blank family. I happened to be keeping a diary the last time I heard it, and I give the extract:

"*Monday*, 18*th February* 1878.—Escott gave a dinner to-night at the Thatched House Club, which turned out very pleasantly. Present: Colonel Colley, C.B., Lord Lytton's private secretary, home from India on leave for a few weeks; J. A. Froude, Anthony Trollope, Major Arthur Griffiths, Dr. Quain, J. C. Parkinson, and myself. . . . . Trollope told a remarkably funny story about a dinner given him by F. Blank. It appears that F. Blank and Trollope, who while in the Post Office together never agreed, had a tremendous row, and at the subsequent *rapprochement* Blank asked Trollope to dine with him at Hampstead at five o'clock. Trollope went; found the dining-room full of ladies, twenty or thirty of them, and himself and Blank the only men present. Dinner was announced, and Trollope went to offer his arm to Mrs. Blank, when he was cut short by Blank, who said, 'The ladies have already dined.' He and Trollope accordingly went down together to the dining-room, where, at one end of the table, there was part of a cold leg of mutton, at the other a salad—nothing else on the table. F. Blank told Trollope to sit down opposite the mutton, which he, being very hungry, did. Blank seated himself opposite the salad, and commenced devouring it, taking no mutton. There were no potatoes or any other vegetable, and nothing to drink, absolutely nothing of any kind—no water, beer, or wine. When Blank had finished the salad, and Trollope had disposed of two huge helps of mutton, Blank said, 'Shall we join the ladies?' and they went up-stairs. In the dining-room they found the ladies seated in a huge circle, with a chair in the middle of it, into which Trollope was inducted. Blank said, 'The ladies will now proceed to interrogate you upon various matters;' which they did."

I saw but little of Trollope during the last years of his life. I believe he disapproved of "society journalism," and he certainly refused to pose as a

"Celebrity at Home." "I allow that your articles are cleverly done, and without the least offence," he wrote, "also that you have many very distinguished people in your gallery. But I would rather not." On the other hand, he could have had no serious objection to *The World*, as on two occasions he wrote to me proposing to supply a novel for its columns. I did not think it expedient to comply with his suggestion.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

1872—1873.

It is from an "example" of a rule in the Eton Latin Grammar that we learn "rest much delights a weary person." I do not know that I was particularly weary when I finally retired from the Post Office service; but I thought that a little rest would do me good. I had been travelling constantly for two years, and working hard the while. It was advisable, I considered, that I should lie fallow for some short period before entering again upon any permanent employment.

A little rest.

Meanwhile I was not wholly idle. I was finishing a novel, *A Waiting Race*, and plotting another, *The Yellow Flag*. I went to Rotterdam for the *Daily News*, to describe the *fêtes* consequent on the tercentenary of the recapture of Brielle from the Spaniards, and I wrote a portion of the description of the thanksgiving ceremonies at St. Paul's, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, for the same journal. I was contributing regularly to *All the Year Round* and the

Not wholly idle.

Observer, and, under a female pseudonym, was writing a weekly article called "Five o'Clock Tea" in the *Queen*, which was a source of vast amusement to me, evoking, as it did, a large number of letters from correspondents, all of whom imagined that the writer, "Mrs. Seaton," was a veritable personage. When it is learned that, in addition to these trifles, I was, in conjunction with Mr. A. W. Dubourg, engaged upon a three-act drama entitled *Without Love*, which was afterwards produced at the Olympic, it will probably be believed that I had but little leisure.

From time to time, however—indeed, whenever I had a few spare moments to devote to reflection—I was desperately nervous about the future. The regular income—so regular, though not very large—had stopped for ever, and I was wholly dependent upon my own brains for provision for my family. I was in full work, it was true; but I was constantly asking myself how long that would last. I had been writing novels for nearly ten years, and though I had fortunately had no experience of "drawing a blank" on my brain coverts, I could not help feeling I had pretty nearly told all I had to tell, and that future attempts would be but a going over of the old ground. In ordinary press-work, too, I had as much to do as I wished; but I felt anything but inclined to regard as the mainstay of my fortunes what I had hitherto only looked upon as an adjunct to my income; Doubts.

and yet what other means were there by which money might be honestly made?

A suggestion.

This question was answered in a very curious way. I have mentioned having at various times delivered lectures on literary subjects in London and large provincial towns, and my *clientèle* in this matter had so much increased that my engagements as lecturer were bringing me in nearly two hundred a year. In April '72 I went to Punchestown races for the *Daily News*, and returning through Dublin the next day, I delivered, in pursuance of a previously-made promise, before the Royal College of Science in Stephen's Green a lecture which I called "Good Authors at a Discount," and which was received with a vast amount of appreciation and applause. A week afterwards, I was describing this experience to a friend who was dining with me, adding that I must now try and extend my lecturing connection, when he suddenly startled me by saying, "Why not go to America?"

A strange man, this friend of mine, Henry Wikoff by name, a chevalier of some Spanish order of knighthood, but an American citizen, born in Philadelphia early in the century, and living all his life ever since. As a very young man, well off, travelling in Europe for his pleasure; then half friend, half agent of Fanny Elssler, the *danseuse*, importing her to America; bosom friend of the ori-

ginal James Gordon Bennett, and writer in the *New York Herald;* back in Europe, visiting Lady Blessington, and mixing with the Gore House set, specially attracting and attracted by Louis Napoleon, an exile in London. Imprisoned in Italy for attempting to abduct an heiress; engaged as diplomatic agent, otherwise spy, by Lord Palmerston, possibly by Louis Napoleon—whom he visited as prisoner at Ham, as President of the French Republic at the Elysée, as Emperor at the Tuileries, as prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe, and by whose corpse he stood at the lying-in-state at Chislehurst—by General Dan Sickles, U.S. Minister at the Court of her most Catholic Majesty Isabella of Spain, from whom the Chevalier's cross was obtained. Oscillating between London, Paris, and New York, but residing chiefly in London, which he much preferred; trying to do a little bit of finance, writing away at his memoirs—task destined never to be accomplished—dining, on regular days of the week, with certain friends always glad to see him for his good temper, his pleasant chat, his enormous interest in everything concerning those he liked; finally fading away in the spring of this year, in a little lodging we took for him at Brighton, skilfully attended, sedulously nursed, making a painless end of a restless life.

"The Chevalier."

Such the Chevalier Wikoff, his outward appearance corresponding with the oddity of his life and ways. A tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with a

His appearance.

"swivel" eye, rough-hewn features, a carefully-arranged *toupet*-wig, a couple of inches of dyed whisker; frock-coated, high-cravated, and always well shod.

First idea of America.

"Why not go to America? Lecturing is a regular profession there, and plenty of money to be made at it. Your voice is good, your manner brisk, light, and lively, just the very thing to suit that people! Get some good subjects, interesting, piquant, full of descriptive touches, and you'll do well. Your name is well known through your novels; and they're an inquisitive nation—they'll want to see you!"

Thus the Chevalier, opening with one sentence an entirely new and enormous prospect for my consideration. Beyond having sold my advanced sheets to New York and Boston publishers, and having made the acquaintance of certain pleasant citizens, my relations with the United States had been absolutely *nil*, and the idea of going there had never entered my mind. But, in the state of doubt, uncertainty, and anxiety in which I was, the Chevalier's suggestion came upon me like a revelation, and I at once laid it before one or two friends, seeking their advice.

Suggestion approved.

I was generally reassured. Sala's views, to which I attached much importance, as those of a man gifted with business common sense, as well as brains, who had spent some months in the country, as well as being much with travelled Americans—Sala's views,

clearly stated in an excellent letter, were all in favour of my going. He thought that the "Personal Recollections of Dickens and Thackeray," which I had named, would be very attractive; he suggested other topics, and gave me some sound advice. Frank Scudamore, Parkinson, and other friends were equally hopeful; and so, after many long and sufficiently wretched talkings-over of the matter at home, where the thought of a prolonged separation had to be faced, questions of ways and means discussed, and provision for supplies during absence arranged, the old gentleman's suggestion was accepted, the die was cast, and my determination taken.

This was in May; the lecture season in America did not commence till October, and there was no use in my going out, I was informed, on account of the heat, the emptiness of the great cities, &c., until the end of August. But I had plenty to do in the interval. Under advice, I wrote to the New York Lecture Bureau, which, for a small percentage on their earnings, acts as an intermediary between lecturers and the various associations desiring to be lectured to; sending a synopsis and some general idea of the lectures I proposed to deliver, and desiring to be ranked among their clients. A polite reply assured me of their best services; my name was well known, my subjects enticing, and I should doubtless do very well. They would expect to see me in September.

Accepted.

Encouraged by this, I went to work with a will. I reduced the Egyptian Hall entertainment to the "monopolylogue" form in which I had originally written it for myself, smartened it up with some fresh jokes, and resuscitated the excellent crayon-heads by John Leech, Frith, and Marcus Stone, so happily illustrating the various characters, which had long been laid by. I wrote my "Personal Recollections of Dickens and Thackeray;" and for this Mr. John O'Connor painted me two fair-sized views in distemper on canvas, mounted on rollers for facile transit, one of Gadshill Place, the other of the house which Thackeray built for himself on Kensington Palace Green, where he died. Both houses lent themselves admirably to effect, and both pictures were very effective. They were highly appreciated by those who saw them; but they were lost or stolen within a couple of months of my arrival in America. In addition to these, Mr. Leslie Ward, then a very young man, but giving promise of all his present cleverness, made for me in crayons, and of large size, a sketch of Dickens, from a private photograph, representing him sipping a glass of wine as he leant against the portico at Gadshill, and a reproduction of Boehm's wonderful statuette of Thackeray. These created great interest everywhere, and I am fortunate enough to have preserved them. Then I furbished up and retouched my very first and original lecture, "Good Authors

At work for America.

at a Discount," and made full notes for another on "The British Parliament," to be extended out there, if occasion should arise.

Working away all this time at *A Waiting Race* and *The Yellow Flag* simultaneously — the former nearly finished, to appear in three-volume shape; the latter to run as a serial through *All the Year Round*. A flying visit to France on literary business, forty-eight hours' travelling and twelve hours' rest; Fechter in the Calais-Paris train, *quantum mutatus!* bloated, red-faced, short in temper and rough in manner, all his charming courtesy lost, but promising to do everything for me in America, where he was then domiciled. A flying visit to Ireland, to the bedside of one of my boys, stricken with typhoid fever at Portarlington. A series of leave-taking dinners: with the Bellews, where I met Mr. Morton Macmichael, proprietor of a leading Philadelphia journal, and a most delightful man; with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wills, at their charming place, Sherrards, near Welwyn, where we stopped from Saturday till Monday; with Mr. Julius Beer, proprietor of the *Observer*, Edward Dicey, and a party at Greenwich; with the Harold Powers; with R. W. Edis, at the Arts Club; with the Salas, then staying at the White Hart Hotel at Margate, where we had the best of dinners in the tiniest of rooms. More last words with all kinds of business people; more last words with Charles

Winding up.

Farewell festivities.

Dickens about the Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*, which I had arranged again to write for him, sending MS. from America; more last words of injunction from Wikoff; the sharp pangs of adieu; and then, accompanied by my faithful secretary Simpson, I left town for Liverpool on the 30th August 1872, to sail for New York in the Cunard Company's ship Cuba the next day.

Night before sailing.

I shall not readily forget that evening at the North-Western Hotel. I had parted, for a long time at least, with all I loved in the world; I was going among strangers; I had relinquished the calling in which I had been engaged for a quarter of a century; and, looking at my position plainly, I could not fail to recognise the fact that, with a family to support and at forty-one years of age, I was virtually beginning life again, and going forth to seek my fortune. The animal spirits, objurgated so many years before by Sir Rowland Hill, prevented my taking an utterly desponding view of affairs, but I was in a sufficiently low frame of mind; and I well remember the delight with which I encountered an old Post Office friend, Christopher Sayers, who, being in the neighbourhood, had run over to have a chat, and the joy with which I discovered that the Bancrofts were playing an engagement at the theatre. A dinner with Sayers, and a visit behind the scenes, passed the evening; and the next day Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, with whom I had

long been on friendly terms, came out in the Cuba's tender to see the last of me. To them were confided the latest messages for those I had left at home; and when their kindly faces faded away, I felt the full gravity of the step I had taken, and began to be uncomfortably dubious as to its wisdom. Off.

It was, however, too late to moralise, for the tender was rapidly disappearing, and we were fairly off. "Strange company we harboured" on board the s.s. Cuba, though as, after leaving Queenstown, we ran into a storm which continued for three days, I saw only those half-dozen of my fellow-passengers whose legs and stomachs were sufficiently strong and steady to permit their pacing the deck or sitting at the table. When the weather moderated, and at once became lovely, I found we had on board several musical celebrities, who were proceeding for a tour in America, under the auspices of Mr. Henry Jarrett, the well-known operatic agent. Among them were Madame Lucca, with her parents—strange little Viennese Jews, for all the world like the people who in my youthful days used to sit at the doors of the old houses in the Frankfort Juden-gasse; Anton Rubinstein, with his grim Calmuck face and massive brow; and Wieniawski, the celebrated Polish violinist. Cuba passengers.

The last-named shared, in the daytime, the cabin of the chief engineer, a dry Scotchman, himself an amateur of the violin, whose whole desire was to get

his distinguished visitor to give him a "taste of his quality." Wieniawski, however, persistently, though courteously, declined; but one day, towards the end of the voyage, allowing himself to be persuaded, he took up the Scotchman's instrument, and for an hour wrung from it divine harmony. When it was over the engineer came into the doctor's cabin, where I was sitting, and, with a grin of triumph, said, "Eh, doctor, but I've got a scrape out of the beggar at last!"

"A scrape."

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the American prima donna; Mr. Mark Smith, an American actor who had been playing with much success in Mrs. John Wood's company at the St. James's, one of the most genial and delightful of men; and Miss Clara Doria, a member of the Parepa-Rosa *troupe*, were also on board, as were Colonel Steele of the Albany, and Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, afterwards U.S. Minister in London.

The voyage was pleasant enough, though wholly uneventful, and there was only one incident worth recording. I had noticed from time to time that a little spoffish American gentleman, who invariably wore a *pince-nez* glass, had regarded me with great curiosity, following me up and down the deck, and taking up coigns of vantage for observation purposes. About the fifth day out this gentleman met me face to face. We both stopped.

Mistaken identity.

"Mr. Edmund Yates?" said he interrogatively.

I "owned up."

"Mr. Yates, sir," said he, "I should like to have the pleasure of shaking hands with you, sir! I am proud to make the acquaintance of such a distinguished," &c.

Of course I was covered with blushes as I shook hands with the gentleman, but I could not help asking him why, since he wished to make my acquaintance, he had not done so previously: he was probably aware who I was.

"Wal, sir," he said, "that is so! They had told me at the Cunard office that the author of *The Yellow Flag* would be on board, and I've been looking out for him ever since we sailed. But I never thought it was you, sir! You're not my notion of the build of an author, sir! *I thought you was a British athlete going out to wrestle!*"

On the morning of Wednesday, the 11th September, we steamed up the beautiful bay of New York, and landed in Jersey City. We were boarded by the usual band of interviewing reporters, but they made at once for the musical celebrities; and to the very few who condescended to such small game as myself I promised all facilities at the hotel, the Brevoort House, to which I had been warmly recommended by George Sala, who pronounced it, what I could certainly indorse, the best hotel in the world. There were crowds on the wharf, personal friends and relatives of most of the passengers, but of course there

Arrival.

was no one to greet me. At last a young gentleman, in a very shabby straw hat and sand-shoes, came up to me, and introduced himself as a young Englishman with whom I had recently had some correspondence on journalistic matters. We walked up and down the wharf while the baggage was being got ready for Customs examination, and he told me that, having heard I was coming out to lecture, he had made it his business to call at the Lecture Bureau, and see what engagements they had procured for me. He found there was not a single one, and he volunteered his opinion that I had made a great mistake in coming to America! This, with the sight of a funeral car, which was the first object that met my gaze as I drove from the wharf to the city, was my welcome to my new sphere of labour.

A doubtful welcome.

But my hearty reception by Mr. Waite, the host of the Brevoort House, and the delightful bed and bath room which he appropriated to me, and an excellent dinner at Delmonico's, where I entertained the Cuba's doctor and my dolorous friend of the shabby straw hat, soon restored me to my usual spirits. I was duly interviewed the next day, and was found by one gentleman to be "hearty in bearing, wide-awake and genial, a man who has watched the world with a keen and observant eye." Another described me as "of prepossessing appearance, easy, graceful, and well-spoken." A third was more photographic.

Interviewers.

"He is not less than six feet in height, strongly built, broad-chested, large square head, great protruding black eyes, heavy under-jaw, and a mouth expressive at once of firmness, taste, and good temper. He is something over forty years of age, *but apart from a visible tendency to baldness on the crown of the head*, there is nothing to show that 'the enemy' has yet obtained any decided hold upon him."

Then came a deputation from the Lotus Club, kindly proposing a "reception" in my honour on an evening to be settled; and then I went to the Lecture Bureau, where I found matters by no means so dismal as had been represented. True, there were no engagements entered for me; but, as Mr. Brelsford, the manager, pointed out, there was nothing wonderful in that, considering that my programmes had only just been distributed, and amongst the far-off institutes and associations I was probably wholly unknown. After a long business talk Mr. Brelsford professed to be satisfied with my chances. Let me satisfy the New York people, and above all the New York press, and my provincial success would follow as a matter of course. At least a month must elapse before the lecture-going classes would be back from the country and the watering-places; and Mr. Brelsford's advice was, that during that time I should see and be seen as much as possible.

Business talk.

The upshot was, that after being photographed

at Gurney's—a *sine quâ non* for all lecturers—I started off with some Cuba acquaintances for Saratoga and Lake George. Returning, I went to the "reception" at the Lotus Club in my honour, and was warmly welcomed by the president, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, then and now editor of the *New York Tribune*, in a graceful and racy speech. Invitations to all kinds of festivals poured in amain. The most charming of cultivated citizens of the world, "Uncle" Sam Ward, who died at Pegli this spring, was my fellow-lodger at the Brevoort, and with his bosom-friend W. H. Hurlbert, then the accomplished editor of the *New York World*, was never tired of entertaining me. Under their auspices I visited Jerome Park races, and was made an honorary member of the Manhattan Club. I was also on the honorary list of the Union, the Union League, the Century, and five other clubs, besides being made a life-member of the Lotus. A grand *déjeuner* given me at Delmonico's by the well-known publishing firm of Harper Brothers, and much other social enjoyment, I owed to the kindness of Mr. W. A. Seaver, who became one of my most intimate friends.

Hearty reception.

In the daytime I was working hard with my secretary Simpson, dictating to him chapters of *The Yellow Flag*, which were sent over to *All the Year Round* as they were finished. I had hopes of completing the story before commencing my lecture-work;

but one day Mr. Brelsford made his appearance with the news that I was wanted to open the new Star Course of Lectures at Chicago on the 30th inst. This I at once refused. I told Mr. Brelsford that, little as I knew about it, I felt it would be madness for me to make my *début* anywhere but in New York, or to attempt to win provincial audiences without the *cachet* of the New York press. Mr. Brelsford, admitting some cogency in my argument, declared that Chicago afforded me a good opening; and after some discussion it was finally arranged that the Chicago engagement should be accepted, and that efforts should be made to secure a large hall, that I might make a previous appearance in New York.

Decline Chicago *début*.

Accordingly, on the evening of Friday—always my lucky day—the 27th September 1872, I made my first appearance before an American audience at the Association Hall, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, New York, with my lecture, "Modern Society." The hall was crammed, some two thousand five hundred people being present. In England I had always been a little nervous immediately before appearing on the platform, but on this occasion, as on every other in America, I was perfectly comfortable, and chatted with Simpson until I stepped forth. I had a very hearty reception; laughter and applause began at once and continued throughout; and so little embarrassed was I that when I was

First appearance in New York.

placing upon the easel Mr. Marcus Stone's admirable pictorial illustration of one of my characters, which by chance strongly resembled Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*, then standing for the Presidentship, and I said, "I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, this was not intended as the likeness of any prominent American citizen," the hit made was immense.

When the lecture concluded, amid loud cheering and hearty shouts of approval, I was surrounded by the officers of the Bureau, and friends, who all assured me that I had achieved a great success. A similar opinion was given by Mr. Seaver, who, with Paul Lindau, brother of Rudolf Lindau, the German author, bore me off to supper at Delmonico's. When I arrived home at the Brevoort, Mr. Waite, the landlord, of whose portly form I had caught a glimpse in the lecture-hall, was sitting up to welcome me. "Couldn't resist waiting to see you, Mr. Yates!" he said, grasping my hand. "You'll do well here, sir! your style and manner just suit our people!"

Success.

It was almost the echo of Wikoff's prophecy, and I went to bed with a light heart, hopeful for the future.

Be sure that I had all the daily papers on my bed the next morning as soon as I roused. The favourable verdict was echoed by all, the longest notice being given by the *Herald*, whose criticism on this (to me) most important occasion I now reproduce:

Criticisms

NEW YORK HERALD, Saturday, Sept. 28, 1872.

"MODERN SOCIETY."

EDMUND YATES MAKES HIS BOW.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD ATTEND THE FIRST LECTURE OF THE ENGLISH NOVELIST IN LARGE NUMBERS—HIGH AND LOW LIFE, BALLS, DINNERS, THE PARK, THE OPERA, AND THE SEASIDE, THE COUNTING-HOUSE AND THE MUSICAL PARTIES—THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AMUSED, EDIFIED, AND ENTERTAINED.

Last evening, in the presence of a fashionable and intellectual audience of 2500 persons of both sexes, Mr. Edmund Hodgson Yates, the well-known English novelist and lecturer, made his *dèbut* at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the verdict pronounced by those 2500 well-bred and well-informed people will, no doubt, be accepted as final by the American public—a public which, though very hospitable, is also very hard to please. In the United States, of living English novelists Charles Reade is read more than any other, and Edmund Yates comes next in rank. Born in 1831, and known as the dramatic critic of the London *Daily News*, and as editor of the *Temple Bar Magazine*, and having now considerable fame as a constant contributor to *All the Year Round*, he met with an intelligent, as well as appreciative, audience last evening, who knew him through the columns of those periodicals and magazines, in addition to the fact that they also bore in their minds a vivid remembrance of his literary individuality in the series of novels that have appeared from time to time over his name, the best known of which are *Running the Gauntlet*, *Black Sheep*, *Kissing the Rod*, *Broken to Harness*, *Land at Last*, and the serial now running the magazines with the title of *The Yellow Flag*. The best newspaper-work of Mr. Yates, perhaps, was that done by him for a couple of years in the London *Morning Star*, in the column headed the "Flâneur."

To many of the people who saw the novelist last evening

for the first time, Mr. Yates more than filled the ideal formed of him. It is a common and popular superstition that every man who writes half a dozen successful books must have a pale and consumptive appearance; that he must be weak at the knees; that he will be afflicted with bad hearing, and a difficulty in his eyesight. Therefore, all were more than agreeably disappointed when a tall six-foot gentleman, in unexceptionable evening dress, with the orthodox white tie, the brawn and muscle of a Life Guardsman, stepped upon the platform to receive one of the heartiest welcomes ever given by a New York audience to a stranger. Mr. Yates has large massive features, parts his dark hair in the middle, and he got to work last evening with the ease and force of an accomplished cricketer. To be brief, he bowled his way into the hearts of his audience, and made them feel as easy as he felt himself, which, without any disrespect to Mr. Yates, is no slight accomplishment. There were no dramatic effects or accessories, there being simply a mahogany reading-desk, a big pitcher of ice-water, a large tumbler to drink it from, and a dozen or so of cartoons and crayons made by Frith, John Leech, and Marcus Stone, which were amply illustrative of the characters introduced by Mr. Yates in his lecture.

The lecture was entitled "Modern Society," and has been delivered by its author for a hundred nights in London. Mr. Yates dealt gently with his subjects, and now and then little bits of his books and magazine articles appeared; but their appearance was not obtrusive, and hearty laughter and applause were yielded to the energy of his description and the excellent drollery of his mimicry. There is a placidity and ease about English humour that strongly contrasts with the grotesqueness and wild *abandon* of American humour; but the most earnest admirers of Artemus Ward or Mark Twain cannot but indorse the clear-sighted and pungent terseness of the hits made by Edmund Yates at the fashionable follies of the day. He is a close observer of whatever is ridiculous and overstrained in the social anachronisms of the world in which he moved, and his sketches of the physician who, after the manner of Abernethy, but lacking his ability, first pockets the

patient's guinea and then insults him; of the "lady's doctor," who is shod with velvet, and whose tongue is disgustingly oleaginous; of the "old-young lady," who has seen too many watering-places; of the "dawdling swell," who carries off the belle of the evening from the "bashful young man" with a yawn and a sneer; and of the too indulgent "papa" at the seaside, who is a bear in his counting-house in the City—were all well done, and elicited the heartiest tributes from an audience who were more than eager to anticipate every joke and stroke of humour made manifest during the evening. There is nothing bitter, or coarse, or painful in the style of Mr. Yates, and the ladies particularly seemed to enjoy the entertainment; and where the ladies are secured it is unnecessary to say that more than half of the battle has been fought and won. In fine, Edmund Yates, on his first evening in America, has succeeded; and now he needs but to do one thing, and that is, to give his audience a variety, and his triumph is made certain.*

These notices—and all were equally good—had immediate effect. Before I went down to breakfast I had a visit from the manager of *The Fireside Companion*, a cheap publication with a large circulation, with whom I agreed, for a sum of 500*l.*, to write a short serial sensational story in ten chapters, to commence within a month—this with *The Yellow Flag* unfinished, and the promised *All the Year Round* Christmas Number unthought of!† The

Good offer for a story.

* I have a strong idea, though no positive proof, that this critique was written by Mr. O'Kelly, now M.P. for Roscommon, who was at that time engaged on the *Herald*.

† The story was called *A Bad Lot*, and served its purpose; was indeed so successful that I wrote another for the same firm. It was advertised most extensively and most oddly by means of a huge wood-cut about six feet long and three feet

temptation, however, was too great, and, under the reaction of joy caused by the sudden improvement in my prospects, I did not care what amount of work I undertook.

On the evening of that same day (Saturday, 28th September) I started for Chicago, arriving there, after a thirty-six hours' journey, on Monday morning. The whole of that day was spent in wandering over the city, fruitlessly searching for my box of cartoon portraits, which had got astray in the train, and without which I had to lecture at night. This search, however, afforded me excellent opportunity for studying the place, which was in a most interesting state, exactly a year having elapsed since its devastation by the great fire, and new quarters, streets, and houses already springing up with inconceivable rapidity. In this peregrination round the blackened walls and *débris* of the still standing portion of the burnt city I found the idea for the framework of the Christmas Number for *All the Year Round*, for which I had been long seeking, and set to work to write it under the title of "Doomsday Camp."

To Chicago.

broad—a rough reproduction of a photograph of myself. At the top of this was my name, at the bottom "A Bad Lot." These Brobdingnagian portraits were most lavishly disseminated; not only in New York, but in all large cities, wherever I travelled, I found them; and, as they were posted on the walls, not in single files, but in battalions, they were painfully conspicuous.

On my return from Chicago, where I lectured twice, I found my friends of the Bureau in high spirits at my success, and full of prophecy of future engagements. The whole of the daytime I was compelled to devote to my literary work, and the genial hospitality pressed upon me was so vast that my evenings were always most agreeably occupied. Immediately after my return, I dined with the Liberal Club of New York, sitting on the right hand of the chairman, Horace Greeley, who was at that time opposing General Grant as candidate for the Presidentship, and who questioned me much about Rowland Hill and English postal matters, and about Dickens, for whom he professed the highest admiration.

Dine with Liberal Club.

A few nights afterwards I was present at a thoroughly American demonstration, a mass-meeting of women, held at the Cooper Institute, in support of the candidature of General Grant. The hall was packed to suffocation. Looking down from the platform, the scene was like a cornfield of faces thickly packed together. Here and there a negro's face appeared, and at irregular intervals a black woman's form. The platform was crowded with the friends and families of the fair speakers, who, as a matter of course, applauded loudly and always at the wrong time, if the manifestations of the audience could be taken as a criterion. A number of policemen were

Women's mass-meeting.

present, sitting about or lounging against the pillars of the hall.

The great gun of the meeting, as announced formally, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, was not present, but she sent a letter, which was read by the chairman, Mr. Luther R. Marsh, a well-known lawyer, who appeared in evening dress and wore a blazing red necktie. Whenever the courage of the female speakers faltered under the storm of hisses when they mentioned Grant's name, or when a wild uproarious cheer was raised for Greeley, Mr. Marsh stepped into the breach with his eyeglass and his red necktie and his evening dress-coat, and talked of the rebels. He said nothing new, but he said a great many bitter things which provoked hisses and disapproval.

Mr. Marsh

The prettiest of the lady speakers was Mrs. or Miss Lilly Devereaux Blake (it will be observed that all the speakers have three names), and she was much applauded because she spoke but for twenty minutes. Miss or Mrs. Blake was dressed in a purple barred silk, and she wore an immense brass ornament in her back hair, which was much admired. The "old and gallant veteran of a hundred fights," as she was described in the newspapers, Susan B. Anthony, sat near Mrs. or Miss Blake, with her hair done in plain flat plaits, and she was attired simply in a snuff-coloured silk dress. Miss Anthony was the best speaker, and during the evening's entertainment she

Miss Blake.

was boiling over with memoranda and other paragraphs. The Rev. (?) Olympia Brown was quite a boon to the audience. The Rev. Olympia, who received holy orders from some township in Connecticut, was dressed in a green check silk, and had her hair done up in a very symmetrical knot and tied at the back of her well-shaped head. Miss Matilda Joslyn Gase was dressed in a black silk, and considerable excitement was manifested by the audience while she spoke.

Rev. Olympia Brown.

The opening speech of Mr. Luther R. Marsh was a gem. If I had ever doubted the truth of the portrait of the Hon. Elijah Pogram, I was now convinced of its unexaggerated fidelity. In the most solemn voice, and in short broken sentences, with a distinct pause between each, Mr. Marsh commenced: "A new period has come. The ancient clock of Time, from its belfry in the sky, strikes another hour! *The* world has moved on its orbit through another degree!" And his peroration, spoken with breathless rapidity, was equally amusing: "Well may the women of America come forward to the rescue at this vital crisis in our career, and do what they can to aid the re-election of General Grant; for to his valour, his patience, his magnificent generalship, than which none brighter shines in the annals of war; to him, the most aggressive of warriors, the most clement of victors, whose combativeness gives place to magna-

Pogram!

nimity ere the sulphurous clouds of battle clear away; to him who, after the surrender under the apple-tree, seemed to be the only man on whom the people could agree to direct the reconstructive and recuperative energies of the nation; to him more than to any other man do they owe the continuance of their government, the return of their husbands and sons, the reign of order, peace, and prosperity, and the unmolested occupancy of their own homes."

Mrs. L. D. Blake, who was quite a pretty little woman, raised a storm of applause by declaring that "To-morrow the waves of success would rise still higher from Pennsylvania and Ohio, until in November next around the shores of this Republic would swell the high tide of victory;" and Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, a veteran resembling Phiz's portrait of Sally Brass, caused immense amusement by her description of an interview with Mr. Greeley, in the course of which she went down on her knees to him, without producing any effect. Finally, we all sang the "Star-spangled Banner," and I went home, after a most amusing evening.

The veteran Susan B.

My diary at this time shows a round of delightful entertainments. I dined with, amongst others, Launt Thompson, the sculptor, at the Century Club; Chief Justice Daly, President of the Geographical Society; Judge Brady, a distinguished wit and *raconteur*; L. J. Jennings, at the Travellers' Club; W. H. Marston,

Am hospitably entertained.

at the Union Club; Whitelaw Reid, at the Union League Club; J. S. Morgan, at the Knickerbocker; Lester Wallack; Sothern and Boucicault, then both starring in New York; and Fechter, whom I found much changed for the worse in appearance, health, and manner. I visited Mr. James Gordon Bennett—the present possessor of the name, the father had died in the summer—on board his yacht, and saw something of American country life at the charming residence of Mr. W. Butler Duncan, on Staten Island. The most splendid entertainment, taken all round, at which I have ever been present was given at Delmonico's, in my honour, by Judge-Surrogate Hutchings, where I made what was to prove the most valuable friendship of Mr. Fithian; while my especial friends Seaver, Hurlbert, and Uncle Sam took care that I should never have a dull evening.

All this time I was working away at *The Yellow Flag*, which I finished on the 24th October, at the Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*, and at *A Bad Lot*, while engagements for lecturing were daily coming into the Bureau. I lectured on my reminiscences of Dickens and Thackeray ("Princes of the Pen") in the Steinway Hall, and on "The British Parliament" before the Mercantile Literary Association. These lectures, with "Modern Society" and "Good Authors at a Discount," I repeated some half-dozen times in New York. "Princes of the Pen" I

Further lectures in New York

also gave at Brooklyn, in the Rev. De Witt Talmage's "Tabernacle" there, being afterwards most hospitably entertained at supper by the Faust Club, where I was welcomed, in a most kindly speech, by the well-known Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Newhaven

My first "provincial" lecture, as I may call it, was delivered at Newhaven, where among the audience was Donald G. Mitchell—"Ik. Marvell"—whose delightful book, *Reveries of a Bachelor*, had been known to me for years, and with whom I had a pleasant chat.

Boston.

My first visit to Boston was a flying one, on the 17th October, where I lectured in the Music Hall, supped with Mr. Nathan Appleton at the Somerset Club, and, after lunching the next day with Mr. Osgood and Mr. Ticknor, the publishers, at the Union Club, returned to fulfil engagements at New York. I made the Parker House at Boston my head-quarters on the 5th of the next month, when I lectured at Cambridgeport, a few miles off, after spending a most delightful day with Professor Longfellow.

Longfellow.

Cretâ notandæ were those half-dozen hours. Longfellow was ailing and weak, but he roused up in conversation: talked of his visit to Gadshill, when Dickens drove him through the Kentish country in an open carriage-and-four, with postboys in scarlet jackets; of Westminster Abbey; of Niagara; and of modern English poets, expressing warm admiration

for the lyrics of Mortimer Collins, a copy of which I afterwards sent him.

I was engaged to lecture again in Boston on the 12th November, but on the 10th broke out the fire by which a large portion of the city was destroyed; and when I arrived, in pursuance of my engagement, all business was at a standstill, the streets were in gloom, there being no gas, and everything was most wretched. Of course the lecture was postponed, so I passed my evening in a big room at the Revere House, trying to read by candlelight, until a street-organ outside, playing—of all tunes, at such a time, and under such circumstances—"Home, Sweet Home," sent me to bed in despair. Boston fire.

On subsequent visits to Boston I was entertained by Mr. James T. Fields, the well-known publisher, at the Saturday Club, and had a delightful morning with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. On the last occasion of my lecturing there I dined with Dr. Townshend, with whom I had crossed in the Cuba. He accompanied me to the Hall, and, on our entering the anteroom, we found my faithful Simpson, whom he recognised.

"Well, Mr. Simpson," said the Doctor, "here's Mr. Yates going to give us his reminiscences of Dickens and Thackeray! In a few years we shall have you coming round, giving us your reminiscences of Yates!"

In Philadelphia I lectured twice, in the Academy of Music, to a very large audience on each occasion. It was the first time I had stood on an enormous stage, of which I was the sole occupant, facing an immense body of spectators; but they were exceptionally kind, and all went excellently. The "boss of my show" was a certain Mr. Pugh, the originator of the Star Course of Lectures. On his handing my cheque to Simpson, the latter took occasion to remark that Mr. Yates had had fine audiences.

An enthusiastic "boss."

"Splendid audiences, sir!" said Mr. Pugh.

"And you are quite satisfied, Mr. Pugh?"

"Quite: shall be glad to see Mr. Yates again."

This ought to have been sufficient, but the faithful one tried him once more.

"And you liked what you heard of the lecture, Mr. Pugh?"

"What I heard of it, sir! Why, look here, young man, I've been running the Star Course of Lectures for ten years, and I've never heard a single word of any of them!"

While at Philadelphia I was the house-guest of Mr. Clayton Macmichael, son of Mr. Morton Macmichael, whose acquaintance I had made in London, the President of the Committee of Fairmount Park, a lovely demesne, over which he drove me. It is impossible for me to overrate the kindness of this hospitable family. I was also most pleasantly enter-

Philadelphia friends.

tained by Mr. Daniel Dougherty, a member of the Bar, known as the "silver-tongued orator," and by a number of gentlemen at the Union League Club.

This club, numbering at the time of my visit nineteen hundred members, has a curious history. In Anthony Trollope's *North America* there was a statement to the effect that, while public political sentiment in New York was divided, in Philadelphia it was decidedly Southern. This statement caused great offence, and the Union League Club was instituted as a proof of its incorrectness. While I was in Philadelphia General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, died amidst universal grief. He was buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery, and the funeral was singularly effective, as, in consequence of the prevalence of the horse-disease, the body was conveyed to the cemetery by water, the funeral procession taking place on the river Schuylkill. At the entrance of the grounds the coffin passed under an arch, formed by the raised crossed swords of the cavalry.

Funeral of General Meade.

I lectured once in Washington, in Lincoln Hall, before our Minister, Sir Edward Thornton, and some members of the Legation; I was also introduced to Mr. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Robeson, Secretary of the Admiralty; and Mr. Belknap, Secretary at War, who were present. The last-mentioned, in shaking hands, laughingly said I was "the whitest Englishman" he had ever seen. I was told this was

In Washington.

a compliment, implying "the least affected," but I am still doubtful on the point. Sir E. Thornton did me the honour of asking me to dinner the next day, but I was compelled to proceed on my travels.

The one complaint which I had against the managers of the Bureau, who treated me throughout in the most courteous and most honourable manner, was that they had not arranged my lectures with any reference to the geographical position of the towns to be lectured in, and without any attempt, consequently, to save me fatigue in travelling. This was, perhaps, rendered impossible by the fact that, as my engagements had been made wholly on the strength of the New York success, it was necessary to accept every offer as it came; but the result was that I was always "in the cars."

Long journeys.

It would be different, I was assured, when I started on my grand tour, which was to commence on the 12th December, and continue "right away" for six weeks, without any return to New York; but meantime, what with constant travel, and constant work while travelling—I used to engage a "state-room," *i.e.* a private compartment, on the train, and would be dictating my novel to Simpson all the way—it was certainly not idleness.

Work in the train.

I cannot give a better idea of the manner in which my time was passed than by quoting from a letter

which I wrote home from Syracuse, N.Y., dated December 8th, '72:

"Take a specimen of my life. I arrived at the Brevoort at midday Thursday, after lecturing in the country; wrote letters, wound up affairs, dined and lectured some eight miles off. Home; packing up till one. Up again at six, and off at eight. Travelled three hundred miles, arriving here at 6.30. Lectured at eight, to bed at ten. Next morning worked at story from nine till one; dined, started at 2.30, travelled one hundred and twenty miles, arriving at 7.45; lectured at eight; started again at midnight, arriving here at four this morning; up at ten, worked till one, and have since been driving with one A.W., great friend of Dr. H's, with whom I dine at six. No more 'unexceptionable evening dress,' &c. I lecture now in a frock-coat and striped trousers; and as I cannot have much washing done on my travels, have come to flannel shirts, and false collars and wristbands."

But I was in capital spirits and excellent health. Indeed, with the exception of one bilious attack, which did not last half a day, I did not have an hour's illness during the six months I was in America. I suppose the ill-effects of the high living in New York, the *plats* of the Brevoort House, and the Verzenay and Heidsieck of Delmonico's, were counteracted by the frugal meals which alone were obtainable on my travels, for, in another letter, I wrote: Manner of life.

"O ——, enjoy your late dinner, your claret, and your comforts with extra relish, thinking of poor me! A scrambled dinner at one o'clock, with water; 'supper' (God help us!) at six, with a glass of milk; and breakfast—there is my daily fare. A glass of cold brandy-and-water and a cigar in the bedroom, before turning in, are my only creature-comforts."

And again:

"Capital houses and great success everywhere, but the life is sufficiently rough. Chicago will be comparative comfort, but just now it is not all sugar. The people, meaning it all most kindly, *will* interview and invite me, and it is with the greatest trouble I get off. . . . . Since writing the above, I have been fetched to go over the State Penitentiary (*went*). Shall be expected again in five minutes to go over Deaf and Dumb Asylum (*must go*). And all this time I'm travelling, and lecturing, and writing my 500*l.* story, with which I'm getting on well. (*Have been to Deaf and Dumb.*)"

On grand tour.

Besides the places already mentioned, and before commencing my "grand tour," I lectured at Springfield, Yonkers, Bergen Point, Flushing, Danville (Pa.), Jersey City, Rondout, Syracuse, Batavia, Oswego, and Albany. On the 12th December I started off, my first halting-place being Pittsburgh. By this time what they call "the cold snap" had arrived, snow had fallen everywhere, and it was bitter weather.* Then to Zanesville, Columbus, and Detroit, to the Lake Michigan country; to Ann Arbour, where I lectured at the University to a splendid and most appreciative audience of students; to Kalamazoo, a quaint place quaintly named; and Grand Rapids. The weather had become frightful, constant snow-storms, roaring whirlwinds, and intense cold. The

Desperate weather.

* *Extract from letter:* "You would faint if you were to see my feet in the streets, enveloped in a pair of over-boots, half cloth, half indiarubber; but they are really necessary, the snow is so deep and penetrating. I have also my ulster, plaid, and a splendid pair of fur gauntlets."

audience at Grand Rapids was a very small one. Only the strongest ventured to brave the storm. The next evening, the 21st December, I was due at Michigan City. My adventures in attempting to reach my destination will be learned from the following letter:

"St. Joseph, Lake Michigan,
Monday, Dec. 23, '72.

Our experiences may be said to have begun in earnest! On Saturday morning at twelve we started from Grand Rapids to make for Michigan City, where I was to lecture that night. There had been very heavy snow, and we progressed but slowly, even with two engines. At six in the evening we ran into a snow-drift, stuck fast, and there we had to remain all night, and until ten o'clock yesterday morning, when we were fetched away in sledges and brought on here. O, that night! Forty persons: some young girls travelling alone, as American girls do, the engineers, brakesmen, firemen, &c., and a lot of roughs; plenty of wood fortunately, but nothing to eat nor to drink. Except three apples, I had nothing from eight Saturday morning till one yesterday afternoon. But the people were very good-tempered; and though there was more blasphemy than I ever heard, there was nothing else that was wrong. The sledge ride of six miles was the worst part of it. It was so intensely cold that my cheek just under the eye became frost-bitten. Fortunately, a man noticed it, and they stopped and rubbed my face with snow. My fur gauntlets secured my hands, but my feet were quite numb. Snowed up.

This is a mere village; but there is, fortunately, good, though rough, accommodation at the hotel, for there is every chance of our being detained here for two or three days more. The thermometer is *twelve degrees below zero* in the day, and worse at night, and it has never ceased blowing and snowing since we arrived. The bedroom which Simpson and I occupy (double-bedded) looks on to the Lake, and *is so cold that the ink froze in my valise!* I am very well, however, thank God!

and should not mind it much but for the money loss. Have missed two engagements equal to sixty pounds, and don't know how many more I shall have to give up. Sha'n't get the chance of drinking your health on Christmas Day, I fear; for the brandy I brought with me from N.Y. is used up (one bottle burst with the cold), and here one can't say with Mrs. Prig, "The drinks is all good." However, it might be much worse. No chance of any letters (your last was dated Dec. 2) till I get to Chicago; and Simpson, who has just come up from the stove round which all sit to gossip, says they have given up talking of getting away. So I'll put this down for the present, and go on with my 500*l.* story."*

The conclusion of the adventure is told in a hurried postscript to the letter:

"Gardner House, Chicago,
Christmas Day, 4 P.M.

Christmas Day. P.S.—Arrived here an hour ago. Yesterday I found I could stand it no longer; and so, as the railroad is still blocked, I started off on a sleigh for a twenty-five miles' drive across country. *Thermometer eighteen degrees below zero.* Such a make-up! Ulster, snow-boots, fur gauntlets, shooting-

* There is always a newspaper reporter everywhere in America, and there was one, it seems, in this train. He sent a most humorous account of our adventure, which appeared in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean.* It is too long to quote; but one bit about myself is so funny that I must reproduce it:

"EDMUND YATES.

"About this time, if any one had passed through the coach, he might have seen a tremendous pair of feet, and had his eyes been awake enough to follow up three feet to the fountain-head, he could have seen a frame which was fitted out exactly for the above-mentioned feet. 'He weighs well on to four hundred pounds, and has got on nine overcoats,' said a traveller. A closer inspection showed this to be Edmund Yates, the English novelist and lecturer."

gaiters, immense comforter round nose and mouth, and over all—head and face with only one peep-hole—my Scotch plaid, like the veil of the Mokanna. Bore it very well; and when I dared to peep forth the country looked lovely. Dashed through drifts over the horses' shoulders, bells going all the time: thought perpetually of Irving."

The comforts of Gardner House were doubly enjoyable after my privations, and I remained there two or three days. Among my fellow-guests I found an old acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Cushman, whom I had not seen since, eighteen years before, she sang—or rather solemnly and weirdly chanted—Kingsley's ballad, "Mary, call the cattle home," in Mrs. Smedley's Jermyn Street drawing-room. We had much pleasant talk, and I went to McVicker's theatre to see her wonderful impersonation of Meg Merrilies. Another guest was Foster, the spiritualist medium, who tried all his "hanky-panky" on me, without the smallest success. He said he had never felt so nervous before, and ascribed his failure to "my well-known incredulity," and the reputation I had "of guying and burlesquing" such matters. The last night of '72 was passed by me at a small place called Muskegon.

Miss Cushman.

There is no need to describe in detail my wanderings and lecturings for the next two months, visits to strange places with strange names—East Saginaw, Fredonia, Titusville, Aurora, Watertown, &c. Providence (Rhode Island) and Portland (Maine) are

more familiar to English ears. Suffice it to say that I spent two days, Saturday, 8th, and Sunday, 9th February, at Niagara, looking, with her crystallised surroundings, most lovely in her ice-robes; and that my last lectures "on the other side" were delivered on the 14th and 15th of the same month, at Montreal, where I had splendid audiences, a vote of thanks to me being proposed by Mr. Huntington, the Premier, and a splendid supper given me by the Snow Shoe Club.

Niagara.

Montreal.

Then and there ended my Transatlantic lecture-tour, having lasted, off and on, for more than five months. Between leaving London at the end of August 1872, and returning there in March 1873, I travelled 26,000 miles, and delivered one hundred and six lectures, finished *The Yellow Flag*, wrote the framework of the *All the Year Round* Christmas Number and the whole of *A Bad Lot*, besides sending two or three occasional articles to the *Daily News*.

End of tour.

As a lecturer, I was treated by my audiences, my managers (the Bureau), and the press with invariable courtesy and respect; by the press, indeed, with special appreciation, leniency, and *esprit de corps*. As a visitor, I was received everywhere with the most pressing hospitality, made free of clubs, invited on my tour to stay at private houses, all kinds of stringent rules relaxed in my favour, nothing reckoned as a trouble which would do me service.

Kindness everywhere.

That in every town I was popular among those whose acquaintance I made, I have every reason to hope. That I was successful amongst my audiences is certain. On the 20th January, Mr. Brelsford, the manager of the Bureau, called on me at the Brevoort House "to talk about the future." He expressed a strong desire that I should come out to America, under their auspices, the next season; he was prepared, he said, to make me a distinct offer, and for my services, from the 31st October '73 till the 30th January '74, he would guarantee to pay me a sum of 12,000 dollars, or 2400*l.*

"The future."

This offer was generous, plucky, and tempting. But I did not accept it at once; I requested time for consideration; I had another affair on hand.

The truth was that, ungrateful though it may seem, I had always hated what Dickens called "the garish lights" of the platform; and though use had made them perfectly familiar to me, and though they had served my purpose far more effectually than I had ever expected, I was anxious to get back to my old calling, and to earn my living quietly, and without the necessity for public appearances.

Dislike of public appearances.

With this idea always in my mind, I had proposed to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, soon after my arrival in America, that on my return home he should appoint me as the London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, with an adequate salary. I gave him my

ideas of what I would do in the position, which seemed to please him, but he could make me no final answer, as he was about sailing for Europe. Since then I had written to him frequently, but without obtaining any conclusive or satisfactory reply; for Mr. Bennett, though one of the most charming of men, possesses beyond any other mortal the power, when it suits him, of keeping people waiting. He had himself supplemented my original idea by suggesting that I should not merely be his London correspondent, but his principal representative in Europe, travelling here and there, as occasion demanded; and to this I consented. Just then, when I was on the point of agreeing to Mr. Brelsford's suggestion that he should accept some proposals from Salt Lake City, San Francisco, &c., for the month of March, I received a cable message from Mr. Bennett, engaging me at a salary of 1200*l.* a year, and bidding me return at once, as he wished me to represent him at the Vienna Exhibition, which opened on the 1st of May, but which would require attention long before that.

I engage with Mr. Bennett.

Here, then, I thought, was the full measure of my luck, for had I not gained what I had striven for so hard? I returned to New York straight from Montreal, intending to go home in the first convenient steamer. But, on my arrival at Brevoort House, I found a letter awaiting me from Mr. Connery, the editor of the *Herald*, begging me to call there at

To New York.

once. Was Mr. Bennett going to throw me over? I fairly trembled as the thought crossed my mind, for I had cabled the good news home as soon as I heard it.

My fears were, however, speedily allayed. Mr. Bennett had merely telegraphed his wishes that I should attend the ceremonial at Washington consequent upon General Grant's inauguration as President for a second term, that I should describe them fully in the *Herald*, and then come to Europe as quickly as possible. I could now settle the exact date of my departure, and, the inauguration taking place on the 4th of March, I secured a cabin in the Cunarder Calabria, which sailed on the 12th.

A new task.

I was a little nervous about the work I was called on to do at Washington, partly because it was to be performed on what were then to me entirely new conditions—that is to say, it was to be despatched at once over the wire to New York, to appear in the next morning's *Herald;* but more especially as I had an idea that Mr. Bennett might have cleverly proposed it as a kind of test of my fitness for the position which I was to hold under him.

To the inaugural ceremonies.

But it had to be done, and it was done. I went to Washington, and remained there four days. I was presented to the President, and had long chats with General Sherman and General "Phil" Sheridan, both of whom were most courteous and kind. I was the

I describe them.

house-guest of Franklin Philp, and I dined each night at "Welcker's" with Uncle Sam. I worked in the day like a horse, going everywhere, noting everything; and on the night before the ceremony, and on the evening of Inauguration Day, I dictated to Simpson what proved to be equivalent to four small-printed columns of the *Herald*, descriptive of what I had seen, and comment on the ceremony.

I think that the manner in which I executed this test-task did me good. My friends were enthusiastic about it; it was generally copied and commented on, and chaffed, throughout the press, but always in a friendly strain; and, best of all, the astute editor of the *Herald*, not a man given to violent emotion or warmth of expression, "thought it would please Mr. Bennett." So I could enter on my new duties with a light heart.

Give satisfaction.

There was much yet to be done. Before leaving Washington, I climbed to the top of a very high house, to shake hands with glorious old Walt Whitman, then ill and infirm, but hearty in manner and most interesting; and at New York I went to the great prison, The Tombs, to take farewell of my old acquaintance George Francis Train, who was incarcerated for some eccentric outbreak.

Farewell entertainments in New York

On Saturday, the 8th, my good friends of the Lotus Club entertained me at a farewell dinner, over which Whitelaw Reid presided, while among the

convives were Bret Harte, Edmund C. Stedman, Colonel John Hay, "Petroleum V. Nasby," and Henry M. Stanley, fresh from Africa. In kindliest terms, the president proposed my health, saying that the departure of the English stranger whom they had received a few months ago was felt by every member of the club as the loss of a personal friend.

The next day Mr. Charles Delmonico, one of the proprietors of the famous restaurant, gave a *déjeuner* in my honour, present at which, in addition to those above named, were Judge Brady, Dion Boucicault, Surrogate Hutchings, Major Bundy, and John Brougham.

There were yet two more farewell dinners to be eaten, one at Union League Club, given by Mr. Scribner, another at the Manhattan Club, given by Uncle Sam; and on Wednesday afternoon, the 12th of March, exactly six months after my arrival, my friends Mr. and Mrs. Fithian, Mr. W. A. Seaver, Mrs. Boucicault, Mr. W. H. Marston, Mr. D. Bixby, one of the directors of the Lotus Club, my manager, Mr. Brelsford, and Miss Edgarton, one of the most charming and most popular of lady-lecturers, accompanied me to the Cunard wharf, and waved their farewells as the Calabria steamed slowly off, homeward bound. Home.

So ended my six months in America—the most important period in my life. Six months of tolerably

What America did for me

hard work, indeed—far harder than I should now be capable of getting through—but hard work lightened by boundless hospitality, constant courtesy, the most delicate yet genial appreciation. During the whole of my visit I never had an unpleasant word from any one, I made no enemies, and even "candid friends" were good enough to spare me.*

My gratitude.

I went a stranger: I returned leaving troops of friends. I went with a lean purse and vague prospects: I returned with 1500*l.* and an appointment worth 1200*l.* a year. Is it any wonder that I should regard with affection and gratitude a land where I had such an emphatically "good time," and from which I received such substantial benefit?

* Much is said of the inquisitiveness of the Americans, and of their constant question-asking. I only recollect once being asked a question. It was at Pittsburgh, where I had lectured on "Princes of the Pen." The next morning at breakfast I was reading the criticisms on myself, when, on the other side of the newspaper, came a finger-fillip which made me start. Looking up, I found a sharp-faced man close upon me. "What did Thackeray die of?" said he abruptly, "that's what I want to know; you didn't tell us that last night."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE "HERALD'S" TABARD.

1873—1875.

THE homeward voyage in the Calabria was cold and cheerless, without incident, save that we lost a man overboard in a storm, and without amusement, save that contained in the remark of a young American gentleman, who, having, after the usual fashion on the last night of the passage, joined in "Auld Lang Syne" and the usual hand-shakings and vagaries thereanent with the rest of the passengers, informed me that he hoped to Heaven he should never see any of them again. Homeward voyage.

I reached my home on the 23rd of March, and, after forty-eight hours' rest, started off with Dr. Hosmer, the London agent of the *Herald*, to see Mr. Bennett, who was in Paris. The next day I had a long interview with my new employer, and settled all preliminaries. My engagement was for a year certain, and my first duty was to give a full account of the Vienna Exhibition. Mr. Bennett understood that I should like some little time at home after so long an absence, but he wished me to be in Vienna Arrive. Off to Paris.

in time to send some preparatory letters descriptive of the progress of the works, the scenes in the city, the arrivals, &c. Then I took my leave and returned home.

Return.

I had plenty to do during the next fortnight in looking up and settling affairs which had necessarily fallen into arrear during my absence, in calling on and receiving friends, and in making arrangements for my new duties. I found in Dr. Hosmer, whom I made it my business to see every day, a shrewd, long-headed, and kindly man, who took considerable trouble with me, explaining to me what Mr. Bennett had in his mind should be done in Vienna, and, what was of far more consequence, giving me much useful advice in regard to the peculiarities of those with whom I was likely to be thrown into contact, and the manner in which I could most easily render myself agreeable.

Looking up arrears.

Dr. Hosmer.

It seemed that Mr. Bennett had determined to seize upon the opening of the Vienna Exhibition for making a great *coup* with the *Herald*. I was not to be, as I had imagined, the only representative of that journal at Vienna: I was to be associated with Mr. John Russell Young, an American journalist of approved mettle, a gentleman long connected with the *Herald*, and possessing Mr. Bennett's confidence in a remarkable degree; while the German readers of the paper resident in New York—a very large *clientèle*

My intended colleagues at Vienna.

—were to be propitiated by having full accounts of the opening ceremony written for them in their own language by Berthold Auerbach, the well-known author of *Village Tales*, and Madame Muhlbach, also a famous contemporary writer.

More than this, in order to eclipse all his rivals and render competition impossible, the proprietor of the *Herald* had been for some time engaged upon arrangements for securing the transmission of the whole of the articles of the four correspondents—two in English and two in German—by telegraph, and cable to New York, so that the description of the various scenes would appear in the next number of the journal, and be read at the breakfast-tables of his constituency on the morning after the occurrence. Great things to be done.

This really extraordinary feat would, if properly carried out, entirely distance any attempt made by the other New York journals, which, however, Dr. Hosmer had learned, were going to make their own attempts to distinguish themselves. Thus the *New York Tribune* had engaged the services of Mr. Bayard Taylor, the eminent traveller, of whom the great Humboldt said he had "never met with a man who had travelled so much and seen so little." The *New York Times* would have as its representative the renowned Dr. W. H. Russell, erst special correspondent of its London namesake; while Colonel Evelyn, a cultivated Southern gentleman of experience and Our rivals.

address, was going out for the *New York World*. These were the rivals against whom we, the *Herald* phalanx, should be pitted, and it was, above all, necessary that the utmost secrecy should be observed as regards our intended proceedings.

Mr. Archibald Forbes in Vienna.

Coming down to the *Daily News* office, I learned from my old and valued friend Mr. J. R. Robinson that, in their interest, Mr. Archibald Forbes had already started for Vienna, and that they would be happy to accept any contributions I might send them as supplementary to those of the renowned soldier-scribe, with whom, on my arrival, I should put myself in communication. This were best done, Mr. Robinson suggested, by my sharing, if we were both willing, the lodgings which had already been taken for Mr. Forbes by the *Daily News* Vienna correspondent, and where he understood the accommodation was ample.

We are to "chum."

Heretofore my acquaintance with Mr. Archibald Forbes had been slight, but I acted upon Mr. Robinson's suggestion, and I have to thank him, in addition to many other benefits, for bringing about a friendship which is to me most valuable and most cherished.

Off at last.

On the 15th of April I left London for Paris, where I was detained for a week by Mr. Bennett, receiving his instructions, going to him daily for more last words, holding long consultations with Mr.

Sauer, an *attaché* of the *Herald*, who was to have charge of despatching our telegraph articles, oft "fitting the halter," oft "traversing the cart;" until at last, on Monday, the 21st, I managed to get clear and fairly started for Vienna. Travelling direct *viâ* Munich and Salzburg, I arrived in the empire city at 9.30 on the evening of the second day, and drove to 17. Hegelgasse, where I found Forbes waiting to receive me.

Our Viennese lodgings.

The accommodation which Mr. Robinson's Vienna representative had engaged for us was "ample," indeed, so far as space was concerned. There were two large rooms, but they were at the top of the house; they were poorly furnished, and devoid of anything like comfort; but the experience of a lifetime had enabled Forbes to laugh at crumpled rose-leaves, and, after snow-storms and short-commons on Lake Michigan, the deficiencies of the Hegelgasse were not much trouble to me. My new-found comrade and I soon found that, essentially different in many respects, we were excellently suited to each other; our sky-parlour was useful enough for working and sleeping in, and there were plenty of places in the immediate neighbourhood in which we could find fun and amusement.

A pleasant *camaraderie*.

We were a very happy English and American colony of Government officials, exhibitors, and journalists, all working hard in utmost harmony together

during the day, most of us generally dining and passing the evening in company. There were Mr. (now Sir) Philip Cunliffe Owen, then, as ever, most helpful and courteous to all brought in connection with him; Mr. (now Sir) W. Robinson, present Governor of the Windward Islands, then Special Commissioner for the Colonies at the Exhibition; Mr. Trendell, Mr. Ryall, Colonel Michael, and Lieut. Anstey—all more or less representing South Kensington; and Mr. Clark, Mr. F. Barwell the artist, who came out to superintend the hanging of the British collection of pictures; Dr. Ruppener, a German physician from New York; Mr. Bayard Taylor; my colleague Mr. John Russell Young, with whom I formed an intimate alliance, and who is now American Minister in China; my old friend Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston of the *Daily Telegraph*, as vivacious as when I first knew him in his boyhood; Mr. Forbes, and myself. After our long day's tramping over the growing Exhibition, to which I found a most excellent cicerone in Mr. Scott Russell, and after the despatching of our letters, we would dine, a large party, at the Hôtel Taube or the Hôtel Métropole, and give ourselves up to enjoyment.

South Kensington representation.

Our mess at the Taube.

On the 28th of April the Concordia, the press club of Vienna, entertained their fellow-brethren and visitors at what was really a magnificent banquet, and I had the honour of replying, in German, to the

Concordia dinner.

toast of the visitors. Mr. Beatty-Kingston, who is more polyglotic than a Bradshaw's washing-book, also replied, in excellent German, to a toast, and we were told that we had covered ourselves with glory.

On the 30th I had the honour of being presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who received me with his usual affability, which stood him in good stead, on overhearing a wild Scotchman, correspondent of a Northern journal, with a pocket full of papers, ask Mr. Forbes, whom he did not know, to "prasant him to the Prance." Presented to H.R.H.

On the morning of the 1st of May we were all up betimes, hastening to the places we had previously selected as the best for observation purposes. Forbes and I took up our posts in the gallery of the rotunda, where we observed the entire ceremonial, hurrying afterwards to various points which the special acumen of my companion led me to believe would repay a visit. Material complete, I left Forbes and hurried off to the rooms occupied by Mr. Sauer in the Hotel Weisses Ross, where I found Mr. John Russell Young already at work. Opening of the Exhibition.

My share of the united despatch was two thousand two hundred words. All the four articles went safely through the cable, and were published the next morning, as Mr. Bennett had determined. The success in New York was tremendous, but not Our cable messages.

greater than the surprise in Vienna, when, our messages being safely despatched and their receipt acknowledged, we told what we had done. Then we found that the other New York journals had secretly carried out some novel plans, but nothing commensurate with ours, for expediting their correspondence. Thus the letter of Mr. Bayard Taylor to the New York *Tribune* was telegraphed to London, there to be written out and despatched by the mail leaving Liverpool that day; the letter of Dr. Russell to the New York *Times* was to be sent by special courier to London; but the extraordinary feat performed in the interests of the *Herald* rendered these measures useless, for the description of the opening of the Vienna Exhibition, read in New York the next morning, had become stale news and been forgotten long before the other descriptions arrived.

Victory.

In honour of our exploit, Mr. Russell Young and Mr. Sauer entertained Madame Muhlbach,* her sister and daughter, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Washbourne, son of the American Minister in Paris, and myself, at a very pleasant dinner at the Weisses Ross the next day. The *Times* was represented at the Vienna Exhibition by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, a gentleman who has written one or two clever novels. He was not much with us, nor did I

A dinner in honour of our success.

* Madame Muhlbach, whose real name was Madame Clara Mundt, died the following September.

see anything scarcely of Dr. Russell, until passing the Exhibition on Thursday, the 8th May, when there had been some special British function, which I had not thought it necessary to attend, I heard the drums roll, saw the sentries present arms, and, looking round expectant of a generalissimo, I saw issue from the doors my old acquaintance Dr. Russell, scarlet-coated, cocked-hatted, waving-plumed, in the full uniform of a British deputy-lieutenant.

Full war-paint.

As we learned that the Prince of Wales was going to Buda-Pesth, Forbes and I thought it advisable to precede him, and started off thither on the 9th May, on board one of the splendid Danube boats, putting up at the Hôtel Hungaria. We remained at Buda-Pesth some days, went to Margaretten Island, attended the regatta and the races, at both of which the Prince was present, and had a generally good time. I note as an incident that Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, passing through the room where we were at breakfast, spoke to Forbes, and told him he had been out since 7 A.M., watching the evolutions of some Hungarian cavalry. *Sic itur ad* Field-Marshalship. On the 14th I took leave of my comrade, who was going to remain to write up certain details of the contents of the Exhibition, and returned home.

To Buda-Pesth.

Another H.R.H. learning his business.

Home.

Within forty-eight hours of my arrival I was telegraphed to go to Paris, as a crisis in political affairs was expected. It came almost immediately. I

Off again.

attended at Versailles every day, and was in the press-gallery of the Chamber during the three *séances* on the 24th May, at the end of which M. Thiers was overthrown, and Marshal MacMahon elected in his place. During that night, and nearly the whole of the next day, I was engaged in telegraphing to America a description of the scenes I had witnessed.

I note the downfall of Thiers.

I next donned the *Herald's* tabard on the 16th of June, starting off with Mr. Forbes to Brussels, to meet the Shah of Persia, who was coming on a visit to England *viâ* Ostend. We put up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, where we found several of our journalistic *confrères*. On the 18th we were up at 3.30 A.M., and started at five o'clock for Ostend in the special train provided for his Persian Majesty. Passage from Ostend to Dover was provided for the newspaper correspondents in H.M.S. Lively, where we were most graciously received and excellently entertained at luncheon by the officers. A comic scene occurred just before leaving Ostend. We were about to cast off from the pier, when suddenly there appeared, bearing an odd-looking bag, and looking a little seedy with early rising, a gentleman in whom we recognised Mark Twain, but for whom the stolid sailor at the gangway had no recognition.

In attendance on the Shah.

Mark Twain and the British man-o'-war's man

"I am coming on board," said Twain persuasively.

"No, you ain't," said the stalwart A.B.—"no tramps here."

"What's that you say?" asked Twain.

"No tramps here," repeated the sailor.

"Well, now," said Twain, in his softest and longest drawl, "you are quite right, I am a 'tramp.' —I am the *Tramp Abroad;*" and then we welcomed him with a shout.

We had a splendid passage, and I can scarcely recollect a finer sight than the eight ironclads, drawn up in mid-Channel, which saluted us as we passed between them.

Days and nights were now devoted to the pursuit of the Persian potentate, whom I followed everywhere, duly recording his doings.* After him I went to an inspection at Hyde Park; to the Floral Hall and the stage of the Italian Opera, to see him entertained in state in his box; to the naval review at Portsmouth, where, on board H.M.S. Glatton, I nearly had my ears burst by the thunder of her guns; and to entertainments without number, until I hated the Persian apparatus worse even than in my school-days. Still after the Shah.

On the 4th July I was off to Paris, where the Shah was expected. On the 6th, from a window of Madame With the Shah to Paris.

* A great likeness was said to exist between us. Mark Twain had written to Russell Young from Brussels: "They are selling portraits of Yates here at two francs apiece, and calling him the Shah. What does it mean?"

de Casseris's splendid mansion, the first on the left in the Champs Elysées as you enter Paris, directly facing the Arc de Triomphe, I witnessed the Shah's entry amid a good deal of ill-concealed ribaldry. "Avez-vous vu le Shah?" was the cry of the hour, which in three days was invariably met with the reply, "Assez du Shah!" No doubt I saw enough of him. I went with his suite to Versailles on one of the hottest days I can remember, doing it all—processions, *déjeuners*, *grandes eaux*, down to the fireworks at night. I grilled on the grand stand at Longchamps, looking at the military review in his honour; and on Saturday, the 12th, I went to a special representation at the old opera-house in the Rue Lepelletier, having to pay, and paying, at the desire of my proprietor, 16*l.* for the stall, in order that the *Herald* might be represented at the grand gala; races at Auteuil, and a fine fête of fireworks at the Trocadéro, the whole extent of the Champs Elysées, from the Arc de Triomphe to the obelisk, being hung with various coloured lamps —a most lovely spectacle—terminated my attendance on the Shah.

To Versailles.

To the old opera-house.

Auteuil and the Trocadéro

A visit to Malvern, to draw a comparison between it and certain American health resorts, and to Cowes during the regatta week, were my next performances; and hearing that the distribution of prizes was to take place at Vienna on the 18th August, I started thither

Back to Vienna.

early in the month, accompanied by my wife. The heat was terrific, and we were not pressed for time; so we journeyed leisurely, stopping at Spa, at Wurzburg, at Munich, and at Salzburg, and settling down in Vienna at the Hôtel Austria—*not* the Österreichischer-hof, but a magnificent palace, which as an hotel was born and ended with the Exhibition. There we had a very happy ten days, dining at the Métropole, at Dommeyer's, at Sudbahnhof, and at the Trois Frères; going to entertainments at the Volksgarten and the Neue Welt, listening to Johann Strauss's wonderful band, and the military music which is going all day and all night; and thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

Glorious time.

It was Mr. Bennett's wish that I should make a picturesque tour through Germany, describing the places I visited, and it was not a wish that I was likely to baulk. So we went from Vienna to Gmünden, a lovely spot on the Trauensee, where we tarried a little, and then drove through a beautiful country to Ischl (during the drive I found the plot of the "Blue Chamber," the next Christmas Number for *All the Year Round*), and after a week at Ischl, worked our way through Salzburg to my old quarters at the Vier Jahres Zeiten, the Four Seasons Hotel at Munich. There we remained three days, taking a run over to Augsburg, and inspecting the famous cellar of the Drei Mohren; and thence to Nuremberg—full of descriptive matter—where we yet remained another

Tour through Germany.

Gmünden, Ischl, Munich, Nuremberg.

three days; and to Frankfort, where we remained a week. An easy journey down the Rhine by Cologne and Ostend brought us home by the end of September.

Mr. Bennett desiring to have some letters on the state of Irish affairs, I started on the 6th of October for Dublin, where I remained several days. During this time I had long interviews with Mr. A. M. Sullivan, editor of the *Nation*; Mr. Butt, Q.C., M.P., whom I found a most delightful companion; and Sir John Gray, M.P., proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*. My old friends Dr. Tisdall, Chancellor of Christ-church; Sanger, head of the Post Office Telegraphs; Nugent Robinson, and John Harris, lessee of the Theatre Royal, took care that I should never dine alone. As the guest of one or other of them I met the pleasantest people in the city, including Judge Keogh and Father Healey. And then I started off through the West, passing a day with the Bishop of Cloyne at Fermoy, lunching with The O'Donoghue at Tomies, and finally arriving at Mr. Mitchell-Henry's beautiful place, Kylemore Castle. The result of my tour appeared in the *Herald*, in a series of articles called "Ireland Expectant."

To Dublin

Old friends.

To Galway

On the 31st October, a filibustering American steamer called the Virginius, with a crew of one hundred and thirty-five men, was captured near

The Virginius difficulty.

Jamaica by the Spanish gunboat Tornado, and taken to Cuba. On the 7th November, fifty-three of the crew of the captured vessel, including sixteen British subjects, were shot at St. Jago. As soon as this news was known in the United States immense excitement was manifested, and the American Minister at Madrid was on the 14th instructed to protest against the executions, as an outrage to humanity and an insult to the American Government. Some of the New York press reared up, and were urgent that a declaration of war be issued at once, and possession taken of Cuba.

On the 15th, Mr. Bennett telegraphed me to go to Paris at once. On my arrival he intimated to me his desire that I should proceed at once to Madrid, and remain there watching the course of events. I started the next day *viâ* Bayonne. On arriving there, I learned that in consequence of the Carlist War the railway connection was interrupted, and that my only chance was to proceed by sea from St. Jean de Luz to Santander, between which places there was some kind of boat service, and thence by rail to Madrid.

I go to Madrid.

Boat service, indeed! What I found on arrival at St. Jean de Luz was a wretched old tug called the Bella, formerly belonging to North Shields, which had been rechristened Quatro Amigos, and was doing duty as a passenger-ship. She was slow, she was wet,

Horrible journey.

she was filthy, she was very short-handed, she had no cabin—of course, no steward, no provisions. All I could get to eat during the twelve hours' passage was some filthy sausage and some mouldy bread, and some sour wine to drink, a portion of the sailors' mess, which I bought of them. Of the horrors of the inn at Santander, which called itself the Fonda de Europa, I do not like to think; but there I made the acquaintance of a real Spanish grandee or duke, whose title I forget, but whose courtesy and kindness I shall ever remember. He made things smoother for me than they otherwise would have been, and was most agreeable and useful in our subsequent day's railway journey to Madrid.

A kindly magnifico.

One whole day and two nights had to be passed in this horrible hole at Santander; for there was some pretence of quarantine, and on landing our baggage was to be taken from us to the lazaretto, where we went to claim it the next day. It had been thoroughly fumigated, and a portion of it, my bundle of coats and rugs, had been stolen.

Quarantine and robbery.

Next day we started at 8 A.M., and, after an intolerably wearisome journey of twenty-four hours, arrived at Madrid.

I stayed in Madrid at an excellent house, the Hôtel de Paris, with a remarkable hall-porter named Constantine, for ten days, until the Virginius difficulty had settled itself. I saw all the life of the city from my

At Madrid

windows, which overlooked the famous Puerta del Sol; I walked and drove, went to the club and to the opera, and a good deal in society. I received much courtesy and hospitality from General Sickles, Minister to the United States, and Mr. (now Sir) Henry Layard, our representative at Madrid, with both of whom I had a previous acquaintance. Dining one night at the British Legation, when were present the Belgian, German, and Italian Ambassadors, I found myself seated next to the latter, and was delighted to recognise in him an old friend in the person of Count Maffei, so long and so well known as an *attaché* to the Italian Embassy in London.

General Sickles.

Sir A. H. Layard.

Count Maffei.

I went to a bull-fight in an enormous open amphitheatre, calculated to hold twelve thousand persons, every available inch of which was occupied, and where, contrary to my expectations, I was much interested, and did not feel in the least qualmish or upset. I had talks with Señor Castelar and Señor Carvajal, and was perpetually telegraphing to Mr. Bennett and to the *Daily News*.

A bull-fight.

I had hopes that I might have returned from Spain more pleasantly than I had come, but I found there was no other way to Paris than by the long railway journey to Santander, where my old friend the Quatro Amigos was waiting to convey me across. She was announced to sail at six o'clock in the morning, but for some reason or other it was certainly

A dangerous voyage.

ten before we started, and at St. Sebastian, where we should only have touched, there was a *festa* of some kind or other going on, to which the captain went off in his best clothes, and from which he only returned very late and very drunk. He did not know much about his business at the best of times, and now he seemed to know nothing. Though we started from St. Sebastian in the glow of a magnificent sunset, when within half an hour of our destination we ran into a thick impenetrable white fog, a Spanish Scotch mist, through which one could not see a foot, and which was so penetrating as to get through my Belfast ulster, that had hitherto defied all kinds of even American weather. When we found ourselves in this predicament (there was no light of any kind on board the ship), some of the passengers, seeing the captain's state, began to grow alarmed. Why two of them, pleasant-spoken young gentlemen, brothers, should have come to me I never could understand. But they came; they implored me to speak to the captain, who, they said, would have some special respect for me as an Englishman in nautical matters, and to induce him to do something—what, they did not suggest. I was willing, I said, but spoke no Spanish. This excuse was overruled by their offering to interpret for me. So we made a little deputation and interviewed the captain, who was stupidly drunk and impertinent, and of whom we could make nothing.

My intercession implored.

But our little talk had this effect. While it was taking place I had been listening attentively. My sense of hearing has always been peculiarly good, and though I could not see my hand before my face, I could distinctly hear and recognise the sound of waves breaking on a shore. It was perfectly evident that we were drifting towards land, and might in a few moments be hurled against the rocks which guard that iron-bound coast. This I explained to my companions, and to some other of the passengers who came up at the time; and it had such an effect upon them, that they bodily shook the captain into consciousness and obedience, and caused him to steam away in a perfectly opposite course from that we had been running. I am fully persuaded this saved our lives. We beat about all night, tossing hither and thither, and when daylight came, and the mist rose, found ourselves many miles from the harbour which we should have made twelve hours before. I shall never forget the delight with which I found myself once more on dry land at the little port of St. Jean de Luz.

The value of quick hearing.

After a month's interval I received warning that my services would again be required on a foreign mission, and that this time I should be called upon to undertake a longer journey than I had yet performed while in the *Herald's* employ. It is noteworthy that

A long journey in prospect.

our good American cousins, while always amiably satirising the devotion of the English to their rulers, yet take the greatest interest in the movements of our Royal Family, and Mr. Bennett justly considered that the approaching marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was a subject which ought to be specially treated for the gratification of the *Herald's* readers; not merely taking into consideration the position of the bridegroom, but the fact that various Grand Dukes, relatives and connections of the bride, had been recently sojourning in New York, and that a certain alliance more or less intimate had recently existed between St. Petersburg and the United States. Extremes meet, and the most autocratic and the most democratic of governments have, I suppose, something in common.

Americans and Russians

At all events, it was Mr. Bennett's wish that I should go to St. Petersburg in good time to be present at the royal wedding; that my description thereof should be full and graphic; and that it should be transmitted by telegraph and cabled, so that it might appear in the *Herald* on the succeeding day.

I am to go to St. Petersburg.

I was not to have the pleasure of the company of my friend Archibald Forbes on this occasion, as I had at first hoped. We had made arrangements for our journey together, but at the last moment he was despatched as special commissioner for the *Daily News* to inquire into and report upon the progress of the

Forbes in India.

famine just notified as having commenced in Bengal, and had already taken his departure for India. So I started on the 10th January, travelling *viâ* Brussels and Berlin, and finding on board the steamer two distinguished London members of the healing craft—Dr. Alfred Meadows and Mr. Alfred Cooper—who were going to stay with the well-known Mr. Baird of St. Petersburg, and to whom I had introductions. As far as Berlin we travelled pleasantly together, but thence they pursued their route at once, while I awaited the arrival of my friend Mr. Edward Dicey, who was going to represent the *Daily Telegraph* at the wedding, and with whom I had arranged to travel to St. Petersburg.

I meet two distinguished medicos.

I spent two days in that dullest of dull cities, Berlin, pleasantly enough, thanks to the cheery hospitality and good company of Mr. Beatty-Kingston, who, as the resident correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* there, knew and was known to everybody. He took me to call upon, among other notable people, Dr. Strousberg, the then supposed millionaire, who was living in magnificent style. I had not seen the doctor for a very long time—not, indeed, since, sixteen years before, he was living in a very small way in London, owning and editing *Sharpe's London Magazine*, to which I was an occasional contributor. For an article of mine, value, I suppose, about thirty shillings, he was still in my debt; but I did not remind him of

In Berlin.

Dr. Strousberg.

this circumstance, though we spoke of our old literary connection. On the second day Edward Dicey arrived, and after a capital dinner at Hann's restaurant, Unter den Linden, we started at 11 P.M. for St. Petersburg, a saloon carriage with the Prince of Wales and suite forming a portion of the train. At three o'clock the next day we arrived at the Russian frontier, where a special imperial train was in waiting for the Prince and his suite; but, with the disadvantage of having a remarkably drunken Russian officer in the carriage, we pursued our journey all that night and the next day, not arriving at St. Petersburg until 8 P.M. on the 15th.

En route.

I made my way to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which is the home of our Queen's Messengers, and to which I had been recommended by some friends in the Foreign Office. It is kept by Mr. Schmitz, and was, I am bound to say, worthy of the praises it had received. There I found a collection of English and American journalists: Mr. Senior for the *Daily News;* Mr. Tuttle for the *New York Tribune;* Mr. John Furley, of Red Cross and Ambulance fame, for the *Standard;* and Mr. Sydney Hall, the artist, for the *Graphic.* Also in the hotel, and in the next rooms to mine, was Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Napier Broome, Governor of West Australia, who was representing the *Times* on this occasion. During my stay in St. Petersburg I spent most of my time in com-

At St. Petersburg.

Journalists there.

Mr. Napier Broome's work.

pany with Mr. Broome, whom I found a most agreeable companion, and whose description of the wedding ceremony, telegraphed to the *Times*, was one of the clearest, most succinct, and most graphic bits of special correspondent's work which I have ever seen performed.

The American Minister.

On the morning after my arrival I called on Governor Marshal Jewell, the American Minister, a handsome, hospitable, well-bred man, whose acquaintance I had made the previous year at Vienna, where he was a visitor; and upon Mr. Schuyler, the American Consul and well-known author of *Khiva*, *Peter the Great*, &c., whose thorough acquaintance with the Russian language, literature, manners, &c., was of the greatest assistance to me, and who devoted to me his services in the most friendly manner. I had letters of introduction to Mr. Mitchell, the British Consul-General, from whom I had been told to expect every aid; but Mr. Mitchell was, under peculiar circumstances, away from St. Petersburg at the time, so I called upon the English Ambassador, Lord Augustus Loftus, which was not the same thing.

Eugene Schuyler.

There was plenty of festivity at St. Petersburg, and genuine hospitality on nearly all sides. I found my medical friends of the steamer, with one Mr. Peter Wilkinson, a shy and retiring student, installed under the friendly roof of Mr. and Mrs. George Baird, from whom I received a cordial welcome and great kind-

ness. Governor and Mrs. Jewell, at the American Legation, made me free of their house and their opera-box, and invited me to a grand reception and ball, given in honour of the occasion, at which Madame Patti and her husband, the Marquis de Caux, were present. Our host of the Hôtel d'Angleterre invited all his foreign visitors to a great excursion to the monastery and cemetery of Sergis, winding up with a grand dinner at Krassnoi-Kabatschoff, a large winter restaurant, where the entertainment was supplemented by dancing, and did not conclude until nearly 2 A.M. Then there were troika drives, tabogganing on the ice-hills in the suburbs, dinners with the Bairds, dinners with Mr. Schuyler, dinners amongst ourselves, suppers at out-town restaurants, where the gipsies sing, a grand ball given by the *noblesse* in honour of the wedding, and a rout at the English Embassy.

Entertainments and rejoicings.

I had also plenty of work; for, besides letters to the *Herald*, I was under agreement to send to the *Scotsman*, with which journal I had long had a pleasant connection, such scraps of telegraphic intelligence as I thought might be useful to them; and as on this occasion I had not brought Simpson with me, the work had to be done with my own hand. Then there were preparations for the grand day: calling on Monsieur de Grote, the official who had charge of the accommodation for foreign journalists; inter-

The *Scotsman*.

Preparations.

viewing the head of the telegraph bureau, explaining my requirements, and depositing a sum of money to cover what I imagined would be the extent of my message. At my last interview with Mr. Bennett I had arranged, instead of wiring to London and through the Anglo-American cable, to send my message direct to the Paris office of the *Herald*, and that it should be thence transmitted by the French cable. I knew that the London correspondence would sufficiently occupy the London wires to make the safe transmission of my message a matter of doubt.

Telegraph arrangements.

The marriage ceremony took place at noon on the 23rd of January at the Winter Palace, and was a most magnificent sight. The peculiarity of the Russian costume, the combination of sumptuous velvet and magnificent furs with a vast number, among the ladies, of superb diamonds, was very striking, nor did I ever see such a mass of uniforms. Looking down from the gallery especially devoted to the correspondents, the only two persons not in uniform I could see amongst the crowd of people thronging the aisle were the American diplomatists. After the ceremonies in the Winter Palace of the Russian Church, the Anglican wedding service was performed by Dean Stanley in the Hall Alexander, a place only remarkable for its very cramped proportions and poor decorations. It was here that the Empress-Mother, being overcome with emotion, had to sit down, and nearly

The wedding ceremony.

The Anglican service.

fainted at the conclusion of the service when the newly-married pair came to salute her. In the stampede from this place the crush was terrific, and there were nearly some fatal accidents. From our position we could look down upon the crowd, which, with its variegated uniforms—scarlet, lilac and silver, white and gold, the grand kaftans, coloured turbans, and flowing robes from Bokhara and Samarcand, dotted here and there with enormous cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, their silver helmets mounted by golden eagles—formed an extraordinary combination of colour and brilliancy. Old General Kauffmann, the hero of Khiva, an immensely popular favourite at the time, got entangled in this crowd, and, being short and feeble, might have come to serious grief had not his position been seen by the Czarevitch, who plunged headlong into the mass and personally rescued the old gentleman.

A wonderful crowd.

A veteran embarrassed.

It was four o'clock before, terribly faint and weary, I got back to my hotel, and had to set to work at once. My orders were to send about twelve hundred words; a message of such an indicative character and so framed that it could be amplified by those who received it. By 5.15 I sent off eight hundred and eighteen words; and, three-quarters of an hour later, another three hundred and eighty-six words, making, in all, twelve hundred and four words. I was, of course, particularly anxious as to the fate of my work,

I send my message.

and not reassured until the following morning, when I received a telegram from Paris, signed by Mr. Grenville Murray, Mr. Russell Young, and Mr. Sauer, announcing that the whole message had gone safely through, and offering me hearty congratulations. I suppose they were deserved, for a leading article in the *Herald*, printed simultaneously with the message the next morning, said of my account that "in point of terseness and vigour of language, in vivid portraiture of one of the greatest spectacles of the century, it had scarcely, if ever, been equalled in our journalism;" and I received a special letter of thanks from Mr. Bennett.

All right!

I am complimented.

I also, on the same evening, telegraphed three hundred words to the *Scotsman*.

I remained yet a few days at St. Petersburg, and then returned home, with Dr. Meadows as my pleasant travelling companion. This was the last expedition of any moment which I undertook at the instance of the *Herald* proprietary, though I remained in their service for more than a year afterwards. I attended whatever of importance was going on in London; I wrote a weekly letter descriptive of the ordinary course of affairs here I sent book and picture notices, and wrote on current topics of literature and art; I went to Ireland once or twice—on the last occasion in the spring of 1875, when I interviewed John Mitchel, the patriot convict, who had just re-

Other *Herald* work.

John Mitchel.

turned from America, who was in extremely feeble health, and who died within a few days of my seeing him.

But by this time my own journal *The World*, which I had started eight or ten months previously, had so grown in importance as to warrant my looking upon it as being fairly established, and it made such claims upon my time that it would have been impossible for me to have left London for more than two or three days, while it was equally impossible to allow Mr. Bennett to be under the impression that he still had me entirely at his command. I therefore placed myself in communication with him, announcing my wish to be relieved of the appointment which I had now held for more than two years, and giving my reasons for tendering my resignation. Mr. Bennett met me in the kindest and most liberal way, thanked me for the services which I had rendered to his journal, and enclosed a cheque for three months' salary, "in lieu," as he said, "of a quarter's notice;" though there was nothing in our agreement to render such a payment obligatory on his part.

Have no more time at Mr. Bennett's disposal.

I retire.

And thus pleasantly closed an engagement, during the fulfilment of which I enjoyed much happiness, and greatly extended my knowledge of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE WORLD."

WHILE engaged in Mr. Bennett's service I could not avoid the feeling that the work which I was called upon to do for the *New York Herald*, though well remunerated, pleasant, exciting, and amusing, was, so far as its physical requirements were concerned, more suitable for a man in the vigour of youth than one who had attained his middle-age. While there is nothing so pleasant as travelling for pleasure, starting when you like, stopping when you like, and diversifying your route according to your inclination, there is little more harassing than being at the beck and call of any one, liable to be sent to the ends of Europe at an hour's notice, and nothing more fatiguing than a monotonous journey of many hours for purely business purposes.

Enforced travel.

In the year 1873, without taking into account the enormous journeying I had gone through in the States and my voyage over the Atlantic, I crossed and recrossed the English Channel sixteen times between the beginning of May and the end of December, and was only at home two months out of the

Somewhat too much of it.

twelve. The succeeding year opened with my visit to St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding, and though there was no actual prospect of my being called away so often, at any time the contingency might arise. I began to feel, therefore, with the brickmaker intruded upon by Mrs. Pardiggle's family, that I "wanted an end to this." But I did not see how conveniently it could be brought about. When I first entertained the idea of seeking employment from Mr. Bennett, it was to act in the capacity of his London correspondent, but I was in no position then to decline the travelling and general European work which he desired me to undertake; moreover, such an appointment as I held, with an excellent salary attached to it, was very seldom to be obtained. To a young unmarried man no more delightful berth could have been offered, and I felt that it would be madness in me to make even a suggestion of an alteration in the work until I had arranged for myself an equivalent on which I could fall back.

These were not the only motives by which I was prompted to overhaul my resources and see whether anything could be made of them. The demon Doubt, under whose dominion I had passed so many anxious hours before resigning my situation in the Post Office, had again got me in his grip. How long should I continue to hold this new appointment?

Again in doubt.

Would my health last? Should I be able to give equal satisfaction to my employer when the novelty of my style had ceased to interest his readers? Were not the advantages, many and great as they were, of my position almost counterbalanced by the necessity of my frequent absences from home, and what was virtually the break-up of my domestic life? Finally, what could I do to insure a decent livelihood unaccompanied by the drawbacks of my then mode of life?

Now, I had for years had a feeling, confirmed by indisputable experience, that the contributions which, during my long apprenticeship to journalism, I had supplied to various periodicals with which I had been connected had been of undoubted service to my employers. From the early days of the *Weekly Chronicle* to the last "Flâneur" *feuilleton* in the *Morning Star* my work had invariably attracted notice, comment, and criticism, favourable or unfavourable, according to the taste and temper of the commentator, but it had never gone unregarded, and had always been thought worth the money it earned by those who paid for it. Light and flippant, wanting in dignity and tone, it may have been; personal in the inoffensive sense of the word it undoubtedly was, but it was, I hope, neither vulgar, scurrilous, malignant, nor vindictive; above all, it was amusing, and that was a quality

My particular work.

which, to the majority of newspaper proprietors and editors of those days, was stamped with the mark of the Beast. With their readers it was different; to them the tiniest thread-like rivulet of fancy in the midst of a dreary desert of fact was acceptable, and eagerly seized upon.

So, possessing this belief in myself, I had, after much laborious excogitation, come to the idea that a new and original journal, wholly differing in style from anything then existent, might have a tolerable chance of success. I never for one moment thought that frivolous chatter of the kind I have indicated, however well done, was sufficient in itself to constitute a newspaper—that is an idea which has been proved to be erroneous many times both before and since the epoch of which I am writing. The chatter, in itself bald and bad, has been unsustained by anything good; but my opinion was that all the light and gossippy news of the day, properly winnowed and attractively set forth, backed by good political and social articles, written in a bolder, freer, and less turgid style than that in which such topics were commonly handled, with first-rate dramatic, literary, and musical criticism, all laid on different lines from those then existing, would form a journalistic amalgam which would most probably hit the public taste. Years before, while in the service of the Post Office, I had conceived and cherished this scheme; but in

An ideal "blend."

those days I had not merely no capital, but no time to devote to its exploitation. But it was destined to be carried out, and it was—thus:

Some six or seven years before, at the dinner-table of Mr. Bellew, I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Grenville Murray, of whom I had often heard much from Dickens and others, and whom I consequently regarded with great interest. A man in person small, with dark complexion, and curly hair beginning to turn gray; in manner vivacious and fascinating, glib of speech, felicitous in illustration, and conversable on all topics. After our introduction he came round and seated himself by me, and we talked earnestly for an hour. I had, of course, no idea of how my future was to be influenced by my new acquaintance, and when not listening to him I was occupied in thinking of his past. Grenville Murray.

Born with a bar sinister, but always understood to be the son of an English nobleman, whose character and surroundings were supposed to be depicted in his novel of *Young Brown*, Grenville Murray received an appointment in the Foreign Office, and was sent out as attaché to Lord Westmorland at Vienna. According to the current story, he had privately obtained Lord Palmerston's permission to act as correspondent for the *Morning Post* in the city to which he was accredited, but his letters having miscarried, the secret was discovered, and, though Mr. His history.

Murray was not dismissed, he was, at Lord Westmorland's indignant protest, recalled from Vienna. He was then appointed attaché to the British Embassy at Constantinople, of which Sir Stratford Canning was the head, and a rumour of the Vienna-escapades having, it is supposed, reached that able but irritable martinet, Mr. Murray was sent temporarily to fill the vice-consulship at Mitylene, which was looked upon as quasi-banishment. From this retreat he wrote and sent to *Household Words*, then just established, a series of admirable sketches of Greek and Turkish life and character, called "The Roving Englishman," which were immediately published and eagerly read.

"Sir Hector Stubble."

But for a certain limited portion of the public they had another interest, of which Dickens, who liked them greatly, was wholly unaware. Under the title of Sir Hector Stubble, Murray had drawn a merciless but unmistakable caricature of the head of his embassy, Sir Stratford Canning; so unmistakable was the portrait that the great man's enemies, and naturally all his friends, fearful lest by any chance the arrow aimed at his *amour propre* should miss its mark, immediately forwarded him copies of the number containing this article, so that on the arrival of the English mail of that day at Constantinople, the usual bags of the Foreign Office were found supplemented by an enormous number of newspaper sacks,

all filled with copies of *Household Words*. Sir Stratford Canning was furious, and when he discovered who was his assailant, his rage knew no bounds. He determined that Mr. Murray should be condemned to perpetual exile to Mitylene; but the vice-consulship was soon after filled up, and it was necessary to find some new duties for the unwelcome attaché. For some time he was employed in carrying despatches between London and Constantinople, but as it was evident at the Foreign Office that the breach between him and Sir Stratford Canning could never be healed, Mr. Murray received an appointment as Consul-General at Odessa.

Thither he proceeded, and there he remained for ten years, jeopardising his position and rendering himself a nuisance in the eyes of his official superiors in Downing Street by waging a constant warfare with the English merchants in the place in regard to certain fees which he claimed as his due, and the payment of which they resisted. Finally, Lord Derby, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, being appealed to, gave his judgment against the Consul-General's claim, thereby earning the undying hostility of the implacable Murray, who, throwing up his appointment and coming back to England, resumed his journalistic pursuits, in the discharge of which he never lost an opportunity of attacking his foe. G. M. at Odessa.

When I met Grenville Murray at Mr. Bellew's

table our chat was for the most part on undefined subjects, although I think I mentioned to him the pleasure with which I had read "The Roving Englishman," and told him the story, related to me by Wills, of the arrival of the newspaper sacks of *Household Words* at the Constantinople Embassy, at which Murray laughed much, professing to hear it for the first time. Afterwards, in the course of a gastronomic discussion, he invited Mrs. Yates and myself to an afternoon tea at his chambers in the Albany, where he promised us extra delicious coffee and Neapolitan ice supplied and prepared by his Italian valet. This promise was more than specifically performed.

I visit him in the Albany.

I saw Mr. Murray half a dozen times after this; but though he was then generally credited with the editorship, and indeed with most of the productions, of the *Queen's Messenger*, a bitterly satirical journal of those days, he never admitted the fact to me. On one or two occasions when the newspaper was named, he spoke of it as though it were the property of a syndicate, for whom he acted as agent. In June 1869 there appeared in the *Queen's Messenger* an article entitled "Bob Coachington Lord Jarvey," which was considered by the present Lord Carington to cast aspersions on his deceased father. Acting upon the current impression that Grenville Murray was the person responsible for the paper, Lord Carington waited outside the Conservative Club, of which Mr.

The *Queen's Messenger*

Murray was a member, and assaulted him as he emerged.

A charge of assault was preferred against Lord Carington by Mr. Murray, which was heard on the 7th of July at the Marlborough Street police-court. Here is what appears in reference to the affair in Irving's *Annals of Our Time*: "After much wrangling Mr. Murray denied the authorship of the article, but declined to answer the question relating to his connection with the paper. A number of letters, articles in manuscript, and corrected proofs of articles were shown to him, but he declined to say whether they were in his handwriting. He admitted that he had written some articles in the *Queen's Messenger*, but said he would rather have cut off his right hand than have written others. Lord Carington was ultimately bound over to keep the peace in reference to one summons, and committed to trial for the second, charging assault. At the close of the proceedings a disgraceful struggle took place between the friends of the contending parties for the possession of a box containing papers belonging to the *Queen's Messenger*, and said to have been improperly transferred to the keeping of Lord Carington's solicitor, Mr. Newman." In court.

Ten days later Lord Carington preferred a charge of perjury against Mr. Grenville Murray in connection with his denial of the authorship of certain articles in

the *Queen's Messenger*. The case was remanded, Mr. Murray being admitted to bail in heavy recognisances. On the 29th July, the day of remand, Mr. Murray failed to appear, and—I again quote Irving—"the police magistrate refusing to give credence to the plea of sudden attack of illness in Paris, whither he was said to have gone to see his son, his recognisances were ordered to be estreated, and a warrant issued for his apprehension."

G. M. departs.

Grenville Murray never set foot on English shore again. He established himself in Paris, in delightful quarters in the Rue de l'Université in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he carried on, it is believed, a complete literary manufactory, all the work being suggested, supervised, and occasionally retouched by the master hand. Currency is given to this story by the impossibility of all the work credited to him simultaneously springing from one brain and one hand. He was at once novelist, descriptive essayist, leader-writer, and compiler of statistical research in a dozen different quarters. He contributed regularly to the *Daily News*, he sent seven or eight closely printed columns, dealing with all kinds of subjects, every week to the *New York Herald*, of which, at my introduction, he had been appointed Paris correspondent. His sketches of Parisian and French provincial life in the *Pall Mall Gazette* were imbued with special knowledge, and formed most

His work in Paris.

delightful reading. He wrote regularly for *Vanity Fair*. His novel, *The Member for Paris*, had a large circulation; and when "Young Brown" appeared in the pages of the *Cornhill*, it caused an immediate sensation. Besides his English and American work, he was believed to be a regular contributor to the *Débats*, and an occasional correspondent of the *Figaro* and other Parisian papers.

Such was the man to whom, having always experienced at his hands the greatest courtesy and politeness, with a certain amount of deference, certainly not due from a writer so much older and abler than myself, I one day, in crossing the Place de la Concorde, explained my dreams of "what might have been" had I only possessed a little capital and a little courage. He had been shambling along by my side in his usual common straw hat and shabby shooting-coat—"one comfort," he used to say, "one comfort in living amongst these frogs"—he always spoke of Frenchmen as frogs—"is that no one cares a rap what kind of clothes you wear"—but when I ceased speaking he stopped, sat down on the edge of one of the fountain basins, and looking at me with his always keenly bright eyes, rapidly asked me some half-dozen questions, to which I replied. We resumed our walk, and went to his quarters in the Rue de l'Université. There he ran over all I had said, asked whether it would be agreeable to me to take him as

G. M. approves of my idea.

a partner in the suggested enterprise, of the success of which he had no doubt, suggested that certain inquiries should be made by me on my return to England, whither I was going the next day, and sent me off in the happiest frame of excited hope. The question of capital he had disposed of in his usual impulsive way: we could each produce some two or three hundred pounds, he said, to make a start, and before that was expended our combined efforts would have speeded our venture far on the high-road to success.

And suggests partnership.

It may be imagined that I returned home with my mind sufficiently full, and that there was no lack of subjects for domestic discussion. The first question was, of course, the amount of money to be hazarded. Mr. Murray had said two or three hundred pounds, and it was finally agreed that my contribution should not exceed the latter sum. I had also promised to make inquiries respecting printer, publishing offices, contributors, &c. The first matter was easily disposed of. I obtained an estimate from Messrs. Robson & Sons, with whom I had become connected in the year 1860 as printers of *Temple Bar*, and by whom every novel of mine, with the exception of one, had been printed since. A publisher and publishing office were found through the medium of Mr. Goodlake, for so many years the printer of the *Times*, who recommended me to apply to Mr. Arnold of 86 Fleet Street,

Making arrangements for starting new journal.

whom I found occupying the very premises in which twenty years previously my first book had been issued by Mr. Bogue. As to the question of contributors, I made a mental list of persons I intended to apply to; but I thought that could well stand over until we had made some further progress in our arrangements. Meanwhile, requested by Mr. Murray to find a title, I proposed *The World: a Journal for Men and Women*, which he immediately accepted. Its title.

When I returned to Paris I found Grenville Murray more enthusiastic than ever on the subject of our proposed enterprise. "Together," he was pleased to say, "we could carry anything before us." There was to be no "journalese," such as was to be found in every newspaper; all was to be fresh, original, and piquant. We had gone into the question of finance, and thought that a capital of five hundred pounds would be quite enough to start with: this was to be made up by two equal contributions on his part and mine of two hundred and fifty pounds, and the result was to be our joint property. As to the question of editorship, that could only be settled in one way. It was impossible for him to come to England, where the paper was to be published, and therefore it must be edited by me. "You are to be a despot, my dear fellow," he said pleasantly, "with whole, sole, undivided control." I remember smiling as he said this, for though I was considerably the younger, yet Finance. Editor.

he was, or seemed to be, much more sanguine, and I thought it a good opportunity to say something which had been in my mind.

I told him then that while I had long believed him to be the ablest journalist in Europe, I was also convinced of one thing—that the ill-treatment which he imagined he had received at the hands of Lord Derby and some of the subordinate officials in Downing Street had had such an effect upon his mind that it was as impossible for him to keep damaging allusions to them out of his writings as it was for Mr. Dick to keep "mention of King Charles the First's head" out of his memorial. I took occasion to say that persistent and reiterated attacks of the kind would naturally militate against the success of the new venture in certain important quarters, and I implored him to guard against falling into the snare.

My word of warning.

Murray laughed good-naturedly at the "Mr. Dick" allusion, declaring that all ill-feeling against the persons I had named had died out, and that he was perfectly to be trusted in the matter; but, he added, even if he were to be seduced into such a lapse, my full powers as editor would enable me to deal despotically with the affair.

All these various points duly taken into consideration and discussed, we had, we thought, sufficient material for an agreement, which was sketched out, all the points being enumerated, with the further

proviso that in the event of any serious difference of opinion arising between the two persons in the conduct of the paper, reference should be made to an arbitrator—either Mr. W. H. Wills, formerly of *Household Words*, or Mr. J. R. Robinson being requested to act in that capacity—the arbitrator's decision to be final. Arbitration if necessary.

When I returned to England I brought back with me a draft prospectus of the new paper, the whole of which, with the exception of one paragraph, was Grenville Murray's idea. I subjoin it:

THE WORLD.

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Will be published on WEDNESDAY* *the 8th of* JULY 1874, *and every succeeding Week.*

Some men of letters purpose to create a periodical of a sort hitherto unknown in this great country.

They expect an ample remuneration for their work, and will give the public solid value for its money.

The price of the phenomenon now introduced to society will be sixpence. The Prospectus.

The World will be an amusing chronicle of current history, divested of the nonsense which has hitherto stuck like treacle to public business, so that apparently it could not be touched with clean hands.

The World will contain a summary of everything worth notice in literature, art, and society; and will, for a just consideration, print advertisements in a new and striking form.

Politics, and even Parliamentary proceedings deserving of

* My selection of Wednesday as day of publication was very lucky; for on Saturday, the alternative day, Messrs. Smith's bookstalls are entirely occupied.

attention, will sometimes be discussed from any point of view from which there is a clearer prospect, or less of fog, than is usual. They will be good-naturedly removed from that queer eminence to which they have been hoisted by official vanity and departmental advertisements; they will be restored in safety to the proper place which good sense assigns them in the concerns of nations; they will be made intelligible to rational persons, over whose minds at present they have little authority and less influence.

The World will recognise women as a reasonable class of the community, whose interests should be equitably considered, and their errors explained without levity or hysterics.

An Acrostic will be composed weekly to promote female education, and be printed conjointly with an elegant Essay suitable for mature ladies of quality.

The World will publish that rarest of all things—candid reviews of good books, good plays, good pictures, and discoveries in science; treating them as the natural expression of the highest form of intellect, and actually bestowing honest praise on living genius.

The World will give the latest intelligence from the Turf, the Hunting-field, and the Stock Exchange, and will vastly surprise those who are wont to look upon Sport and City in their conventional aspect.

The World will publish entertaining Fictions without any admixture of twaddle; and the first of its serial tales will be a Novel of Society, by a New Writer born in Grosvenor Square expressly to delight Belgravia.

The World has pleasant tidings for the Court and the Aristocracy. It will receive contributions from people of rank who know anything worth communicating, and who can write a legible hand. The spelling and grammar of nobility will be corrected; and manuscripts, when done with, will be discreetly buried at midnight during a thunderstorm, in order that the capital sin of possessing intellect may never be brought home to anybody.

All Articles which appear in *The World* will be paid for at the highest rates current for the best literature.

Accounts with contributors to *The World* will be settled

every week; and it is confidently believed that this inducement alone will be sufficient to secure a steady literary support from the great officers of state in a land whose peers and officials are among the keenest of customers.

Fair in its criticism, plain in its language, honourable in its intentions, written throughout by gentlemen and scholars —such will be *The World*, which is now presented to the public as an experiment wholly new in journalism.

This prospectus I had at once printed and circulated amongst the various newspaper offices and such people as I thought interested by it. It was generally voted very clever and extremely impudent. The prospectus was also inserted as an advertisement in the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and a few other journals, but I do not think I have ever paid more than seventy pounds for advertising *The World* from its first number to the present day. Announcement.

Now as to the contributors. Some six or seven years previously, a young gentleman, Mr. T. H. S. Escott, then fresh from Oxford, had called upon me at the Post Office with a letter of introduction from Tom Hood, and had intimated his desire for furnishing me with some articles for *Temple Bar*. These articles had been written and approved of; and though I had not seen much of my young friend for some time, I had sufficient remembrance of his special gifts to induce me to beg for his collaboration in my new venture. I had also sent a prospectus to Mr. Henry Labouchere, with whom I Contributors. Mr. Escott. Mr. Labouchere.

had a slight acquaintance, and whose services as a literary free-lance might, I thought, be utilised. Some days after, I saw Mr. Labouchere on the Cup Day at Ascot, seated on the box of a coach. I asked him if he had heard from me, and he said, "O, yes," adding that "he thought the programme was very funny."

"But," I said, "will you help us in carrying it out—will you be one of us?"

"You don't mean to say," he replied, "that you actually mean to start a paper of the kind set forth?"

I told him most assuredly we did, and that we wanted his assistance. He laughed more than ever, and said he would let me know about that. A few days after I heard from him, proposing to write a series of City articles, which he actually commenced in the second number.

Amongst my earlier contributors were Dr. Birkbeck Hill, whose literary work is now well known and highly esteemed; the Earl of Winchilsea, who through the first three months of our existence obliged me with some excellent articles on racing and the turf generally; M. Camille Barrère, an old acquaintance of mine, now French Minister in Egypt, then an exile in England, a man, as he has subsequently shown, of great ability, who writes our language with as much precision as he speaks it. His first article, on the "Communists in London," was

Other contributors.

full of novel and interesting information. Valuable assistance was also received from Mrs. Lynn Linton, who contributed to the first number an article entitled "Jezebel *à la Mode*," written very much in her well-known "Girl of the Period" style; F. I. Scudamore, who from our commencement almost to the day of his death was a most welcome contributor, and whose "Songs of the Session" are amongst his very best work. Mr. Archibald Forbes and Mr. J. Comyns Carr soon rallied to the standard. Mr. Herman Merivale's contributions were in verse, though he afterwards sent me a series of prose articles; and Mr. Mortimer Collins, completely seizing upon the ideas intended to be conveyed in the prospectus, distilled them for the first number into a sparkling set of verses, which I am tempted to give:

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

A TRILOGY.

Lo, here our banner unfurled,
We are ready for tourney or revel;
What in the world says the World
Of the World and the Flesh and the Devil?

THE WORLD.

The World! God made it, and fair it is;
Ah, why do we spoil it—why?
It is not merely the splutter of fizz,
Or the lurid light of a wicked eye;
'Tis the world of men who are true and strong,
The world of women both sweet and fair;
And the men of the world who sway the throng
Breathe healthful air.

The World! where Science and Art alert
Have ample space of elbow-room;
Where Fashion, the gay minx, comes to flirt,
Chasing away all forms of gloom;
Where Genius easily finds his way,
And leads the life of the rapid hour;
For the World is wiser grown to-day,
And bends to power.

Beautiful World! we will mirror you—
Catch every beauty, each gay caprice,
The ladies' latest changeable hue,
The fanciful follies that cannot cease,
Political epigram, opera-song,
The poet's madness, the bride's soft tear:
All these things to the World belong—
You'll find them here.

The Flesh.

Youth, tell thy dream: is it indeed a glory
To waste thy appetite on husks of swine?
Read in an ancient book an old, old story;
True, though some cavillers deem it not divine.

Youth, in this day of fastness, wildly fast is;
The model editor who writes for youth
Follows (a long way off) Ecclesiastes,
And modestly attempts to preach the truth.

He says, 'Although in thee the innate sin burn
Which bother'd me and many other wights,
Don't spend your mornings gloating over Swinburne,
And don't stay out so very late o' nights.

You haven't got Jack Falstaff's sterling sinew;
These weaker days have made you weakling cubs:
If to stay up to midnight you continue,
I'll hint to Mr. Cross to close the Clubs.'

Thus the new Solomon: *experto crede*,
His prototype was caught in many a mesh;
Youth, if you'd not be permanently seedy,
Eschew the gross temptations of the flesh.

THE DEVIL.

The Devil of old was Lucifer,
Bearer of light to the central Throne;
He set rebellious fire astir;
He fell with a groan.

Now Lucifer seems to have had his day;
He's out of the firm, and takes his ease,
And his junior partner comes in to play—
Mephistopheles.

The Devil who simpers, and sneers, and grins
Reviews in the *Saturday*, does his worst
To make great crimes of our smaller sins—
A Fiend accurst.

Let us kick him out, with an easy laugh,
From the rooms where our books and friends we meet,
And our afternoons of classic chaff,
Make life complete.

We'll have our picnics and kettledrums,
And lazy loiterings under the trees:
Be off, poor fiend, to the World's back slums,
Mephistopheles."

When we were eight months old a powerful reinforcement came to me in the person of Mr. Henry W. Lucy, whose admirable parliamentary sketches, "Under the Clock," instantly commanded attention. For a year the dramatic criticisms were

More contributors.

my work; but as soon as Mr. Dutton Cook was free from the engagement which he then held for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was good enough to relieve me of the duties, which he discharged until his lamented death just twelve months ago. Mr. E. S. Dallas joined us early, and was a frequent and valued contributor. The first serial novel in *The World*, "A Decree Nisi," was written by me; my successors have been Mr. Wilkie Collins, Messrs. Rice and Besant with "The Golden Butterfly," perhaps their *chef-d'œuvre*, Miss Braddon, Major Hawley Smart, Mrs. Forrester, and others. *The World*, too, supplies the only instance in my memory in which a journal was honoured by the *Times* with the quotation of an article in full, the name of the publication being given with a couple of laudatory lines of introduction. The article in question was called "Modern Cavalry," and was written by Colonel Valentine Baker.

Issue of No. 1.

But I am unduly advancing my story. The first number of *The World* appeared on the 8th July 1874, and was not received with any strongly emphasised welcome. Its sale, indeed, was very limited, and its advertisements were practically nil. Mr. Grenville Murray had a strong belief in the *réclame* system so common in France, by which an advertiser's name and object for advertising are judiciously mixed up with a pointed anecdote or telling sketch. He was most anxious that this system should be introduced

by us, and it was accordingly tried, but proved the direst failure. The British commercial interests failed to see the point of the joke, and looked upon the mixing up of practical trade announcements and insinuating fiction as "barefaced impudence" and "regular humbug," so that after a trial of two or three weeks they were abandoned.

Attempt at introducing the *réclame*.

But no other advertisers came in their places, and for several weeks the sale of the numbers was infinitesimally small. At the same time all judges of journalism allowed the new aspirant to be bright, clever, and entirely original. Mr. Grenville Murray's large knowledge of men and cities found scope in his "Portraits in Oil," and in his articles commenting on current events abroad and at home; Mr. Escott's political articles, pointed and incisive, at once made their mark; while Mr. Labouchere was dealing with City matters in a way in which they had never been dealt before, and ruthlessly attacking and denouncing Mr. Sampson, the City editor of the *Times*, whose position and virtue had hitherto been considered impregnable.

Notable articles.

All these features, with the excellence of the paper and printing and general appearance of the Journal, received due appreciation from our provincial *confrères* and the "trade;" but as yet they seemed to have made no impression on the public. We were in the desperate position of having a good

Unappreciated.

article to sell without the power of making that fact known; nine-tenths of the newspaper-buying public had absolutely no knowledge of our existence; and, although my partner and I had each subscribed another hundred pounds to the capital fund, a couple of thousand pounds would not have been too much to have expended in judicious advertising.

At last, and just in the nick of time, we obtained the requisite public notice, and without paying anything for it. A stockbroker, a member of the Stock Exchange, who conceived himself likely to be attacked for certain practices by Mr. Labouchere in the City article, threatened to horsewhip that gentleman should such observations appear, and Mr. Labouchere had the would-be assailant brought before the Lord Mayor for threatening to commit a breach of the peace. The case was really a trivial one, and it was settled by the defendant being bound over in sureties for his good behaviour. But it had been argued at full length, each side being represented by eminent lawyers. Mr. Thesiger, Q.C., afterwards a Lord Justice of Appeal, appeared for the defendant, and Mr. George Lewis for Mr. Labouchere. A great deal was said about *The World* and its determination to purge Capel Court of all engaged in iniquitous dealings, and all that was said was reported at length in the daily papers, and *verbatim* in our next issue. The effect was instantaneous; the circulation rose at

Just in time.

once, and the next week showed a very large increase of advertisements.

More satisfactory still was the result of another legal case. A series of articles exposing the tricks of West End usurers, stripping them of their fancy titles, and giving their real names and occupations, had created a considerable amount of interest, and led to much correspondence between *The World* office and parents and others in charge of youth. Two of the fraternity, whom it is not now necessary to name, instituted proceedings against *The World* for libel. The case came on in the Guildhall police-court before Alderman Sir Thomas Gabriel, the plaintiffs being represented by Mr. Montagu Williams and Mr. Douglas Straight, while Mr. George Lewis appeared for the Journal. Mr. Montagu Williams had not held the Treasury briefs in those days, and was much better in defence, to which he was more accustomed, than attack, while Mr. Douglas Straight had nothing to do but shake his head in a Lord Burleigh-like manner at the impressive observations of his leader.

A lucky prosecution.

The case was adjourned; and on the second day Mr. Serjeant Parry struggled earnestly and impressively, but without the least chance of success, to convince the presiding magistrate and the public, which thronged the court, with the sense of our iniquity. On the contrary, Mr. George Lewis's keen cross-

Mr. George Lewis's triumph.

examination had dragged forth the disclosure of such damaging facts on behalf of the plaintiffs that it seemed to be generally admitted that in commenting on their proceedings *The World* deserved encouragement rather than reprobation. The case was dismissed, and we left the court amid hearty cheers from the persons who were assembled outside.

The value of the proviso in my agreement with Mr. Murray, referring matters in dispute to an arbitrator, was proved soon after this. In a few weeks Mr. Murray, always writing splendidly, began to attack his old foes Lord Derby and Mr. Bidwell of the Foreign Office. I ventured a remonstrance, and the attacks ceased, to be resumed very shortly with increased virulence. Exercising my power, I struck out some strong expressions; Mr. Murray protested. A very strong article I suppressed. Then ensued a long correspondence; and as the impossibility of continuing the "dual control" seemed to be evident, we agreed that Mr. Murray should retire from the partnership, the amount to be paid him for his original advance (350*l.*) being, in the then circumstances and prospects of the Journal, assessed by a professional valuer at 3000*l.* From the beginning of 1875 *The World* has been my sole property, and under my sole management.

My foresight.

Dissolution of partnership.

Undoubtedly one of the most attractive features of *The World* is the series of "Celebrities at Home;"

of which nearly four hundred specimens have already appeared, and which seems to be practically inexhaustible. Granting the correctness of Sir Henry Taylor's assertion, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," it had always been my idea that an introduction might be acceptable to both parties. The silly idea that any system of espionage would be practised, that admission into houses would be unduly obtained, and that there would be a general disclosure of skeletons in cupboards, was at once set at rest. By the regulations laid down and insisted upon from the first, that no person should be made the subject of one of these articles without his or her consent having been previously obtained, and without full liberty, if they wished it, to inspect the article in proof before it was published—with these safeguards, and with a jealous care that the spirit with which they had been written should always be maintained, it appears to me that, for the historian of the future, these articles will supply a want which must have been keenly felt by the Macaulays and the Froudes; will enable our descendants to picture to themselves all the exact social surroundings and daily lives and labours, the habits and manners, the dress and appearance, of the men of mark in the present day, such as is inadequately afforded even by the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, or the letters of Walpole. In these articles are discharged the functions

The series "Celebrities at Home."

of a Boswell, with a thousand patrons instead of one; and as the wondrous biography written by the Laird of Auchinleck interests us less from being the record of Johnson's sledge-hammer dicta or profound philosophical opinions, than as the description of his daily life and personal habits, the strange household nourished by his charity, his tricks of post-touching and tea-drinking, his general method of tossing and goring all those differing from him in opinion, so I think it will be found that the historian of the future will turn aside from volumes of Hansard and files of polemical journals to find closer information about his heroes in these descriptive essays.

Boswell's work.

With the exception of our Most Gracious Majesty, there is scarcely a personage of importance in the present day who does not find a niche in this series. On applying to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, intimating that the task of sketching him in his Sandringham home would, if permission were granted, be confided to Mr. Archibald Forbes, the Prince accorded immediate consent, with the remark that he had pleasant personal acquaintance with Mr. Forbes, and could well trust himself in his hands. On the appearance of the article, his Royal Highness was pleased to express his full approval of it. Introduced by Sir Arthur Sullivan to the Duke of Edinburgh, I received his Royal Highness's gracious permission for his inclusion in the series; and the Duke of Cam-

"Royalties" at home.

bridge was also good enough to allow himself to sit as a subject.

The leading members of nearly every reigning family in Europe, presidents and statesmen of the French and American Republics, army and navy officers, poets, peers, publicists, leaders in all kinds of sport, members of the Bar and lights of the pulpit, owners, jockeys, and trainers of racehorses, nearly every one who has played a conspicuous part in our times, will be found fully described.

More than ten years have elapsed since *The World* came into existence, more than eight since its unparalleled success was assured. The causes of that success are easily explained. It was in the summer of 1874 that the first specimen of *The World* was presented to the public. If the prophets had been true it would have been very nearly a solitary issue. It was an entirely novel experiment, and for this reason it was pronounced to be, in some quarters, a desperate one. Others, again, recognised in it a return to the vilest usages of literary antiquity, and pronounced that the spirit of the *Age* and the *Satirist* had once more assumed typographical shape. All, or most, of the critics and the seers were agreed that the venture had not in it a month's vitality; that the public would resent the impertinence of its articles, its paragraphs, and its methods generally, as an insult; that it was an importation of the worst prin-

Cause of our success.

The prophets at fault.

ciples of American journalism into this country; and that it was, in a word, un-English. But four weeks passed away; we gradually came to reckon our age by months; none of the sinister vaticinations were fulfilled. As a matter of fact *The World* was less than half a year old when it was an assured success.

From that time to this its record has been one of continued, increasing, and confirmed prosperity—a record on which, however gratifying it may be to myself, my readers might fairly charge me with tedious egotism if I were particularly to dwell. *The World*, in fact, which was first pronounced a mischievous and perishable excrescence, is now an institution. Instead of a print that English society would never tolerate, would trample under foot, would cause to be burned by the common hangman, it is a Journal as necessary to society in the capital and in the provinces, in town and country, at home and abroad, within and outside the four seas, as those vast broadsheets which are the contemporary chroniclers of humanity and its doings from day to day. Much of the secret of its success is to be found in its loyalty to the full scope of its title. It has never been unmindful of the wants and interests of every section of the English community. True to its name, it has addressed itself *urbi et orbi*. "A Journal for Men and Women," there has been infused into its columns an

Become a necessity.

element of human interest to which it had been previously supposed that women at least were indifferent. For the first time, ladies—who, in publications which claimed to consult feminine idiosyncrasies exclusively, were hitherto obliged to be content with recipes for cookery, hints for illness, precepts for the nurture and training of infants, patterns for needlework, and mild facetiæ culled from the columns of would-be comic prints—now found a Journal which, proclaiming that it would not ignore them, interpreted their real wants, and supplied them too.

It is this adaptation of its contents to the necessities of the time, and to the various conditions of society; it is the actuality which has refused mechanically to accept purely conventional estimates of public feeling, that has enabled *The World* to secure, and then to retain, the favour of an immense body of readers. The letters which reach me from every part of the world convey the pleasant consciousness that *The World* succeeds in giving a social and political record, whose truth is as instinctively recognised at the Antipodes as within the sound of Big Ben. There is no quarter of the globe which the paper fails to penetrate, and the reason is that each successive number as it appears provides a faithful epitome, a genuine concentration and amalgam of what those of our countrymen and countrywomen, the officers and civilians, their wives and daughters living under a

foreign sun, want to know; of what they would actually hear and see if they were at home.'

To provide this is a difficult and frequently, from the subject-matter with which it is necessary to deal, a delicate task. It must be well, wholesomely, and carefully done, or it had better not be done at all. That the public appreciate the manner in which it is performed is shown by the exceptional support given to our efforts in the direction pointed out.

INDEX.

A'BECKET, Gilbert, his *Almanack of the Month* quoted, i. 19; i. 279; ii. 142, 153.
Absolon, the painter, i. 145.
Accident on the Paris and Versailles Railway, i. 43.
Achenbach, Andreas and Oswald, i. 74.
Actors at Brompton, i. 233.
Adam Bede, ii. 167.
Addison, Miss Laura, i. 185.
Addle Hill, i. 121.
Adelaide Gallery, i. 135-6.
Adelphi Theatre, taken by my father and Daniel Terry, i. 7; Terry retires, i. 9; my father is joined by Charles Mathews, i. 9; our residence at, i. 13; melodramas, i. 14; visitors at, i. 27; "Adelphi drama," i. 31; i. 175; Wright the comedian, i. 197-203; *The Green Bushes*, 198; Paul Bedford, 199-200; half-price, 200; Madame Celeste as stage-directress, i. 201; Buckstone's dramas, i. 202; farces, i. 203; *Black-Eyed Susan* performed, i. 295.
Adelphi Theatre (the new), ii. 42; I write an introductory sketch for, ii. 42-3.
Admirable Crichton, The, i. 212.
Advertiser, The, i. 295.
After Office Hours, ii. 64.
Agnes St. Aubyn, the Wife of Two Husbands, i. 22, 56.
Ainsworth, Harrison, i. 24, 222, 224.
Ainsworth's Magazine, i. 222, 224.
Aladdin, i. 190.
Alberic Second, ii. 178.
Albert Memorial, inauguration of, ii. 78.
Albion, The, i. 156-7; I dine there with Dickens, ii. 120.
Alboni, i. 180.
Alexandria, i. 110, 113.
Alfred Club, ii. 2.
Ali Baba, i. 190.
Allen, a tenor, i. 194.
All the Year Round, i. 117, 223; ii. 49, 57, 215, 217, 234, 241, 242, 248, 253, 254, 259, 270.
Almack's, I obtain the *entrée* to, i. 134.
Alpha Road, i. 127.
Alsager, Mr., i. 308.
Amateur Pantomime performed at the Olympic, i. 271; the *Times* critique on, i. 271-6; its success, i. 277; repeated before the Queen and the Prince Consort at Drury Lane, *ib.*; receipts of the latter handed to the Royal Naval Female School, *ib.*; bare thanks of Wellington College for proceeds of a second performance, *ib.*
Ambrose's portrait of my father, i. 6.
America Revisited, i. 312.
Amy Robsart, i. 186.
Andersen, Hans Christian, ii. 142.
Anderson, James, at Drury Lane, i. 185 at the Haymarket, i. 187.
Anderson, John, ii. 81.
Anderson, Sam, i. 214.
Ansted, D. T., ii. 63.
Anstey, Chisholm, i. 151.
Anstey, Lieut., ii. 282.
Anything for a Change, i. 191.
Appeal to the Public, An, i. 191.
Appleton, Nathan, ii. 260.
Arabin, Richard, i. 240 note; ii. 8.
Arban, a cornet-player, i. 137.
Arcedeckne, Andrew, i. 236 note; seconded my election to the Garrick, ii. 2; ii. 8, 16; his revenge on Thackeray, ii. 16, 17 note.
Archer, Thomas, i. 335; ii. 106.
Arden, Joseph, ii. 8.
"Are ye Williams?" i. 99.
Argyll, Duke of, Postmaster-General, i. 102.
Argyll Rooms, i. 137.
Army and Navy Club, ii. 1.
Armytage, Sir George, i. 236 note, 242, 247, 251; ii. 8.
Arnold, Matthew, i. 300; at the Dickens banquet, ii. 113.
Arnold, Mr., first published *The World*, ii. 316.
Arnould, Mr. (now Sir Joseph), i. 288.
Artful Cards, i. 165.
Artful Dodge, The, i. 204.
Arthur Hargrave, or the Uniform of Foolscap, i. 285.
Arthur's Club, ii. 1.
Artists' General Benevolent Fund, banquet in aid of, ii. 72; called on by Dickens to respond for the Volunteers at, *ib.*
Ashurst, Mr., i. 105.
Athenæum Club, ii. 1.
Athenæum, The, critique of on my first book, i. 255; ii. 86.
Atlas, The, its critique on my first book, i. 255.
Auberge des Adrets, L', i. 208.
Auerbach, Berthold, ii. 279.

"Aunt Sally," i. 216, 217.
Auriol, Mdlle., i. 195.
Auriol, prince of French clowns, i. 141.
Aurora Floyd, ii. 64, 172.
Austin, Alfred, ii. 63; his contributions to *Temple Bar*, *ib.*; accompanies us to Switzerland, ii. 64; his care and devotion during my illness there, ii. 65; his view of my first novel, ii. 85.
Austin, Wiltshire S., i. 330; ii. 59, 63.
Autobiography, Trollope's, ii. 222, 223, 229.
Azael the Prodigal, i. 185.

Baden, a visit to, i. 287.
Bad Lot, A, ii. 253-4 note, 259, 270.
Baird, Mr. George (of St. Petersburg), ii. 297, 299.
Baker, Colonel Valentine, ii. 326; his article in *The World*, "Modern Cavalry," quoted in full by the *Times*, *ib.*
Baker, John Strange, i. 93; what he taught me, i. 94; his official style, *ib.*; i. 215.
Balaclava Charge, ii. 79.
Balfe, i. 181.
Ballads of Bon Gaultier, i. 12, 14.
Ballads of Policeman X, ii. 11.
Ballantine, Serjeant, i. 170, 239 note; ii. 29, 192.
Ballet-girl, The, i. 243.
Ballet, The, i. 179.
Balls's Alamode Beef House, i. 120.
Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 242.
Barcarole, The, i. 194.
"Bardolph of Brasenose," ii. 4.
Barham, i. 19.
Barlow, Arthur Pratt, i. 240 note; ii. 54.
"Barlow Papers," The, i. 320.
Barrère, Camille, ii. 322; a contributor to *The World*, ii. 323.
Barwell, F., ii. 282.
Bath, i. 248.
Baumann, i. 182.
Bayadères, Les, i. 29-30.
Bayly, Haynes, i. 19.
Baynes, Professor, i. 288.
Beaconsfield, Lord, ii. 138; my introduction to him, *ib.*; changes in Brighton since his young days, ii. 139; his opinion as to the qualifications of the editor of the *Times*, ii. 139-40; our talk of Dickens, who sat next to him at dinner at Lord Stanhope's, ii. 140; charmed with Dickens, *ib.*; an opinion, ii. 141.
Beard, Mr. Frank, ii. 118.
Beatty-Kingston, ii. 282-3, 297.
Becher, Lady (Miss O'Neil), i. 279.
Becker, Bernard H., visits Sir Rowland Hill for a "Celebrity at Home" paper, ii. 227-8.
Bedford Chapel, ii. 68-9.
Bedford, Paul, as Blueskin, i. 15; at Dublin, i. 56; i. 199, 201, 289; ii. 43.
Bedouin, a, selling his horse, i. 114.
Beer, Julius, ii. 241.
Behan, Thomas, i. 240 note.
Belfast Northern Whig, ii. 72; my obituary notice of Thackeray in, ii. 81.
Belgians, King of the, at Volunteer Review, ii. 47; dining at Lord Houghton's, ii. 121.
Belknap, Mr., ii. 263.
Bell, Jacob, i. 296.
Bell, Robert, i. 255; ii. 8, 27.
Bellew, Rev. John Montesquieu, ii. 54; I improve his acquaintance, ii. 61; contributes to *Temple Bar*, *ib.*; my neighbour in the Abbey Road, ii. 66; his advice to Fechter, *ib.*; he was much misunderstood, ii. 67; his good qualities and weakness, *ib.*: my intimacy with him, ii. 67-8; "Poetry on Wheels," ii. 68; in the pulpit, ii. 68-9; his popularity at St. Mark's and at Bedford Chapel, ii. 69; he joins the Church of Rome, *ib.*; accompanies us to Stratford, ii. 72; leave-taking, ii. 241.
Bender, i. 207.
Benedict, i. 253.
Benjamin, Mr., Q.C., ii. 133, 135.
Bennett, "Billy," i. 131.
Bennett, Charles H., i. 318, 329.
Bennett, George, i. 211.
Bennett, James Gordon (*père*), ii. 237.
Bennett, James Gordon, ii. 259; I engage with him as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, ii. 271-2; wishes me to attend General Grant's inauguration, ii. 273; interview with him in Paris, ii. 277; determines on a great *coup* at the opening of the Vienna Exhibition, ii. 278; his final instructions, ii. 281; sends me on a tour through Germany, ii. 289; then to Ireland, ii. 290; and to Madrid, ii. 290-5; commissions me to report marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh at St. Petersburg, ii. 295-6; sends me a special letter of thanks for my account, ii. 303; no more time at his disposal, ii. 304; a pleasant close to my engagement with him, ii. 304.
Bennett, Miss Julia, i. 131.
Bentley, Mr., my introduction to, i. 254; purchases *Temple Bar*, ii. 90; I edit the magazine for him for a twelvemonth, *ib.*
Bentley's Miscellany, my first tale-essay in, i. 254.
Berlioz, Hector, i. 184.
Bernard, Bayle, i. 217.
Bernhardt, Sarah, i. 209.
Berry, Miss, i. 180, note.
Berthollini's, i. 153-4.
Bethell, Mr., Q.C. (afterwards Lord Westbury), i. 66.
Bethell, Richard, i. 66; ii. 133.
Bethell, Sir Richard, ii. 133; good story of, told by Sir A. Cockburn, ii. 133-4.
Bethell, Slingsby, i. 66.
Beverly, William, i. 192, 238 note; illus-

trates Albert Smith's entertainments, i. 226-7; i. 243; decorates Egyptian Hall and illustrates my show, ii. 74.
Bidwell, John, i 241; played Harlequin in the Amateur Pantomime, i. 271.
Bihin, M., a Belgian giant, i. 24, 30.
Biletta, i. 253.
Billing, Dr., i. 58, 130.
Billingsgate, fish ordinary at, i. 156.
Binge, John, "The Singing Mouse," i. 135.
Bixby, D., ii. 275.
Black Eyed Susan, i. 294-5.
Black Sheep, i. 192; ii. 85.
Black, Thomas, Captain of the P. & O. steamer Euxine, i. 112; my intimate friendship with, *ib.*; staying with him, ii. 85.
Blanc, Louis, i. 253.
Blanchard, E Forster, i. 330.
Blanchard, E L, i. 307.
Bland, James, i. 189.
Bleak House, i. 154.
Blessington, Lady, i. 194; her novels, i. 40; in the Park, i. 147; her death, i. 246; ii. 237.
Blomfield, Charles James, Bishop of London, i. 68.
"Blue Chamber," The, ii. 289.
Blue Posts, The, i. 161.
Blunt, Rev. Henry, i. 37.
Bob Croft's, i. 162-3.
Boehm's statuette of Thackeray, ii. 240.
Bogue, Mr., i. 243, 254; publishes my first book, i. 255; wishes to engage me for a new *magazine*, i. 259; chief proprietor of the *Illustrated Times*, i. 277; ii. 317.
Bohemians at Düsseldorf, i. 74.
Bolland, William, i. 238 note.
Bompas, Mr. Serjeant, i. 127.
Bonsoir, Signor Pantalon, i. 310.
Boodle's Club, ii. 1.
Book of Snobs, The, ii. 11, 16.
Book-reviewing, i. 286; funny story in connection with, i. 286-7 note.
Boothby, Sir William, i. 188.
Borrani (*né* Borrigan), Mr., i. 181.
Borthwick (now Sir), Algernon, i. 294.
Boscastle, I pioneer telegraphy to, ii. 215.
Bosjesmen, story of the, ii. 109.
Boston, lecturing at, ii. 260-1.
Boswell, ii. 157.
Boucicault, Dion, i. 222; ii. 259, 275.
Boucicault, Mrs., ii. 275.
Bouffé, i. 209.
Boutwell, Mr., ii. 263.
Bowlby, Thomas W., i. 240 note.
Box and Cox, i. 191.
Bradbury & Evans, i. 282-3, 302, 304, 321, 322; Dickens quarrels with, ii. 97; ii. 162.
Braddon, Miss M. E., her first contribution to *Temple Bar*, ii. 63; an earlier effort in the Christmas Number of the *Welcome Guest*, *ib.*; verses in *Temple Bar*, ii. 64; *Aurora Floyd*, *ib.*; writing *The Doctor's Wife*, ii. 83; her praise of *Broken to Harness*, ii. 86; her witty and amusing letters ii. 172; on sensational fiction, ii. 172-3; her novel for *The World*, ii. 326
Brady, Judge, ii. 258, 275.
Brahm, John, i. 25; part owner of the Colosseum, i. 144.
Brandram, Samuel, as Harlequin in the second Amateur Pantomime, i. 277.
Brasseur, Isidore, ii. 5.
Bredsford, Mr, manager of the New York Lecture Bureau, ii. 247; a business talk with, ii. 247; suggests an opening at Chicago, ii. 249; after a successful tour, he talks about the future, ii. 271; prepared to make me a distinct offer, ii. 271-2; bids me farewell, ii 275
Brenner, I pioneer the Indian mail route over the, i. 110.
Brevoort House, The, ii. 245; hearty reception from Mr. Waite there ii. 246.
Bridgeman, John V., i. 319, 329; ii. 41.
Bridport, ii. 38-9.
Bright, John, ii. 89.
Brighton, Dr. Yates's long residence at, i. 2; its coaches and their "whips," i. 48; Brill's Bath at, i 137; runs to in early married days, i. 252; a holiday there in '55, i. 280; an appointment with Mr. Ingram at the New Ship, i. 323; I am introduced to Lord Beaconsfield at, ii. 138; changes at, ii. 139.
Brindisi, my trip to, i. 110.
Bristol Restaurant, i. 153.
Britannia Theatre, i. 175.
British Bohemia, i. 299; Thackeray's description of, i. 300-1; my entrance into, i. 301.
"British Parliament," The, ii. 259.
Broadstairs, Dickens's love of, i. 259.
Broken to Harness, first instalment of in *Temple Bar* for March '64, ii. 85; encouragement during its progress, *ib.*; published in three volumes: criticisms thereon, ii. 86; the "Pretty Horsebreaker" a new character in fiction, ii. 86-7; Dickens's praise, ii. 87.
Brooke, Gustavus Vaughan, i. 204; the best Othello I have seen, *ib.*; his other characters, i. 205; his death, *ib.*
Brooks's, ii. 1.
Brooks, Charles Shirley, i. 158; his first contribution to *Punch*, *ib.*; his successes at the Lyceum, i. 190-1; a story told by, i. 202; critic for the *Chronicle*, i. 217; member of the Fielding, i. 240 note; i. 246, 266, 270; on the staff of *Punch*, i. 282; his previous attack on that paper, i. 282-3; i. 285, 304; asked him for novel for *Temple Bar*, ii. 83; succeeds

Brooks, Charles Shirley:
Mark Lemon in the editorship of *Punch*, ii. 143; his early days and literary struggles, ii. 144; appointed as summary-writer to the *Morning Chronicle*, ii. 144-5; commissioned to Russia, Asia Minor, and Egypt, ii. 145; his great value to *Punch*, *ib.*; his verses and "Essence of Parliament," ii. 145-7; his humour, ii. 147-8; appearance and manner of life, ii. 148-9; his last days, ii. 149.
Broome, Sir Frederick Napier, ii. 298; his excellent work on the *Times*, ii. 299.
Brotherton, Mrs., ii. 63.
Brough, Robert, i. 279; my collaborater in *Our Miscellany*, i. 289; i. 312; his start in life, and his work, i. 314; his character and radicalism, i. 315; work on the *Comic Times*, i. 320; contributes to the *Train*, i. 328-9, 334; editor of the *Welcome Guest*, ii. 41; his death, ii. 55.
Brough, William, i. 312; his appearance, i. 318; sub-editor of the *Comic Times*, *ib.*; i. 319; his search for a capitalist, i. 325-6; i. 328.
Brougham, John, ii. 275.
Brummell, Beau, i. 180 note.
Brunton, Colonel Richard, i. 42; spoken of by Lord Cardigan, ii. 79.
Brunton, Elizabeth, i. 9.
Brunton, John (my grandfather), i. 9; my holidays spent with him, i. 38-9.
Brunton, Louisa, married to Earl of Craven, i. 9.
Brunton, Richard, i. 9.
Brüsseler Hof, The, i. 71.
Bubbles of the Day, i. 56, 187.
Buchanan, Robert, introduced by W. H. Wills, ii. 60-1; his contributions to *Temple Bar*, ii. 60-3.
Buckland, Tom, i. 240 note; i. 247.
Buckstone's dramas, i. 14; i. 32, 33; letter to my father, i. 33; i. 191, 199; his Adelphi dramas, i. 200; at Brompton, i. 233; ii. 108; an excellent *raconteur*, ii. 170; one of his good stories against himself, ii. 171; his sensibility in his later days, *ib.*
Buda-Pesth, my visit to, ii. 285.
Bull-fight, I witness a, ii. 293.
Bulwer, Sir E. L., ii. 15.
Bundy, Major, ii. 275.
Bunn, Alfred, i. 24; letter to my father, i. 25; Thackeray's sketch of him, *ib.*; visit to Paris, i. 30; i. 179; his operas, i. 181; his "Word with *Punch*," i. 282.
Burdett-Coutts, The Baroness, i. 68; ii. 165.
Burford's Panorama, i. 146.
Burnand, Francis Cowley, i. 189; his burlesque *Dido*, ii. 56; appointed editor of *Punch*, ii. 150; his *Happy Thoughts*, *ib.*
Burrows, Dr., ii. 53.
Burton, Decimus, i. 143.
Bury, Viscount, Colonel of Civil Service Rifles, ii. 44.
Butcher Hall Lane, i. 120.
Butler, Mrs. (now Mrs. Fanny Kemble), i. 194.
Butt, Mr., Q.C., M.P., ii. 290.
Byng, Frederick ("Poodle"), i. 134.
Byng, Hon. Edmund, my godfather, i. 12; his visits to the Adelphi, i. 27; his "rascally nephew, Edward Thynne," as a coachman, i. 49; has friends at the P.O., i. 85; description of, i. 128-9; his dress and eccentricities, i. 129; his liking for me, i. 129; his dinners, and his guests, i. 130-3; his butt, Baron de Feilitzer, i. 132.
Byron, Henry James, ii. 182.

Café de l'Europe, i. 153, 161.
Café de Paris, i. 244.
Café Royal, i. 153.
Cairo, my journey to, i. 114.
Calais, i. 111.
Calcraft, Captain Granby, ii. 16.
Calcraft, Mr. Henry, ii. 137.
Camaralzaman, i. 189.
Cambridge, The Duke of, as a "Celebrity at Home" in *The World*, ii. 332.
Camoys, Lord, ii. 133.
Campbell, Lord, i. 280
Camphausen, the German Landscer, i. 74.
Canning, Lord, Postmaster-General, i. 102.
Canning, Sir Stratford, ii. 310; caricatured by Grenville Murray as Sir Hector Stubble, *ib.*; his rage, ii. 311.
Cantelupe, Lord, i. 149.
Caplin, Dr., ii. 66.
Cardigan, Earl of, i. 42; his quarrels and duels, *ib.*; riding in the Park, i. 150; I meet him at dinner, ii. 79; spoke kindly of my uncle, Colonel Richard Brunton, *ib.*; attacks on him, and vindication of his character, *ib.*; his bravery, ii. 80.
Carlyle, Thomas, at Tavistock House, i. 280; a good story of him, ii. 166-7.
Caroline, Madame, i. 141; introduces habit-and-hat riding, *ib.*
Carpet-bag and Sketch-book, i. 243.
Carr, J. Comyns, ii. 323.
Carruthers, Dr., i. 285.
Carvajal, Senor, ii. 293.
Case, Mr. and Mrs. George, an entertainment for, ii. 43; my Volunteer song for Mrs. Case, *ib.*
Castaway, ii. 84, 216.
Castelar, Senor, ii. 293.
Castlereagh, Lord, i. 20.
Cathedral Hotel, i. 119; the waiter's gratitude to scale, *ib.*; an *habitué* there, i. 120.
Caux, Marquis de, ii. 300.
"Celebrities at Home" in *The World*, ii. 330-3.

Celebrities in the Park, i. 147-50.
Celeste, Madame, i. 63; stage-directress of the Adelphi, i. 201; her history, i. 202; her influence over Webster, *ib.*; ii. 108.
Cerito, i. 179.
Chain of Events, The, i. 193.
Chambers's Journal, I contribute to, i. 254.
Chaplin, Miss Ellen, i. 201.
Chappell, Arthur, ii. 113.
Charterhouse, our drill there, ii. 45; its master, *ib.*
Chartist riots, i. 43, 101.
Chenery, Mr., appointed to succeed Mr. Delane on the *Times*, ii. 139; his fitness for the post, ii. 139-40.
Chéri, Mdlle. Rose, i. 209.
Chertsey, trips to Albert Smith's cottage at, i. 253.
Chesterfield, Lord, i. 19.
Chicago, offers to lecture at, ii. 249; I go there, and lecture twice, ii. 254; find in the burnt city the framework for my "Doomsday Camp," *ib.*
Chief Clerk at the P.O., The, i. 86.
Chief Events of my Life:
My birth on July 3, 1831, i. 1.
Christened at Brompton Church, i. 11.
Childish memories of places and people, i. 22-6.
Elementary education, i. 28.
Preparatory school, i. 35.
Taint of the stage, i. 36-7.
My first genuine grief, i. 55.
I essay equitation, i. 66.
How should I earn my living? i. 68-9.
A year's instruction in French and German abroad, i. 69.
Happy days at Düsseldorf, i. 72.
How I learned German, i. 73.
Freedom, i. 74.
Mastery of German, i. 75.
I begin life in earnest, i. 82.
Appointed a clerk in the Secretary's Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, i. 82.
Enter the Post Office service, i. 83.
The old reproach of the Adelphi, i. 86.
Practical joking, i. 87-9.
Reported to Sir Rowland Hill, i. 91.
Omnibus days, i. 92.
A dangerous accomplishment, i. 93.
Assisting the Surveyor, i. 101.
Sent to Winchfield, i. 101.
Interview with Lord Stanley of Alderley: I show fight, i. 106-9.
I pioneer the Indian mail route over the Brenner, i. 110.
Go to Egypt in charge of the supplementary Indian mail, i. 110; the voyage, i. 112; arrive at Malta, i. 113; reach Alexandria, *ib.*; Anthony Trollope's letter to me there, *ib.*; journey to Cairo, i. 114; my return, i. 116.
Knocked up by my Hamburg trip, i. 117.
Chief Events of my Life:
Apply for the post of Postmaster-General of Malta, i. 125.
An improved scale of pay, i. 126.
Kindness of my godfather, the Hon. E. Byng, i. 130, 134.
I go to Almack's, i. 134.
My walks in the Park, and people I saw there, i. 147-51.
Equestrianism, rowing, and sparring, i. 172-4.
I "assist" at the *début* of Jenny Lind, i. 177-8.
Witness a State performance, i. 178.
On the free list of several theatres: plays and players, i. 185-212.
My longings for fame – and money, i. 217.
The influence of *Pendennis*, i. 218-9.
My fate is sealed, i. 219.
My first poem, i. 221.
My first engagement, i. 234.
Pendennis at last! i. 235.
Introduced to Albert Smith's friends: his brother Arthur, the Keeleys, J. H. Robins, J. L. O'Beirne, i. 229-35.
Delights of the Fielding Club, i. 235-42.
A short trip to Paris, i. 244-6.
My marriage, i. 247.
I become a householder, i. 249.
Break new literary ground, i. 254.
My first book, i. 255.
I become acquainted with Charles Dickens, i. 257.
My eldest son, Frederick Henry Albert, is christened, i. 259.
My intimate friendship with Frank Smedley, i. 259-64.
I publish *Mirth and Metre* conjointly with him, i. 265.
Removal to Doughty Street, i. 266; dull days there, i. 268-9.
I play the Lover in the Amateur Pantomime, i. 271-6.
Twin-sons are born to me, i. 280.
"Slumming" with Dickens, i. 285.
Appointed dramatic critic and reviewer of the *Daily News*, i. 285-6.
First appearance in *Household Words*, i. 289.
Dramatic writing, i. 289-90.
A "general good time," i. 295-8.
My entrance into British Bohemia, i. 299-302.
Early editorships, i. 303-38.
My "difficulty" with the Garrick Club, ii. 1-37.
Reasons for its publication, ii. 37.
A quiet holiday in Devon, ii. 38-9.
More dramatic work in collaboration with Herbert Harrington, ii. 41-3.
In the Volunteers, ii. 44-9.
I lose my old friend Albert Smith, ii. 51-4.
My mother's illness and death, ii. 54-5.

Chief Events of my Life:
Still at literary work, ii. 56-7.
Appointed assistant-editor of *Temple Bar*, ii. 58.
A tour to Switzerland; my illness there, ii. 64-5.
My intimacy with Fechter and Bellew, ii. 66-71.
Work on the *Belfast Northern Whig*, ii. 72.
My "Show" at the Egyptian Hall, ii. 73-8.
I reside at Mapesbury House, ii. 81.
Write *Broken to Harness* for *Temple Bar*: its success, ii. 85 7.
Offers for more novel-writing, ii. 87-8.
Death of my old friend Frank Smedley, ii. 89.
Work on the *Morning Star*, ii. 89.
Succeed Mr. Sala in the editorship of *Temple Bar*, ii. 90.
Resign this position, to edit *Tinsleys' Magazine*, ii 90.
My intimacy with Charles Dickens, ii. 91-4.
First visit to Gadshill, ii. 94-5.
My walks and talks with Dickens, ii. 104-5.
A holiday with him; visit to Rochester Theatre, ii. 108.
Always attended public dinners with him, ii. 111-12.
Leave-taking, ii. 114.
Recommendation from Dickens for the post of editor, ii. 114-15.
I engage on a lecturing tour in '69, ii. 116.
Meet Dickens at Leeds, ii. 116.
The last letter I received from him, ii. 122.
My ideas as to what hastened his death, ii. 124-7.
What Charles Dickens was to me, ii. 127-8.
My acquaintance with Sir Alexander Cockburn, ii. 129.
I dine with him at Hertford Street, *ib.*; tells me the story of the Palmer trial, ii. 130.
Another dinner with the Lord Chief, ii. 132-3.
My introduction to Lord Beaconsfield, ii. 138-40.
Recollections of *Punch* and its staff, ii. 141.
My lines to Planché, ii. 154-5.
Two stories of the old Duke of Wellington, ii. 155-7.
Letters from and diary-notes of Abraham Hayward, ii. 157-60.
John Forster's amiability to me, and his interest in *The World*, ii. 161-3.
Pleasant intercourse with Charles Reade, ii. 164.

Chief Events of my Life:
Mr. Martin Tupper's cordiality, ii. 165.
Introduction to George Eliot, ii. 167.
Intercourse with Mr. Delane, ii. 167-9.
My friendship with the Keeleys, Mr. Buckstone, Miss Braddon, E. A. Sothern, Charles Mathews, and Mortimer Collins, ii. 169-84.
Saw Jules Janin in life and in death, ii. 173-9.
Promoted to the head of the Missing Letter Branch of the Post Office, ii. 186.
My connection with leaders of the Bar, juniors, aldermen, sheriffs, and detectives, ii. 192 4.
Tracing a bank-note robbery, ii. 194 9.
Engaged with Mr. Scudamore in acquiring the telegraphs for the Post Office, ii. 199-204.
Strange experiences in connection with my duties, ii. 205-14.
Pleasant official journeys and country rambles, ii. 214-18.
Nobody's Fortune and *Castaway* written during a Cornwall trip, ii. 216.
An end to these pleasant times, ii. 218.
I am pensioned, ii. 221.
Entertained at a farewell dinner, ii. 221-2.
I continue my literary work and lecturing, ii. 234-6.
"Why not go to America?" ii. 236.
I work up my lectures, ii. 240.
Sail for New York, ii. 242.
On board the steamship Cuba, ii. 243-5.
Reception in New York, ii. 245-8.
First appearance before an American audience: criticisms on my lecture, ii. 249-53.
To Chicago, ii. 254.
Dine with the Liberal Club of New York, ii. 255.
Further lectures in New York, ii. 259.
Lectures at Newhaven, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, ii. 260-4.
On "grand tour": desperate weather; snowed up; visit Niagara and Montreal, ii. 266-70.
Received kindness everywhere, ii. 270.
Engagement with Mr. Bennett as correspondent for the *New York Herald*, ii. 271-2.
Describe General Grant's inauguration for the *Herald*, ii. 273.
Farewell entertainments in New York, ii. 274-5.
Home in the Calabria, ii. 275.
The harvest of my journey, ii. 275 6.
I go to Vienna to report the opening of the Exhibition; the cable messages a victory, ii. 278-84.
To Buda-Pesth Versailles, and in the wake of the Shah, ii. 285-8.

Chief Events of my Life:
A pleasant tour through Germany, ii. 289-90.
A journey through Ireland, ii. 290.
To Madrid: nearly shipwrecked, ii. 290-5.
Sent to St. Petersburg for the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding, ii. 295 303.
I tender my resignation to Mr. Bennett, which is accepted, and the connection pleasantly closed, ii. 304.
Had too much travel, ii. 305 6.
My ideas about a new journal, ii. 308.
I open my mind to Grenville Murray, ii. 315-16.
We arrange a partnership and start *The World*, ii. 316-18.
The venture at first not appreciated, ii. 327.
An assault case and a lucky prosecution, ii. 328-9.
I have to remonstrate with my partner, who retires, ii. 330.
I become in 1875 the sole proprietor of *The World*, ii. 330.
The Journal an assured success, ii. 333.
Chimney-sweeps, i. 49.
Chinese Exhibition at the St. George's Gallery, i. 146.
Chorley, i. 246, 253.
Christmas Carol, the, i. 218; ii. 99-100.
Christopher Tadpole, i. 243.
Cider Cellars Club, i. 235, 240 note; ii. 16.
Cider Cellars, The, i. 166-7; Ross's song ("Sam Hall"), i. 167.
City taverns, i. 155.
Civil Service Rifles, ii. 44; distinguished officers, *ib.*; drill at the Charterhouse, ii. 45; at the Lévee and Review, ii. 46-7; drills and brigade days, ii. 48; amateur performances, ii. 48 9; pleasant memories, ii. 49.
Clanricarde, Lord, i. 19; at the Adelphi, i. 27; Postmaster-General in Lord John Russell's ministry, i. 81; his kindness to me, i. 81-2; I call on him with my mother, i. 82; I receive my appointment in the Post Office, *ib.*; he leaves the Post Office, i. 100; his continued kindness, i. 101; his reply to my letter announcing my resignation, *ib.*; driving in the Park, i. 150.
Claret and Olives, i. 270; ii. 145.
Clark, Mr., ii. 192; ii. 282.
Clarke, Mr. (Clarke, Finmore, & Fladgate), i. 43; his kindness to me, *ib.*
Clarkson and Bodkin, the Old Bailey advocates, i. 120; at the Old Bailey, ii. 191.
Clayton, John Lloyd, ii. 6.
Clement Lorimer, i. 270.
Cloyne, Bishop of, ii. 290.
Clubs in London in '48, ii. 1.
Coal Hole, The, i. 165.
Cobden, Mr., i. 151.
Cobham Park, ii. 104.
Cock in Fleet Street, I dine with Dickens at, ii. 120.
Cockburn, Sir Alexander, at Mrs. Milner Gibson's, i. 253; at the Dickens banquet, ii. 113; I first meet him at Lady Fife's, ii. 129; I dine with him at his house in Hertford Street, *ib*; a model host, *ib.*; his wonderful story of the Palmer trial, ii. 130-1; a great compliment paid, ii. 131; an anecdote of the trial, ii. 131-2; I accompany him to one of Dickens's readings, ii. 132; another dinner in Hertford Street, ii. 132-3; his story of Sir R. Bethell, ii. 133-4; a good horse story, ii. 134-5; his opinion of his judicial brethren, ii. 135; two of his Bar stories, ii. 135-6; his love of music, ii. 136-7; *habitués* of his house, ii. 137; his smartness in repartee, *ib.*; his devotion to work, ii. 137-8; his death, ii. 138.
Cockburn, Captain, ii. 133.
Cocking, the aeronaut, i. 41.
Cocoa Tree Club, ii. 1.
"Codd Colonel," ii. 45.
Colchester, Lord, Postmaster-General, i. 102.
Coliseum, The, i. 143; the cornet in the Blues, the story about i. 144; owned by my father and John Braham, *ib.*; description of, *ib.*; the Cyclorama, i. 145.
Colley, Colonel, ii. 232.
Collier, i. 190.
Collins, Mortimer, my first meeting with him, ii. 60; a contributor to *Temple Bar*, ii. 60, 62; my regard and admiration for him, ii. 183; his lyrics, ii. 134; a poem of his, *ib.*; Longfellow's admiration for his lyrics, ii. 261; an early contributor to *The World*, ii. 323; his poem, "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil," ii. 323-5.
Collins, Wilkie, i. 216, 279; in "Men of Mark" in the *Train*, i. 337; supported me at the Garrick, ii. 27; Dickens's friendship for him, ii. 93; ii. 113, 172; writes a novel for *The World*, ii. 326.
Colman, George, i. 19.
Cologne, i. 71.
"Colonel Quagg's Conversion," i. 311.
Colonel, The, i. 189.
Colonnade in the Quadrant, i. 50.
Comic Times, my appointment as editor of, i. 303; i. 304; the staff, 305-19; the first number, i. 319; short lived, i. 320; hated at the *Illustrated News*, and cold-shouldered by Mark Lemon, *ib.*; wound up, i. 324; i. 326.
Comic Times Almanack, i. 321.
Commission of Inquiry into Post Office grievances, i. 125.
Compton, the actor, i. 206-7, 210.
Concordia, The, banquet given by, ii. 282-3.

Congreve match, i. 45.
Connaught, Duke of, at Buda-Pesth, ii. 285.
Connery, Mr., editor of the *New York Herald*, ii. 272.
Conroy, Sir John, i. 134.
Conservative Club, ii. 1.
Continental Restaurant, i. 153.
Cook, Douglas, ii. 144; original editor of the *Saturday Review*, ii. 215.
Cook, Dutton, at Abraham Solomon's, i. 296; his *Trials of the Tredgolds*, ii. 83; the dramatic critic of *The World*, ii. 326.
Cook, "Tippy," i. 211, 233; ii. 7.
Cooke, F., i. 191.
Cookesley, Rev. W. G., ii. 197.
Cool as a Cucumber, i. 192.
Cooper, Alfred, ii. 297.
Cooper, Charles, editor of the *Scotsman*, ii. 89.
Cooper, John, i. 131; Mr. Byng "down" upon him, i. 132; i. 185.
Copenhagen House, i. 39.
Copping, Mr., i. 288.
Cork, I "orate" before the Chamber of Commerce of, ii. 204.
Cornhill Magazine, The, i. 332; issued by Smith & Elder, ii. 57; Thackeray as editor, *ib.*; its immense success, ii. 58; ii. 230. 315.
Cornwall, Barry, i. 246.
Corry, Mr. Montagu, ii. 138; introduces me to Lord Beaconsfield, ii. 138-9.
Costa, Signor, i. 176, 180, 253.
Costume of the period of my youth, i. 46-7.
Cotterill, Edmond, ii. 5.
Cotton, Sir Vincent, i. 49.
Coulson, Walter, Q.C., ii. 6.
Court Journal, Mr. O'Beirne the editor of, i. 234; my first engagement on, *ib.*; Mr. Lumley its editor and proprietor, i. 235; I continue my contributions to, i. 246, 254-5.
Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell, i. 43; his defence, *ib.*
Cousin Cherry, i. 206.
Covent Garden Theatre, i. 175-6; Italian opera there, i. 179-81.
Coventry Club, ii. 2.
Cowell, Sam, i. 169, 186.
Cowes Week, I attend the, ii. 288.
Coxon, William, i. 251.
Coyne, Stirling, i. 217; his early connection with *Punch*, ii. 141.
Crampton, Sir Philip, i. 57.
Cranbourn Alley, i. 52.
Craven, Lady, i. 38.
Cremorne Gardens, i. 135; cheaper than Vauxhall, i. 142; a row on Derby night, *ib.*; steamboat from Cadogan pier, i. 143.
Creole, The, i. 190.
Cricket on the Hearth, The, i. 190, 233; ii. 99, 101.
Critic, The, i. 191.
Croker, Dillon, i. 296.
Croly, Rev. G., i. 19.
Crowley's Alton alehouses, i. 121.
Crown Diamonds, The, i. 195.
Crowquill, Alfred, i. 24.
Cruikshank, George, i. 263-4.
Cruikshank's Magazine, i. 259; short-lived, i. 264.
Cullenford, the actor, i. 14, 201.
Cunningham, Peter, F.S.A., i. 216, 239 note, 251, 281, 292; ii. 8.
Curiosities of London, i. 143.
Curiosity Shop, i. 198.
Cushman, Miss Charlotte, i. 195; ii. 269.
Cyclorama, The, i. 145.
Czarevitch, The, ii. 302.

Dadd, Mr., murder of, ii. 104.
Daily News, I am appointed dramatic critic for, i. 285; the weekly "house-dinners," i. 288; some of the staff, *ib.*; still working for, ii. 56; death of the editor, William Weir, *ib.*; appointment of Thomas Walker to succeed him, *ib.*; I go to Rotterdam for, ii. 234; to Punchestown, ii. 236; contributed to from America, ii. 270; will accept my contributions from Vienna, ii. 280; Forbes goes to India for, ii. 296; Mr. Senior at St. Petersburg for, ii. 298; Grenville Murray contributing to, ii. 314.
Daily Telegraph, i. 294; acquired by Mr. J. M. Levey, i. 297, 303; ii. 78, 81, 113, 297.
Dallas, E. S., ii. 326.
Daly, Chief Justice, ii. 258.
Dame aux Camélias, La, at the Vaudeville, i. 245; story of M. Dumas on its publication, ii. 173.
Damer, Captain Dawson ("Hippy"), i. 149, 180.
Dance, Charles, i. 131; ii. 6.
Dancing diversions, i. 135.
Darling, Grace, my father offers her an engagement, i. 30-1.
Darnley, Lord, ii. 104.
Dartmouth, Lord, a visit to, on telegraph business, ii. 212.
Davenport, Mr., i. 207, 211.
David Copperfield, i. 122.
Davidge, Mr., i. 211.
Davies, Dr. Maurice, i. 335.
Davis, tobacconist in the Quadrant, i. 138.
Davison, J. W., i. 237 note.
Day of Reckoning, The, i. 192.
Deane, John C., i. 241.
De Bathe, Sir Henry Percival, i. 237 note; i. 149; ii. 8.
De Bathe, Sir William, i. 131; ii. 6.
Dearest Elizabeth, i. 189.
Débats, The, ii. 315.

Debit and Credit, ii. 41.
Deighton's portrait of my father, i. 6.
Delafield and Gye, managers of Covent Garden Opera-house, i. 176.
Delane, John, i. 225, 292. 295; his advice to John Oxenford, i. 309; his advice to Dickens, ii. 96-7; ii. 133; my intercourse with him, ii. 167; letters to me on his accident, ii. 168; his reported resignation of the editorship of the *Times*, *ib.*; will not be a "Celebrity at Home," ii. 169.
Delarue, M., a Genoa banker, i. 284.
Delmonico's, ii. 246; grand *déjeuner* given me by Harper Brothers at, ii. 248; carried off to supper there, ii. 250; splendid entertainment to me there by Judge-Surrogate Hutchings, ii. 259.
Delmonico, Charles, gives a *déjeuner* in my honour, ii. 275.
Dennet, Miss, of "His Majesty's Theatre," i. 37.
Derby, Lord, ii. 311.
Desanges, i. 296.
Devonshire, Duke of, President of the Garrick, ii. 3.
Dicey, Edward, ii. 241, 297-8.
Dickens, Charles, on my father's acting, i. 7; his admiration and regard for my mother, i. 10; dramatic adaptation of his books, i. 15; his letter to my father on *Nickleby*, i. 16-17; proposes to dramatise *Oliver Twist*, i. 17-18; his work on *Household Words*, i. 216; I first call on him, i. 256; his hearty reception, i. 257; his personal appearance, *ib.*; Frith's portrait of him, *ib.*; his first letter to me, i. 258; present at the christening of my eldest son, i. 259; resident for some time at Doughty Street, i. 266; an amateur performance at his house, i. 279; his acting, *ib.*; consents to stand as godfather to one of my twin-sons, i. 281; presides at a dinner to Thackeray, *ib.*; on a "slumming" expedition, i. 284; at Jerrold's funeral, i. 293; rarely at the Garrick, ii. 8; a pen-and-ink sketch of him, ii. 10; his advice and support during the Garrick difficulty, ii. 18-27; his visit to Edwin James, ii. 31-2; his feeling for Thackeray, ii. 32; resignation of his seat on the Committee of the Garrick Club, *ib.*; letter to Thackeray on the Garrick case, ii. 34-5; I hear much of Cockburn from, ii. 129-30; Cockburn attends one of his readings, ii. 132; Lord Beaconsfield's opinion of him, ii. 140; intimate with John Leech, ii. 151; the sale of *Household Words*, ii. 162; his good story of Carlyle, ii. 166-7; last words with him before I start for America, ii. 242; Horace Greeley's admiration for him, ii. 255; Longfellow's drive with him, ii. 260.
Dickens, Charles, a chapter on: his influence over me, ii. 91; nineteen years my senior, ii. 92; the nature of his friendship for John Forster, *ib.*; for Wilkie Collins and Charles Kent, ii. 93; always affectionate to me, *ib.*; his power of will, ii. 94; my first visit to Gadshill, ii. 94-6; strained domestic relations, ii. 96; the "statement" published in *Household Words*, *ib.*; badly advised, ii. 97; his first paid reading, ii. 98-9; a great success, ii. 101; a provincial tour, with Arthur Smith, ii. 101-2; takes up permanent residence at Gadshill Place, ii. 102; life there, ii. 103; his writing-slope (now mine), *ib.*; his long walks with his dogs, and talks, ii. 104-6; correcting a quotation, ii. 106; his sufferings from "charities," ii. 107; news from Paris, *ib.*; his interest in theatrical affairs and actors, ii. 108; a holiday with him, *ib.*; visit to Rochester Theatre, *ib.*; to a circus, ii. 109; a painstaking editor, ii. 110; an excellent after-dinner speaker, ii. 111-12; farewell banquet to him at the Freemasons' Tavern, ii. 113; his departure for America, ii. 113-14; a testimonial from him to me, ii. 114-15; his thoroughness, ii. 115; home from America, ii. 116; lecturing at Leeds, *ib.*; his altered appearance, ii. 117; stricken down, *ib.*; better, ii. 118; hatred of being thought ill, *ib.*; bad symptoms; will *not* have gout, ii. 119; our last meetings, ii. 120; public farewell, ii. 121; last London dinner, to meet the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians at Lord Houghton's, *ib.*; his letter to me on a business matter, ii. 122; his death, ii. 123; what hastened it, *ib.*; his fame, ii. 124; his fortune, ii. 125; my ideas as to the cause of his premature death, ii. 126-7; the friend, the author, and the man, ii. 127-8.
Dickens, Lieut. Walter, ii. 95 note.
Dickens, Mrs., i. 253; ii. 96.
Dick's, i. 288.
Dickson, Dr., i. 131.
Did You ever Send your Wife to Camberwell? i. 198.
Die Hexen am Rhein, i. 30.
Dilke, Charles Wentworth, i. 287.
Dillon, Charles, manager of the Lyceum, i. 290.
Diogenes, i. 325.
Diorama, The, i. 145.
Diorama of the Holy Land, i. 247.
Disraeli, Mr., i. 124; ii. 129, 137 note.
Dixon, Mr. Hepworth, ii. 86.
Doche, Madame, i. 179; in *La Dame aux Camélias*, i. 245.
Docteur Noir, Le, i. 208.
Doctors' Commons, i. 122.
Dolby, Miss, i. 182.

Dolby, Mr., Dickens's business manager, ii. 116.
Dolby, the stationer, i. 50.
Dolly's Chop House, i. 119.
Domestic Economy, i. 203; ii. 143.
Donnelly, Colonel, J. F. D., i. 68.
"Doomsday Camp," ii. 254.
Doria, Miss Clara, ii. 244.
D'Orsay, Count, i. 19; his letter to my father, i. 21; in the Park, i. 148.
D'Orsay, Lady Harriet, ii. 161.
Dougherty, Daniel, ii. 263.
Doughty Street house, our, i. 266-8; its drawbacks, i. 268-70.
Dover, the Ship and Dover Castle at, i. 71.
Dowdeswell, G. M., Q.C., ii. 5.
Downing, McCarthy, ii. 205.
Doyle, i. 149 253.
Draper, Edward, i. 279; contributor to the *Comic Times*, i. 305; to the *Train*, i. 329; at Albert Smith's funeral, ii. 54.
Drury Lane Theatre, i. 175; English opera at, i. 181; Jullien's Promenade Concerts, i. 181-5; "a huge theatrical omnibus," i. 185; under Mr. James Anderson's management, *ib.*; Mr. E. T. Smith's *régime*, i. 186; the *Monte Cristo* row, *ib.*
Dublin, deliver a lecture, "Good Authors at a Discount," there, ii. 236.
Dubourg's, i. 153. 161.
Duel between Lord Castlereagh and Madame Grisi's husband, i. 40.
Dufferin, Lady, i. 149.
Dufferin, Lord, presides at a public dinner to Dickens, ii. 117.
Duff-Gordon, Lady, i. 149.
Dumas *fils* at Janin's funeral, ii. 178.
Dumas, story of the two, ii. 173.
Duncan, W. Butler, ii. 259.
Durrant, John Rowland, ii. 4; held in high honour at the Garrick, *ib.*
Düsseldorf, i. 70; happy days there, i. 72; the abode of painters and true Bohemians, i. 72; English settlers there, i. 75; no Christmas dinner, i. 77; American settlers there, *ib.*; scene at *Kneipe*, i. 78-9; a practical joke, i. 79; I leave its delights, i. 82.
Dyer, Mr., i. 288.
Dyne, Dr., head-master of Highgate School, i. 64, 66.

Eagle Tavern, i. 175.
East India United Service Club, ii. 1.
Eastlake, Sir C. and Lady, i. 253.
Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, i. 310.
Eckhardt, practical joke played on, i. 79-81.
Edgarton, Miss, a lady-lecturer, ii. 275.
Edinburgh, H.R.H. the Duke of, ii. 296; his marriage at St. Petersburg, ii. 301-2; as a "Celebrity at Home" in *The World*, ii. 332.
Edis, R. W., ii. 241.
Edwards, Sutherland, i. 279, 318, 325; ii. 41, 62.
Edwin Drood, ii. 122; price paid for it, ii. 125 note.
Egerton, Miss Grace, ii. 43.
Egg, Augustus, A.R.A., i. 279, 296; ii. 5.
Eglinton Tournament, The, i. 43.
Ehrhardt, Miss, i. 135.
Elcho, Lord (now Earl Wemyss), i. 126; ii. 133.
Electrical eel, The, i. 135.
Elgin, Lord, Postmaster-General, i. 102.
Ellison, Cuthbert (barrister), i. 149, 239 note.
Ellison, Captain Cuthbert George, i. 239 note; ii. 8.
Elphinstone, Lord, i. 151.
Elssler, Fanny, ii. 236.
Emery, i. 190, 206.
Enoch Arden, ii. 166.
Equestrianism, i. 172.
Era Almanac, i. 175.
Era, The, i. 255.
Escott, T. H. S. E., his dinner at the Thatched House Club, ii. 232; his early collaboration on *The World*, ii. 321; his political articles, ii. 327.
Esmeralda (ballet), i. 179.
Esmond, ii. 13.
Eton Boy, The, i. 206.
Evans's, i. 168; figured in Thackeray's writings, *ib.*; its presiding spirit, "Paddy" Green, i. 169; its singers, *ib.*; change in the style of entertainment, i. 170; its frequenters, i. 170-1.
Evans, Sir de Lacy, ii. 44.
Evelyn, Colonel, ii. 279.
Everybody's Journal, ii. 57.
Every Saturday, ii. 122, 123 note.
Examiner, The, i. 331; ii. 162.

Fairbrother, Miss Louisa (now Mrs. Fitzgeorge), i. 190.
Fallacies of the Faculty, i. 131.
Farrar & Ouvry, ii. 31.
Farren, William, i. 187; as manager of the Strand, i. 210; at Brompton, i. 233; ii. 48.
Farringdon Range, The, i. 51.
Faucit, Miss, i. 233.
"Fearful Night," A, i. 289.
Fechter, Charles, i. 7, 189; in *La Dame aux Camélias*, i. 245; my neighbour in the Abbey Road, ii. 66; his first appearance in England as Ruy Blas, *ib.*; his Hamlet, *ib.*; his characteristics, *ib.*; as stage-manager, ii. 69; a business letter to me, ii. 70; I engage a young actress for him, ii. 71; accompanies us to Stratford, ii. 72; I assist him in the preparation of *The Golden Daggers*, *ib.*; Dickens's regard for him, ii. 108; promises help in America, ii. 241; dine with him in New York, ii. 259.

Feilitzer, Baron de, i. 132; a butt of Mr. Byng, i. 133; his suppers, *ib.*
Fenn, W. W., i. 251, 296; ii. 38; our pioneer, *ib.*; his sketching expeditions, ii. 39.
Ferguson, Sir James, ii. 27.
Fernyhough, Miss, i. 62; living with my mother, *ib.*
Fielding Club, i. 235; its name selected by Thackeray, *ib.*; its members, 236-41; the "North-Western Mail," i. 242; i. 311.
Fields, James T., ii. 261.
Fields, Osgood, & Co., ii. 122, 123 note, 125.
Fife, Lady, ii. 129.
Figaro, The, ii. 315.
Fink, i. 78.
Finlay, F. D., his contribution to *Temple Bar*, ii. 59; I write for his paper, the *Belfast Northern Whig*, ii. 72; Dickens's jocose certificate to him, ii. 118.
Fireside Companion, The, ii. 253; I write a story for, *ib.*
Fithian, Mr., ii. 259, 275.
Fitzclarence, Lord Adolphus, i. 19, 151.
Fitzhardinge, Lord, i. 19.
Fitzroy Lord John, i. 130.
Fitzwilliam, Miss Kathleen i. 192.
Fitzwilliam, Mrs., i. 27; in *The Wreck Ashore*, i. 32; in *The Rough Diamond*, i. 191; i. 201.
Fladgate, Mr. Frank, ii. 4.
Fleet Street, the journalistic Mecca, i. 266.
Flexmore, i. 195.
Flint, Captain ("der toller Englander"), i. 75.
Flirt, The, i. 243.
Flowers of the Forest, The, i. 198, 200.
Flying Dutchman, The, i. 7.
Fonblanque, Albany, i. 335.
Forbes, Archibald, ii. 280; represents the *Daily News* at Vienna, ii. 280; I meet him at Vienna and "chum" with him, *ib.*; of the Vienna *camaraderie*, ii. 281; starts for Buda-Pesth, ii. 285; accompany him to Brussels to meet the Shah, ii. 286; goes to India to report on the famine, ii. 296; early contributions to *The World*, ii. 323; sketches H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as a "Celebrity at Home," ii. 332.
Forlorn Hope, ii. 84.
Formes, i. 181.
Forrest, Haughton, i. 131.
Forrester, Cecil (now Lord Forrester), i. 149.
Forrester, John and Daniel, ii. 193.
Forrester, Mrs. ii. 326.
Forster, John, on the Dickens adaptation at the Adelphi, i. 15, 18; in *Household Words*, i. 216; i. 280, 334; ii. 23; his allusion to the estrangement between Dickens and Thackeray, ii. 36 note; his
Forster, John:
Life of Dickens, ii. 91-2; his advice to Dickens, ii. 97; Dickens's notes to him on his illness, ii. 118-19; his statement of Dickens's fortune, ii. 125; considers Dickens's fame as a novelist was waning, ii. 127; ii. 160; always amiable and friendly to me, ii. 161; his opinion of my first novel, *ib.*; characteristic story of him, ii. 162; his interest in the success of *The World*, *ib.*; his *Life of Swift*, and letter to me on its review in *The World*, ii. 163.
Fortescue, Miss (now Lady Gardner), i. 27.
Foster, the spiritualist, ii. 269.
"Four Georges," ii. 12.
Four-in-Hand Club, i. 150.
Franconi's circus troupe, i. 185.
Frank Fairlegh, i. 259.
Fraser's Magazine, ii. 11.
Freemasons' Tavern, farewell dinner to Dickens at, ii. 113.
French plays at the St. James's, i. 208 9.
French Spy, The, i. 202.
Frere, Mr., the M.C., i. 139.
Freshwater Bay, i. 269.
Friswell, Hain, i. 335.
Frith, W. P., R.A., his portrait of Dickens, i. 257; his "Derby Day," i. 296; a story of his the origin of *Land at Last*, ii. 84; his generosity, ii. 151.
Frost the Chartist, i. 43.
Froude, J. A., ii. 232.
Frozen Deep, The, performed by the Dickens troupe of amateurs, i. 294.
Furley, John, ii. 298.

Gabriel, Sir Thomas, ii. 329.
Gadshill, my first visit to, ii. 95; Dickens takes up permanent residence at, ii. 102; life there, ii. 103; John Forster at, ii. 161.
Gahagan, Theodore Emilius, my school chum, i. 67; goes to Addiscombe, *ib.*; wounded in Burmese War, *ib.*
Gallery of Illustration, i. 291.
Gambart, Mr., i. 296.
Gambling Houses: The Berkeley, Lyley's, Morris's, "Goody" Levy's, i. 163; the *modus operandi*, i. 163-4; French hazard, i. 165.
Game of Speculation, The, i. 192.
Gamin de Paris, i. 209.
Gardner, Lord, i. 131.
Garrard, Messrs., ii. 5.
Garrick Club, my father's portrait in the gallery of, i. 6; ii. 1; my father an original member, ii. 2; I am elected a member, *ib.*; a happy place of resort for me, ii. 3; its chief, and other members, ii. 3-8; a "Judas" there, ii. 13; Thackeray's appeal to the Committee, ii. 19; my letter to the Committee, ii. 19-20;

Garrick Club:
a special meeting to be called, ii. 20; my contention that the Committee is not concerned in this question, ii. 20-22; the Committee's resolutions: I am called upon to apologise to Mr. Thackeray, or to retire, ii. 22; I decline to apologise, and call for a general meeting, ii. 23-4; my last visit to its rooms, ii. 26; the general meeting, *ib;* Mr. O'Dowd's resolutions, ii. 26-7; my supporters, ii. 27; beaten—no longer a member, ii. 28; "not legally ejected," *ib.;* legal opinions, ii. 28-9; I bring an action against the Secretary, ii. 29; a quibble—the action abandoned, ii. 30-1; letters between Dickens and Thackeray, 34-36; the incident closed, ii. 37.
Gaskell, Mrs., i. 216.
Gassier, the singer, ii. 66.
Gatti's, i. 153.
Gent, The, i. 183, 243.
George Eliot, my introduction to her, ii. 167; her allusion to my articles on *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *ib.*
George Sand, i. 22.
Germany, I go to for a year, i. 70; our journey *viâ* Dover, Ostend, Verviers, i. 71-2; a tour through, for the *Herald*, ii. 289-90.
Gibson, Milner—Dickens rents his house, ii. 120.
Gibson, Mrs. Milner, i. 252; our invitation to her receptions, *ib.;* the company there, i. 253.
Giffard, Sir Hardinge, ii. 192.
Gilbert, W. S., as a Rifleman, ii. 44.
Gillman, Mr., friend of Coleridge, i. 36.
Girardin, Emile de, ii. 173; at Janin's funeral, ii. 178.
Giraudier's, i. 153.
Gladstone, Mr., i. 59.
Glasse, an artist, ii. 5.
Globe, The, ii. 86.
Glover, Howard, i. 217.
Glover, Mrs., as Widow Green, i. 187; at "Punch's Playhouse," i. 210.
Glover, Rudolph Gustavus, ii. 62.
Glyn, Miss, i. 205.
Gnome Fly, The, i. 24.
Golden Daggers, The, ii. 72; I assist Fechter in the preparation of, *ib.;* its production at the Princess's, *ib.;* its failure, ii. 72-3.
Goldsmith, i. 312.
"Good Authors at a Discount," ii. 236, 240, 259.
Good, Daniel, i 43.
Goodlake, "Boldero," i. 251.
Goodlake, Mr., ii. 316.
Gore House set, The, i. 246.
Gourriet, i. 138.
Graham, Sir Bellingham, i. 150.
Grahn, Lucille, i. 179.
Grandmother, my, i. 29; her card-parties, *ib.*
Grant, Frank (afterwards P.R.A.), i. 150.
Grant, General, ii. 255; am to report his inauguration, ii. 273; presented to him, *ib.*
Grant, James, i. 295.
Granville, Lord, ii. 158.
Graphic, The, ii. 298.
Gras, Madame Dorus, i. 181.
Gray, John, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, ii. 290.
Great City, The, i. 186.
"Great North Road," i. 48.
Grecian Theatre, i. 175.
Greeley, Horace, ii. 250; questions me about Rowland Hill and Dickens, ii. 255.
Green Bushes, The, i. 33, 198, 200.
Green, "Paddy," i. 169, 171.
Greenacre, the murderer, i. 43.
Greenwich dinners, i. 158.
Greenwood, Frederick, i. 279; ii. 41.
Greenwood, James, ii. 41.
Gregory, Barnard, i. 40.
Grey, Hon. W., i. 241.
Grieve, Thomas, i. 145.
Griffith, Charles Marshall, Q.C., i. 67.
Griffiths, Major Arthur, ii. 232.
Grimaldi, i. 271.
"Grimgribber Rifle Corps," ii. 49.
Grisi, Carlotta, i. 179.
Grisi, Madame, i. 176; her Norma, i. 179; in *Lucrezia Borgia*, i. 180.
Griswold's *Life of Poe*, i. 336.
Groombridge, Messrs., i. 334.
Grote, Monsieur de, ii. 300.
Guards' Club, ii. 1.
Guards, The, embarking for Canada, i. 22.
Guppy, Mr., i. 149, 154.
Gye, F., at Vauxhall Gardens, i. 141; at Drury Lane, i. 183.

Haghe, Louis, ii. 3.
Hale, Archdeacon, Master of the Charterhouse, i. 3; ii. 45.
Hale, William Palmer, i. 3, 238 note, 251, 306; part author of *The Willow Pattern Plate*, i. 307; Thackeray's story of him, *ib.;* his contributions to the *Comic Times*, i. 319.
Hall, G. L., i. 241.
Hall, H., i. 210.
Hall, Mrs. S. C., i. 27.
Hall, Sydney, ii. 298.
Halle, Charles, i. 253; ii. 137.
Hallett, M., i. 225, 240 note, 276.
Halliday, i. 186.
Hamblett, steward of the Garrick, ii. 8.
Hamburg, my trip to, i. 117.
Hancock, Sergeant, ii. 193; I try a "dangerous" experiment upon him, *ib.*
Hannay, James, i. 170, 279, 325; the leading spirit of *The Idler*, i. 330.
Hansom cabs introduced, i. 48.

Happy Thoughts, ii. 150.
Harcourt, Sir William, ii. 111.
Harding, Miss Emma, i. 201.
Hardwicke, Lord, Postmaster-General, i. 102; known as "the Bo'sun," i. 103; sees my Guinness when being "brought round," *ib.*
Harlequin Guy Fawkes, pantomime of, i. 271 6.
Harley, John Pritt, i. 187, 191; proposes me for the Garrick, ii. 2; ii. 7.
Harriet Duchess of St. Albans, Dr. Yates medical attendant of, i. 2.
Harrington, Herbert, i. 251; I collaborate with him, i. 289-90; more dramatic work with him, ii. 41-3; in the Civil Service Rifles, ii. 44.
Harrington, Lord, ii. 6.
Harris, Augustus, i. 186.
Harris, Augustus (*père*), ii. 69.
Harris, Jack, the 'bus driver, i. 92.
Harris, John, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, ii. 217; ii. 290.
Harrison, George, i. 131.
Harrison, the tenor, i. 181, 195.
Harrison, Thomas, i. 127.
Hart, Ernest, i. 296.
Hart, Mr., of the Trafalgar, i. 158.
Harte, Bret, ii. 275.
Hartington, Marquis of, Postmaster-General, i. 102; his interest in the service, i. 104; ii. 158.
Harvest Home, The, i. 203.
Hastings, David, i. 217.
Haute école of riding introduced, i. 141.
Havelock, Henry, i. 3.
Hawes, Miss Maria B., i. 27.
Hawkins, Mr., ii. 192.
Hay, Colonel John, ii. 275.
Haydon, Michael, the City detective, ii. 193.
Hayes, Miss Catherine, i. 181.
Haymarket Theatre, i. 175; sound English comedy there, i. 187; I am put on the free list, *ib.*; actors and prices, i. 187-9.
Hayward, Abraham, letter from Captain Dawson Damer on, i. 180 note; dining with Sir Alexander Cockburn, ii. 133; his *Collected Essays*, ii. 157; I introduce myself to him, *ib.*; a long talk about Rogers, ii. 157-8; meet him at Sir A. Cockburn's, ii. 158; his opinion of Bishop Wilberforce, *ib.*; his idea of the Garrick case, ii. 159; figured as a "Celebrity at Home;" his comments on the paper, *ib.*; his anecdote of Lord Melbourne, ii. 159-60; his account of Sir Robert Peel's death, ii. 160; explanations of one of his *Quarterly* articles, ii. 160-61.
Hazlitt, i. 309.
Headsman, The, i. 205.
Healey, Father, ii. 217, 290.
Hearts are Trumps, i. 210; ii. 143.
Heir-at-Law, The, i. 206.
Hellas, Friedrich Jacob's, i. 310.
Hemming, Henry, i. 14, 153.
Henning, Mr., i. 319.
Henriette the Forsaken, i. 32, 33.
Heraud, John A., i. 217.
Her Majesty's State attendance at the Opera, i. 178.
Her Majesty's Theatre, i. 175; opening of the season of '47, i. 176; feud between Mr. Lumley and his *troupe*; appearance of Jenny Lind, *ib.*; a State performance, i. 178; the ballet, i. 179.
Herring, the painter, i. 145.
Higgins, Matthew J. ("Jacob Omnium"), i. 150; ii. 151.
Highgate, preparatory school at, i. 35.
Highgate School, I am sent to, i. 53; "boarded" out, *ib.*; the head-master, Dr. Dyne, i. 64-6; my studies there, i. 64-6; my schoolfellows, i. 66-8; prize-day, i. 68; my farewell in '46, i. 69.
Hill, Dr. Birkbeck, ii. 322.
Hill, Frederick, i. 117.
Hill, Lady, ii. 225.
Hill, Mr. Pearson, ii. 227.
Hill, Sir Rowland, i. 90; his enemies, *ib.*; his appointment in the Post Office, *ib.*; I am reported to him, i. 91; suggests a cure for my excessive animal spirits, *ib.*; another interview with him, i. 93; his scheme for reducing the registration fee, i. 104; his sympathy with me on Lord Stanley of Alderley's rudeness, i. 109; appointed sole Secretary to the Post Office, i. 126; his hatred of Anthony Trollope, ii. 222; at the meeting of surveyors, ii. 224; he wings Trollope, *ib.*; his sarcasm, ii. 225; anecdotes of, ii. 225-6; invariably kind to me, ii. 226; his pamphlet, *Post Office Reform*, ii. 227; consents to become a "Celebrity at Home," *ib.*; his caution to Mr. Becker, ii. 228.
Hills, Mr. "Tom," i. 296.
Hine, H. G., i. 255.
Hodgson, Frederick, M.P. for Barnstaple, my godfather, i. 12; a patron of Theodore Hook, i. 24; recommends preparatory school, i. 35; at my father's funeral, i. 59.
Hofland, Mrs., i. 27.
Hogarth, George, i. 288.
Hogarth, Miss, "the best and truest friend" of Dickens, i. 256; ii. 103.
Holborn Casino, i. 137-8.
Holborn Restaurant, i. 137.
Holborn Swimming Bath, i. 137.
Hole, Canon, ii. 152.
Hollingshead, John, i. 286-7 note; his contributions to the *Train*, i. 335; adopted literature as a profession, i. 336.
Holloway's in the Strand, i. 88.
Holly Lodge, i. 68.

"Holme Lee," ii. 83.
Holmes, Dr. Oliver Wendell, ii. 261.
Holmes Thomas Knox, i. 225, 251, 265; as Guy Fawkes in the Amateur Pantomime, i. 274
Holt, Thomas Littleton ("Raggedy Holt"), i. 294.
Holthausen, Herr, professor at Düsseldorf, i. 70 72.
Honeyman, Mr., ii. 29.
Horey, Mrs., i. 25.
Hood, Thomas, i. 19.
Hook, Theodore, i. 11; his letter to my mother, i. 11; his joke on the names given me at my baptism. i. 12; i. 19; his rhyme on Mr. Rosenhegen's name, i. 23; as Wagg in *Pendennis*, *ib.*
Hop Pickers, The, i. 203.
Horaces, Les, i. 209.
Horne, R. H., i. 216.
Hornsey Sluice-House, i. 39.
Horton, Miss P., i. 187.
Hosmer, Dr, the London agent of the *New York Herald*, ii. 277; his advice to me on my new duties, ii. 278.
Hôtel de Flandre at Ostend, i. 72.
Hôtel des Princes, i 244.
Hotten, J. C., his *Life* of Dickens, ii. 111 note.
Houghton, Lord, ii. 111, 117; Dickens dined with, ii. 121.
Household Words, first numbers of, i. 215; its early writers, i. 216; i. 256; my first appearance in, i. 289; G. A. Sala's contributions to, i. 311-12; "A Journey due North," i. 333; Dickens's "statement" published in, ii. 96; "Bachelor Bedroom" in, ii. 103; ii. 114; sale of the copyright of, ii. 162; Grenville Murray's contributions to, ii. 310; sacks of at Constantinople, ii. 312; ii. 319.
Houssaye, Arsène, ii. 178.
Howden, Peter, i. 173.
How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress, i. 198.
Hübner, Karl, i. 74.
Huddleston, Q.C. (afterwards Baron), i. 239 note, 253; ii. 192.
Hudson, the actor, i. 189.
Hughes, the actor, i. 201.
Hugo, Victor, at Jules Janin's funeral, ii. 179.
Huguenots, Les, i. 181.
Hungerford Bridge, i. 122, 143.
Hunted Down, i. 22
Huntington, Mr., ii. 270.
Huntingtower, Lord, i. 150.
Hurlbert, W. H., editor of the *New York World*, ii. 248, 259.
Hurlingham, ii. 1.
Hutchings, Judge-Surrogate, ii. 259, 275.

Ibbetson, Henry Collingwood, i. 149, 237 note, 249, 251-2, 276; ii. 8.
Ibbetson, Lady Adela, i. 149.
Ibbetson, Sir Charles, ii. 8.
Idler, The, i. 330; the staff, *ib.*; a reply to the *Train*, i. 331.
If the Cap Fits, i. 290; produced at the Princess's by Charles Kean, *ib.*
Illustrated London Magazine, i. 284; I commence a novel for, *ib.*
Illustrated London News, i. 246; my contributions to, i 247, 301; Dr. Mackay editor of, i. 302; ii 131.
Illustrated Times, The, i. 277; its editor, i. 278; I contribute "The Lounger at the Clubs" to, *ib.*; its staff, i. 279; dinner to the staff, ii. 9; still working for, ii. 56; give up "The Lounger," ii. 89; ii. 132, 167.
"In Charge," in *All the Year Round*, i. 116.
Indian mail, in charge of, i. 111.
Indian Mutiny, The, i. 110; transport of Indian mails during time of, *ib.*
Ingram, Herbert, my introduction to, i. 302; makes me an offer, i. 303; i. 320, 321; my appointment with him at Brighton, i. 322-3; "had enough" of the *Comic Times*, i. 324; perished in the Lady Elgin steamer on Lake Michigan, ii. 55.
International Exhibition of 1862, ii. 71.
Introducing the Postmaster-General, i. 102.
Inverness Courier, I write a London letter for, i. 285.
Invisible Prince, The, i. 189.
Ireland, a tour through, ii. 290.
"Ireland Expectant," ii. 290.
Irving, Henry, ii. 111.
Irving's *Annals of our Time* quoted, ii. 313 14.
Isabel, or Woman's Life, i. 14, 33.
Island of Jewels, The, i. 192.

Jack Sheppard, i. 15, 24, 198.
James, Edwin, Q.C., my counsel in the Garrick case, ii. 31; obtained the acquittal of Dr. Bernard, *ib.*; description of him, *ib.*; the original of Mr. Stryver in *A Tale of Two Cities*, ii. 31-2; ii. 34, 35, 133 and note, 192.
Jane Lomax, i. 24.
Janin, Jules, ii. 173; first meet him at a dinner in the Champs Elysées, *ib.*; his story of the two Dumas, *ib.*; his death, ii. 174; a visit to his house, *ib.*; his "J. J." in the *Journal des Débats*, *ib.*; account of his death, ii. 174-5; an anecdote of him, ii. 176; his funeral, which I attended, ii. 178; celebrities present, ii. 178-9.
Jarrett, Henry, ii. 243.
Jeaffreson, J. Cordy, i. 330.
Jeames's Diary, ii. 11.
Jennings, L. J., ii. 258.

Jenny Lind Mdlle., first appearance of, i. 176; in *Norma*, *ib.*; her immense success, i. 179.
Jerrold, Blanchard, i. 192, 217, 330; contributes to *Temple Bar*, ii. 59.
Jerrold, Douglas, i. 160; at Evans's, i. 170; i. 193; at Tavistock House, i. 280; proposes Shirley Brooks's health at a dinner, i. 282; description of him, i. 291; some unpublished *jeux des mots*, i. 291-2; a guest at the Fielding Club, i. 292; last saw him at a Greenwich dinner, *ib.*; his death, i. 293; scheme for benefiting his widow, *ib.*; its success, i. 295; his saying of Meadows the actor, ii. 7; early on the *Punch* staff, ii. 142; his humour, ii. 147, 153.
Jesse, John Heneage ("Jack Jesse"), i. 147 note.
Jewell, Governor Marshal, ii. 299, 300.
Jewsbury, Miss, i. 27.
Joachim, Herr, ii. 136.
Joel II Diavolo, i. 140.
Johnson, Dr., ii. 157.
Jones, George, R.A., i. 26; his likeness to the Duke of Wellington, *ib.*
Jones, John E., i. 241.
Joy, Dr., i. 57.
Judge and Jury Society, i. 171-2.
Jullien's band, i. 134.
Jullien, i. 181; his Promenade Concerts, *ib.*; a charlatan, i. 182; his singers and instrumentalists, *ib.*; his *bals masqués*, i. 183; his season of English opera, i. 184; *débuts* of Sims Reeves and Mr. Whitworth, i. 184; his polkas and valses, *ib.*; the poor "Mons," i. 185; at the Fielding, i. 237 note.
Junior United Service Club, ii. 1.
Juvenile Budget, The, i. 27.

Kauffman, General, ii. 302.
Kean, Charles, in *The Wife's Secret*, i. 188; Kenney's anecdote of, i. 230 note; at Mrs. Milner Gibson's, i. 253; produced a piece of mine and Harrington's at the Princess's, ii. 42.
Kean, Edmund, i. 19; letter to my father, i. 20.
Kean, Mrs. Charles, in *The Wife's Secret*, i. 188; at Mrs. Milner Gibson's, i. 253.
Kebbel, T. E., i. 330.
Keeley, Miss Louise, i. 232.
Keeley, Miss Mary, i. 190, 293; married to Albert Smith, ii. 51.
Keeley, Mrs., as Nydia, i. 15; in *Jack Sheppard*, i. 15; "trying over" songs, i. 25; in *The Wife's Secret*, i. 188; ii. 43, 108.
Keeley, Robert, i. 131, 199; Albert Smith's admiration for, i. 233; at Albert Smith's funeral, ii. 55; ii. 108, 169; two stories of him, ii. 170.
Keeleys, The, at the Haymarket, i. 189; manage the Lyceum, i. 189-90; at the Strand, i. 210; their friendship with Albert Smith, i. 232-3; at home, i. 233; at supper at, i. 246; our Sundays with, i. 251; ii. 108.
Keene, Alec, i. 173-4.
Keepsake, The, i. 224; edited by Lady Blessington, then by Miss Marguerite Power, i. 246; my first contribution to, *ib.*
Keith, Thomas, i. 66.
Keith, William Thomas, fellow-clerk with Charles Lamb, i. 67.
Kellogg, Miss Clara Louise, ii. 244.
Kelly, A. B., ii. 192.
Kemble, Charles, as Cassio, i. 5; a correspondent of my father, i. 19; a constant attendant at the Garrick, ii. 5; story of his deafness, *ib* note.
Kenealy, Dr., ii. 129.
Kenmare, Lord, ii. 133.
Kenney, Charles Lamb, an oral wit, i. 95, 190; on the *Times*, i. 209; i. 216; his anecdote of Charles Kean, i. 239; with G. H. Lewes at the Fielding, i. 242; a contributor to *Temple Bar*, ii. 62.
Kenney, James, i. 95.
Kensington Gardens, i. 149.
Kent, Charles, ii. 93, 113.
Kentish Town a rural suburb, i. 38, 62.
Keogh, Judge, ii. 290.
Kickhöfer, Herr ("Kickover," "Old Kick"), i. 35.
Kieckhöfer, Mrs., keeper of preparatory school at Highgate, i. 35; our guardians and instructors there, i. 37; the Pierian spring drained, i. 52; I live with her friends, i. 53.
"Kilmallock" stories, ii. 7 and note.
King of the Peacocks, The, i. 192.
Kneipe, The, i. 78-9.
Knight, Charles, i. 216.
Knight's *Penny Cyclopædia*, i. 310.
Knowles, Sheridan, i. 18 note, 19.
Knox, Colonel Brownlow, i. 237 note.
Kœnig, i. 182.
Kossuth, i. 252.

Lablache, i. 179.
Labouchere, Henry, ii. 321; his early contributions to *The World*, ii. 322; his attack on Mr. Sampson, ii. 327; threatened with the horsewhip, ii. 328; brings his would-be assailant before the Lord Mayor, *ib.*; the effect of this case on *The World*, ii. 328-9.
Lacy, Walter, i. 6, 187, 238 note, 290; ii. 8.
Lady Elgin steamer run into, ii. 55.
Lafont, i. 209.
Laker's (Redhill), i. 296.
Lamb, Charles, his inscription in a book, i. 67; i. 214, 309, 312.
Lambert, i. 201.
Land at Last, ii. 84.

Landor, i. 246.
Landseer, i. 253; ii. 84.
Lane, Richard, A.R.A., ii. 54.
Langford, J. M., i. 238 note.
Langham, Nat, i. 173.
L'Anglais Timide, i. 192, 238 note.
Lansdowne, Marquis of, i. 151.
Laporte, of the Italian Opera, i. 30.
Lardner, Dr., ii. 15.
Last Days of Pompeii, i. 11.
Last, Mr., ii. 142.
Laurent, Emile, takes the Adelaide Gallery, i. 135.
Laurent's Casino, i. 137.
Lavater, i. 188.
Lawley, Hon. F., i. 298.
Lawrence, George, ii. 83.
Lawson, Lionel, i. 170.
Layard, A. H. (now Sir Henry), i. 151; ii. 293.
Lazarus, the clarionet-player, i. 182.
Leach, Mr. Harvey, known as "Signor Hervio Nano," i. 24; in *The Gnome Fly*, *ib.*; i. 30.
Leader The, I write dramatic criticisms for, i. 254.
Leap Year, i. 188.
Lecture, my first, at the Eyre Arms Tavern, ii. 65.
"Lectures on the English Humourists," ii. 12.
Ledbury, i. 243.
Lee, Dr. Robert, ii. 55.
Leech, John, i. 92, 171, 239 note, 253, 280; his bright days on *Punch*, i. 304; i. 314; at the *Punch* dinner, ii. 150; his friends, ii. 151; his kindness to me, *ib.*; stories of him, ii. 151-2; his death, ii. 152.
Leffler, a baritone, i. 194.
Lehmann, Mrs. Rudolf, ii. 136.
Leicester Square a howling wilderness, i. 52; the Great Globe, *ib.*; wrestling match in, i. 173.
Leighton, i. 253.
L. E. L., i. 19.
Lemaître, Frédéric, i. 208.
Le Mari à la Campagne, i. 188.
Lemoinne, John, ii. 178.
Lemon, Mark, his Adelphi farces, i. 203; his drama, *Hearts are Trumps*, i. 210; his acting, i. 279; as editor of *Punch*, i. 283, 304; private secretary to Mr. Ingram, i. 304; his dislike of the *Comic Times*, i. 320; his device to defeat me, i. 323; Dickens quarrels with, ii. 97; as editor of *Punch*, ii. 142; his appearance, *ib.*; a funny man, *ib.*; an excellent editor, ii. 143; his power of shaking hands, *ib.*; his death in 1870, *ib.*
Lesseps, M. de, at Janin's funeral, ii. 178.
Lessing, i. 74.
Lesson for Life, A, ii. 48.
Letters by a Staff Officer, ii. 79.
Letters of Charles Dickens, ii. 91-2.
Leveson-Gower, Lady Constance, i. 149.
Levi, Mr., i. 212.
Levy, J. M., i. 295; a neighbour in Doughty Street, i. 297; acquires the *Daily Telegraph*; his *réunions*, i. 298; I introduce to him Mr. G. A. Sala and the Hon. F. Lawley, *ib.*
Levy (Lawson), Edward, secretary to the Dickens farewell banquet, ii. 113; keeper of the "young lions," *ib.*
Lewes, George Henry, i. 192; writing for the *Leader*, i. 254; presents me to George Eliot, ii. 167.
"Lewis Carroll," i. 335.
Lewis, George, defends Mr. Labouchere before the Lord Mayor, ii. 328; appears for *The World* in the West End Usurers case, ii. 329.
Life of Charles Dickens (Forster's), ii. 36 note.
Life of Charles Mathews the Elder, ii. 57; my abridgment of, *ib.*; never forgiven for this by Mrs. Mathews, *ib.*
Life of Lord Eldon, i. 225.
Ligpins, Joseph, ii. 167.
Lights of the harem, i. 115.
Lincoln, Mr., i. 288.
Lindau, Paul, ii. 250.
Lindau, Rudolf, ii. 250.
Lindo, Philip, my chum at Düsseldorf, i. 76.
Linton, Mrs. Lynn, ii. 323.
Linwood, Miss, her needlework exhibition, i. 155.
Liston, the actor, i. 26.
Little Dorrit, ii. 33.
Liverpool Lion, The, i. 313-4.
Lives of the Brigands, i. 220.
Lloyd, Eyre, ii. 192.
Loaden, Mr., i. 131.
Locker, Frederick, i. 335.
Lockhart, his *Life*, i. 8.
Loftus, Lord Augustus, ii. 299.
London Assurance, i. 187.
London Conveyance Co., i. 51.
London Lyrics, i. 335.
"Long" drinks, i. 142.
Longfellow, Professor, a day with, ii. 260.
Longman's *Travellers' Library*, ii. 145.
Lonsdale, Lord, my visit to on telegraph business, ii. 212; the original of Lord Colchicum and Lord Eskdale, *ib.*; had once been Postmaster-General: a chat about the G.P.O., ii. 213; "his old friend Yates of the Adelphi," *ib.*; shown over Lowther Castle, *ib.*; his wonderful set of Sèvres; an anecdote, *ib.*
Lonsdale's portrait of my father, i. 6.
"Looker-on in London," The, ii. 72.
Lotus Club, ii. 247; reception in my honour at, ii. 248; farewell dinner there, ii. 274.
Louise de Lignerolles, i. 22.

"Lounger at the Clubs," The, i. 278.
Lover, Samuel, i. 27; ii. 8, 27.
Lowther Arcade, i. 135.
Luard, an artist, i. 241.
Lucan, Lord, i. 150; ii. 79.
Lucas, Mr. Samuel, ii. 89.
Lucca, Madame, ii. 243.
Lucia di Lammermoor, i. 184.
Lucrezia Borgia, i. 180.
Lucy, Henry W., ii. 325; his "Under the Clock" in *The World*, *ib.*
Lumley, Mr., feud between him and his *troupe*, i. 176; editor and proprietor of the *Court Journal*, i. 235.
Luncheons in the Post Office, i. 119.
Luttrell, i. 19.
Lyceum Theatre, i. 175; under the Keeleys, i. 189-90; Dickens dramatisations and burlesques, i. 190; under Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris, i. 190-3.
Lyon, the actor, i. 14, 59, 61.
Lyons, Admiral Lord, i. 113.
Lytton Lord (the late), a contributor to the *Keepsake*, i. 246; presides at the Dickens banquet, ii. 113; ii. 161.

Maberly, Colonel, i. 90, 94; his indifference, i. 96; his peculiarities, i. 97; "taking in papers to the Colonel," *ib.*; his mode of transacting business, i. 98; his horror of Rowland Hill, i. 99; storm-warnings, *ib.*; "Are ye Williams?"—an anecdote, *ib.*; introducing the Post-master-General, i. 102; bringing round "the Bo'sun," i. 103; stops the luncheons indoors, i. 118; his sympathy (!), i. 124; recommends me for the post of Postmaster-General at Malta, i. 125; made an extra Commissioner of Audit, i. 126.
Macaulay's *History*, i. 94, 215.
Macdonald, "Jim," i. 131; late to dinner, *ib.*; i. 210.
Macdonald, Tom, i. 238 note, 244.
Maclise, i. 257.
Mackay, Dr. Charles, i. 247, 302.
Mackenzie, Sir Evan, i. 239 note.
MacMahon, Marshal, ii. 286.
Macmichael, Clayton, ii. 262.
Macmichael, Morton, ii. 241, 262.
Macready, as Hotspur, i. 7; i. 19; in Dublin, i. 58; letter from him to my mother, *ib.*; at the Haymarket, i. 187; as Othello at the Princess's, i. 195; funny anecdote of Wynn, i. 196-7; Dickens's affection for, ii. 108.
Maddox, Mr., i. 193; his management of the Princess's, i. 193-5.
Madrid, my commission to, ii. 291; a horrible journey thither, ii. 291-2; life and society there, ii. 293; fearful return journey from, ii. 293-5.
Maffei, Count, ii. 293.
Magazine, The, in the Park, i. 149.
Maginn, Dr., i. 19-20.
Mahaffy, Professor, ii. 217.
Malta, I arrive at, i. 113.
Maltby, ii. 157.
Malvern, a visit to, ii. 289.
Manby, Charles, i. 59; at the Adelphi, i. 201; procures me *entrée* of St. James's, i. 208.
Manhattan Club, made a member of the, ii. 243.
Man in the Moon, i. 216, 282.
Mapesbury House, I reside at, ii. 81; difficult of access, *ib.*; John Parry lost on his way there, ii. 82; why Fate sent me to live there, *ib.*; lends local colour to my novel, ii. 84.
Mario, Signor, i. 176, 180.
Mark Twain, ii. 286-7.
Marriage of the Queen and Prince Albert, i. 41; "The Windsor Pear," *ib.*
Marshall, Miss "Polly," i. 191.
Marston Lynch, i. 314.
Marston, W. H., ii. 258, 275.
Martin Chuzzlewit, i. 190, 210.
Martindale, Miss, i. 275.
Marylebone Theatre, i. 175, 207; under Mrs. Warner's management, i. 211; leased by Walter Watts, *ib.*
Mason, Jim, i. 150.
Massol, M., i. 181.
Master of the Rolls, ii. 39.
Mathews, Charles, the elder, my father's meeting with, i. 4; his advice, i. 5; joins my father in the management of the Adelphi, i. 9; his "At Home" entertainments, i. 14; childish recollections of him, i. 22; his collection of theatrical portraits and pictures, ii. 4.
Mathews, Charles James, at Drury Lane, i. 185; at the Haymarket, i. 187; his management of the Lyceum with Madame Vestris, i. 190; his greatest successes, i. 191-2; i. 195, 233, 274; ii. 181; become intimate with him when he is sixty-five, *ib.*; at home, ii. 182; a letter from him, ii. 182-3.
Mathews, Mrs., her *Life* of her husband, ii. 57.
Matthews, Frank, i. 190-1, 207, 290.
Maxwell, Mr., my first engagement with, ii. 9; offers me employment on *Town Talk*, *ib.*; purchases the *Welcome Guest*, ii. 41; calls upon me on important business, ii. 57; proposes to issue *Temple Bar*, ii. 58; makes me assistant editor, *ib.*; his questions with regard to MSS. for the Christmas Number of the *Welcome Guest*, ii. 63; secures me to follow *Broken to Harness* with another novel in *Temple Bar*, ii. 87.
Mayhew, Augustus, i. 279, 325; ii. 41.
Mayhew, Henry, ii. 142.
Mayhew, Horace, i. 170; at Jullien's *bals*

masqués, i. 183; "The Count Chicard," *ib.*; on the original staff of *Punch*, ii. 142; his recognised connection with the paper, ii. 152.
Mazzini, i. 253.
McCarthy, Justin, ii. 89.
McConnell, William, i. 265, 319, 327, 328.
Meade, General, the hero of Gettysburg, ii. 263; died while I was at Philadelphia, *ib.*; his funeral, *ib.*
Meadows, Drinkwater, i. 207; ii. 7.
Meadows, Dr. Alfred, ii. 297, 303.
Melbourne, Lord, anecdote of, ii. 159-60.
Mélingue, ii 178.
Member for Paris, The, ii. 315.
Meredith, Miss, ii. 165.
Méric, Mdlle. de, i. 181.
Merivale, Herman, ii. 323.
Metcalfe, Dr., the Geneva physician, ii. 65; attends me when stricken down at Martigny, *ib.*
Metcalfe, Mr. ii. 192.
Metternich, Hayward's article on, ii. 159.
Meux's Brewery, i. 51.
Meyrick, Captain Augustus, i. 149, 241.
Michael, Colonel, ii. 282.
Millais, with his "Huguenot" success, i. 296; ii. 151.
Millingen, Dr., ii. 5.
Milnes, Monckton, i. 246, 253.
Mirth and Metre, by two Merry Men: Frank E. Smedley and Edmund Yates, i. 265.
Missing Letter Branch, I am promoted to the head of, ii. 186; duties of the office, *ib.*; my staff, ii. 187; teaching a lesson, ii. 187-9; test-letters, ii. 189-90; official examination of culprits, ii. 190-1; I attend at the Old Bailey, and become friendly with the leaders of the Bar, ii. 191-2; also with the sheriffs and aldermen, ii. 192; an interesting experience, ii. 194-9; for nearly ten years at the head of the branch, ii. 199; my resignation, ii. 203.
Mitchel, John, the Irish patriot, ii. 303-4.
Mitchell, Donald G. ("Ik. Marvell"), ii. 260.
Mitchell, John, the librarian, i. 208.
Mitchell-Henry, Mr., ii. 290.
Mitchell, Mr., British Consul-General at St. Petersburg, ii. 299.
Mitford, Miss, i. 19; letter to my father, i. 21.
M. le Courrier Anglais, i. 111.
M. le Courrier Français, i. 111.
"Modern Society," my lecture at the Bayswater Athenæum, ii. 66; amplified into the "Show" at the Egyptian Hall, ii. 74; delivered in New York, ii. 249; a great success there, ii. 250; the *New York Herald* criticism on, ii. 251-3; repeated in New York, ii. 259.
Money, i. 187.
Morico's, i. 153.
Mont Blanc Entertainment, i. 156, 242-4.
Mont Cenis tunnel, i. 110.
Monte Cristo row, i. 186.
Moore, i. 19, 172 (quoted).
Morgan, J. S., ii. 259.
Morgan, Lady, i. 19.
Morning Advertiser, i. 40.
Morning Chronicle, i. 294; Douglas Cook editor of, ii. 144; Shirley Brooks appointed summary-writer for, ii. 144-5.
Morning Post, i. 294; ii. 309.
Morning Star, its criticism on my novel, ii. 86; I commence "The Flâneur" therein, ii. 89; its editors and staff, *ib.*; further contributions, ii. 89 90; ii. 307.
Morris, Mowbray, i. 292; ii. 151.
Morrison, J. Cotter, i. 67.
Morrisson, Robert, ii. 48.
"Mott's," i. 138; Mr. and Mrs. Mott, *ib.*
Mowatt, Mrs. Anna Cora, i. 207, 211.
Moxon & Co., ii. 166.
Mr. Edmund Yates's "Invitations to Evening Parties and the Seaside," ii. 74; John Forster's criticism on, in the *Examiner*, ii. 75-7; certain similarity to John Parry's social sketches, ii. 77-8; close of the entertainment, ii. 78.
Mr. Punch: his Origin and Career, ii. 141.
Muhlbach, Madame, ii. 279, 284.
Muntz, Mr., member for Birmingham, i. 42; his beard, *ib.*
Munyard, a comedian, i. 201.
Mürger, Henri, i 299.
Murphy, Mr., i. 288.
Murphy, Serjeant, i. 170; ii. 6; his liking for me, *ib.*; his "good things," *ib.*
Murray, Grenville, his contributions to *Household Words*, i. 216; congratulates me on my St. Petersburg work, ii. 303; description of, ii. 309; sent to Vienna as *attaché*, *ib.*; recalled and sent to Constantinople, thence to Mitylene, ii. 310; his caricature of Sir Stratford Canning, ii. 310 11; appointed consul-general at Odessa, ii. 311; his warfare with English merchants there, and resignation of his post, *ib.*; an afternoon tea at his chambers in the Albany, ii. 312; his alleged authorship of an article in the *Queen's Messenger* on Lord Carington's father, ii. 312; assaulted by Lord Carington, against whom he prefers a charge of assault, ii. 313; scene in court, *ib.*; charge of perjury preferred against him by Lord Carington; case remanded, ii. 313-14; fails to appear on the day of remand, ii. 314; establishes himself in Paris, *ib.*; a prolific writer, ii. 314-15; "I open my mind to him about my paper, ii. 315; he proposes partnership, ii. 316; enthusiastic about the venture, ii. 317; discusses with me finance, editorial, and other arrangements, ii. 317-18; his belief in the

réclame system of advertising, ii. 326; his "Portraits in Oil," ii. 327; begins to attack his old foes, ii. 330; I remonstrate: correspondence ensues, and he agrees to retire, *ib.*
Murray, John, ii. 163.
Murray, Leigh, i. 190, 205, 206, 210, 239 note; ii. 8.
My Friend from Leatherhead, i. 290; played at the Lyceum, with Mr. Toole and Miss Marie Wilton, *ib.*; a success, *ib.*
My Haunts, and their Frequenters, i. 255.
My Neighbour's Wife, i. 273.

Nadar, the photographer, ii. 178.
Napoleon, Louis, at the Eglinton Tournament, i. 43; riding in the Park, i. 149; his visit to the Queen, *ib.*; a visitor at Lady Blessington's, *ib.*; Chevalier Wikoff in employ of, ii. 237.
Nassau Senior, Mrs., ii. 136.
National Club, ii. 1.
Nau, Mdlle., i. 195.
Nedley, Dr., ii. 217.
Neilson, Adelaide, at Drury Lane, i. 186.
Newcomes, The, i. 167, 218; ii. 11-12.
Newman, Mr., a contributor to the *Comic Times*, i. 319.
Newman, Mr., Lord Carington's solicitor, ii. 313.
Newspaper Press Fund, Dickens's plea for, ii. 128.
New York, first appearance at, ii. 249-50; I dine with the Liberal Club there, ii. 255; present at a women's mass-meeting at the Cooper Institute, *ib.*; further lectures there, ii. 259.
New York Herald criticism on my lecture, ii. 251-3; my work on, ii. 273-4; engagement on, ii. 277-9; our cable messages to on the opening of the Vienna Exhibition, ii. 283; their immense success, ii. 284; I attend Versailles for, ii. 286; meet the Shah of Persia at Brussels, *ib.*; follow him everywhere, ii. 287-8; I go through Germany, Ireland, and to Madrid, ii. 288-95; am to report Duke of Edinburgh's marriage, ii. 296; telegraphic arrangements, ii. 301; my account through all right, ii. 303; am complimented, *ib.*; other work, *ib.*; I tender my resignation, ii. 304; Grenville Murray the Paris correspondent of, ii. 314.
New York Lecture Bureau, I write to, ii. 239; arrangements with the manager, ii. 249.
New York Times, ii. 279.
New York Tribune, ii. 279, 298.
New York World, ii. 280.
Nicholas Nickleby, at the Adelphi, i. 15; Belling in, i. 35; costumes of, i. 46; i. 257.
Nicholson, Renton, i. 171.
Night at Notting Hill, A, produced at the Adelphi, i. 289.
Night-houses, i. 161.
"Nights at the Round Table," i. 329, 331.
Nisbett, Mrs., at the Haymarket, i. 187; as Constance in *The Love Chase*, *ib.*; her return to the stage, i. 188; my introduction to her, *ib.*
Nobody's Fortune, ii. 84; its publication in America, ii. 122-3; written mainly at Plymouth, ii. 216.
Noctes Ambrosianæ, i. 214, 329.
"No fees" introduced by Albert Smith, i. 244.
Nolan, Captain, ii. 79-80.
Norma, i. 178.
North America, Trollope's, ii. 263.
North, Christopher, i. 214.
Northcote, Sir Stafford, i. 126.
Northumberland, Duke of, i. 31.
"North-Western Mail," The, i. 242.
Norton, Mr., i. 131.
Norton, Mrs., i. 19, 114, 149.

O'Beirne, James Lyster, editor of the *Court Journal*, i. 234; procures me my first engagement, *ib.*; his kindness to me, i. 235; member of the Fielding, i. 237 note; I go with him to Paris for a holiday, i. 244; at my marriage, i. 247; a member of the Garrick, ii. 8.
Observer, I contribute to the, ii. 235.
O'Connell, Daniel, meeting with, i. 25; i. 237 note.
O'Connell, Morgan John, i. 160, 241; ii. 192.
O'Connell, William ("Lord Kilmallock"), ii. 7 note.
O'Connor, John, ii. 240.
O'Donoghue, The, ii. 290.
O'Dowd, James Cornelius, i. 241; ii. 26; his resolutions at the General Meeting of the Garrick Club, ii. 26-7.
"Offley's," i. 236.
O'Gorman Mahon, The, ii. 7 note.
O'Kelly, Mr., ii. 253 note.
Old Bailey leaders, ii. 192.
Old Brompton, i. 52.
Old Gallery of Illustration, i. 145.
Old Heads and Young Hearts, i. 187.
Oliphant, Mrs., ii. 83.
Oliver, Miss M., i. 207, 274.
Oliver Twist at the Adelphi, i. 15.
Olympic Theatre, i. 175; the old Olympic, i. 204; recollections of G. V. Brooke, *ib.*; of Mrs. Stirling, i. 206; its destruction by fire, *ib.*; rebuilt, i. 207; our Amateur Pantomime performance at, i. 271; *Without Love* produced at, ii. 235.
O'Neil, Miss, as Desdemona, i. 5.
Oriental Club, ii. 1.
Osgood, Mr., ii. 260.
Ostend, i. 71-2.
Otway, Henry, i. 149.

Otway, Lady, i. 149.
"Our Flight with *Punch*," i. 282.
Our Miscellany, i. 289.
"Overland Mail," The, i. 227.
"Overland Route," The, i. 145.
Owen, Sir Philip Cunliffe, ii. 282.
Oxberry, i. 190.
Oxenford, John, i. 209, 217, 219; his critique on the Amateur Pantomime, i. 271-6; on *My Friend from Leatherhead*, i. 290; i. 306; my friendship with him, i. 307; his learning, i. 308; dramatic critic of the *Times*, i. 308-9; his real genius shown, i. 310; contributed to the *Comic Times*, i. 319; to the *Train*, i. 335; witnessed *Dido* at the St. James's with him, ii. 56; contributes to *Temple Bar*, ii. 59.
Oxford and Cambridge Club, ii. 1.
Oyster-houses, i. 160.

"Paddy" Green, i. 6.
Paget, Lord Alfred, i. 24; ii. 78.
Paget, Lord George, ii. 79.
Paillasse. i. 209.
Pall Mall Gazette, ii. 314, 326.
Palmer trial, The, ii. 130-2; Palmer's compliment to Cockburn, ii. 131.
Palmer's composite candles, i. 44.
Palmerston, Lord, i. 150-1; ii. 237, 309.
Palmyre Anato, i. 185.
P. & O. Company's steamers, i. 110, 112, 116.
Pardoe, Miss, i. 19; letter to my father, i. 22; her plays, *ib.*; her stories, i. 27.
Paris Herself Again, i. 312.
Park, The, my walks in, i. 147; celebrities there, i. 147-8; beauties and beaux, i. 149; its riders, i. 149-50; its whips, i. 150-1.
Parker, the bandmaster, i. 138.
Parkinson, J. C., acquires portrait of my father, i. 6; read first chapters of my novel to, ii. 85; as an after-dinner speaker, ii. 111; at the Post Office farewell dinner to me, ii. 221; ii. 232; hopeful of my American journey, ii. 239.
Parliament Street, a walk in, i. 151; its political celebrities, *ib.*
Parry, John, Albert Smith's songs for, i. 243; his "Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party," ii. 77; similar to my Egyptian Hall "Show": his letter to me on the subject, ii. 77-8; lost on his way to Mapesbury House, ii. 82.
Parry, Mr., i. 203.
Parry, Serjeant, at the Old Bailey, ii. 192; counsel for the West End Usurers, ii. 329.
Parry's, Sir Edward, Arctic Expedition, i. 38.
Pas de Fascination, i. 189.
Pasquin, i. 325.
Patti, Madame, ii. 300.
Paul's Chain, i. 122.
Paul's Wharf, i. 122.
Pavilion Theatre, i. 175.
Payne, J. Bertram, ii. 166.
Payne, W. H., the king of pantomime, i. 271; our tutor for the Amateur Pantomime, *ib.*
Peacock, William, assistant-solicitor to the Post Office, ii. 186; his examination of culprits, ii. 190-1; his attendance at the Old Bailey, ii. 191-2.
Peake, R. B., i. 202; *non sequitur* story of, *ib.*
Peel, Frederick, ii. 146.
Peel, Sir Robert, i. 151; ii. 146; his fatal accident, ii. 160; his sensitiveness to pain, *ib.* note.
Pelly, Sir Henry, ii. 133.
Pendennis, i. 163, 218; ii. 12.
Penny steamboats, i. 122.
Penzance, my telegraph head-quarters at, ii. 215.
Perkins's steam-gun, i. 135.
Perrot, i. 179.
Persiani, Madame, i. 181.
Personages of the streets now vanished, i. 47.
"Personal Recollections of Dickens and Thackeray," ii. 240.
Peter Parley series, i. 266.
Peter the Great (Jullien's opera), i. 185.
"Petroleum V. Nasby," ii. 275.
Phelps, Samuel, ii. 108.
Philadelphia, my lectures at, ii. 262; friends there, *ib.*
Philip, quotation from, i. 300-1.
Philippe's (Rue Montorgueil), i. 244.
"Philistine," Matthew Arnold's, i. 300.
Phillips, Watts, i. 325; ii. 9-10.
Philp, Franklin, ii. 274.
Phinn, Q.C., i. 253.
Pickwick, i. 266; at the Adelphi, i. 15.
Pickwick, illustrations to, i. 48; Mr. Steere's readings from, i. 55.
Pierrepont, Edwards, ii. 244.
Pigott, Edward F. Smyth, his *nom de plume* "Chat Huant," i. 240 note; i. 253, 288.
Pilot, Fenimore Cooper's, i. 7.
Pischek, i. 185.
Pitt, Horace (afterwards Lord Rivers), i. 131, 149.
Pitt's jokes: the bananas, and a wonderful cure, i. 87-9.
Pitt, Tom, i. 27.
Planché, J. R., at Mr. Byng's, i. 131; a supporter of Madame Vestris, i. 191; his extravaganzas, i. 192; at Brompton, i. 233; i. 253; a member of the Garrick, ii. 6; I attend a child's party at his house, ii. 153; proud of his connection with Heralds' College, ii. 154; my lines to him, ii. 154-5; at Charles Mathews's, ii. 182.
Plummer, Mr., i. 321, 324.

Plunkett, Mdlle., i. 179.
Plymouth, my telegraph head-quarters at, ii. 214; *Nobody's Fortune* mainly written there, ii. 216.
Poland, Mr., ii. 192.
Police, The new, i. 45.
"Pol-kar!" i. 139.
Pollington, Lady, i. 149.
Polytechnic, The, i. 136.
Poor Brethren of the Charterhouse, ii. 45.
Poor Cousin Walter, i. 210.
Porteous, Dr. Beilby, i. 215.
Porter, Miss Jane, i. 19; letter to my father, i. 20.
Portland Club, ii. 1.
Portland Rooms, i. 138-9.
Portraits of my father, i. 6; of my mother, i. 9.
Post Office, I enter the service of the, i. 83; happy days there, i. 84; placed in the Money Order department, i. 85; reported to Sir Rowland Hill: his cure for animal spirits, i. 89-92; I acquire a dangerous accomplishment, i. 93; transferred to another branch, and placed under John Strange Baker, i. 93-9; James Kenney, i. 95-6; Colonel Maberly, i. 96-100; assisting the surveyor, i. 100; introducing the P.M.G., i. 102; I have a disagreeable job, i. 104-9; I pioneer the route over the Brenner, i. 110; in charge of the Indian mail, i. 110-16; an official trip to Hamburg, i. 117; popular notions of the work, i. 122-3; pay of the staff, i. 123-4; a commission of inquiry, i. 125; improved scale of pay, i. 126. (*See also* Missing Letter Branch *and* Telegraph Department.)
Post Office theft, a clever case of, ii. 194-9.
Postmen, the "General" and the "Twopenny," i. 46.
Pottle of Strawberries, A, i. 187.
Power, Harold, ii. 74; joins me in the Egyptian Hall entertainment, *ib.*; leaves me for a mercantile position abroad, ii. 78.
Power, Miss Marguerite, i. 246.
Power, The Misses, i. 147.
Power, Tyrone, i. 34; lost in the President steamer, *ib.*
Praed, ii. 183.
Preece, W. H., ii. 214.
Prejudice against actors, i. 36.
Press, *The*, ii. 87.
"Pretty Horsebreaker," The, ii. 84.
Price, Mr. Stephen, ii. 16.
Prices realised by dramatic authors fifty years ago, i. 33; of the present day, i. 34.
Priestley, Dr. and Mrs., ii. 137.
Prince Consort at the Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, ii. 47.
Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the (aged fourteen), at our Amateur Pantomime, i. 277; honorary Colonel of Civil Service Rifles, ii. 44; at the inauguration of the Albert Memorial, ii. 79; dined at Lord Houghton's with Dickens, ii. 121; thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the recovery of, ii. 234; at the Vienna Exhibition, ii. 283; at Buda-Pesth, ii. 285; *en route* for St. Petersburg, ii. 298; as a "Celebrity at Home" in *The World*, ii. 332.
Prince of Wales's Theatre, i. 204.
Prince's, ii. 1.
"Princes of the Pen," ii. 259, 276 note.
Princess Alexandra, arrival of in London, ii. 78; her first public appearance, *ib.*
Princess's Concert Rooms, i. 139.
Princess's Theatre, i. 175; under Mr. Maddox's management, i. 193-7; a piece by Harrington and myself played there, ii. 42.
Procter, Adelaide, i. 216.
Proctor, Mrs., i. 253.
Promenade Concerts (Jullien's), i. 182-3.
Prospectus of *The World*, ii. 319-21.
Prospère, i. 182.
Puck, i. 325.
Pugh, Mr., ii. 262.
Punch, i. 215, 282-3; a rival to, i. 302; at its best, i. 304; i. 314, 319; its social influence, i. 325; ii. 11.
Punch, birth of, ii. 141; its early fortunes, ii. 141-2; its original staff, ii. 142; under the editorship of Mark Lemon, ii. 142-3; Shirley Brooks appointed editor, ii. 143-4; Brooks's value to the paper: his verses and "Essence of Parliament," ii. 145-7; succeeded by Tom Taylor: not fitted for the post, ii. 149-50; F. C. Burnand appointed, ii. 150; his *Happy Thoughts*, *ib.*
Punchestown races, I go to, for *Daily News*, ii. 236.
"Punch's Playhouse," i. 210.
Puppet-Show, The, i. 325.
Pyne, Louisa, i. 195.
Pyramids, The, i. 116.

Quain, Dr., ii. 232.
Quarterly Review, ii. 158-60.
Quartermaine, Mr., of the Ship, i. 158.
Quatro Amigos (*née* Bella), horrible journey in, from St. Jean de Luz to Santander, ii. 291; dangerous return voyage in: nearly shipwrecked, ii. 293-5.
Queen, Her Majesty the, and the Prince Consort at the Amateur Pantomime, i. 277; Levée for Volunteer officers held by, ii. 46; Her Majesty's courtesy minimised, ii. 47; reviews the Volunteers in Hyde Park, *ib.*
Queen's Messenger, ii. 312-13.
Queen's Theatre, i. 204.
Queen, The, I contribute "Five o'Clock Tea" to, ii. 235.

Quin, Dr., ii. 137.

Rachel, i. 209; her Camille, Phèdre, Adrienne Lecouvreur—incomparable, *ib.*
Rainbow, The, i. 288.
Raine, Dr., i. 3.
Rainforth, Miss, i 181.
Rake and his Pupil, The, i. 32, and note; i. 33.
Reach, Angus Bethune, i. 216-17, 224, 246; incapacitated for work, i. 270, 285; a commission to France for the *Chronicle*, ii. 145.
Reade, Charles, a member of the Garrick, ii. 8; his habits there, ii. 164; a friend to me when I was lecturing at Oxford, *ib.*; a letter to me, with some odd notions, ii. 164-5.
Reed, Mr. and Mrs. German, i. 291.
Rees, David, i. 187.
Reeve, John, at Winchmore Hill, i. 3; anecdote of, i. 14 note; as Sam Weller, i. 15; at Brompton, i. 233.
Reeve, Henry, i. 253.
Reeves, Sims, *début* of, i. 184.
Reform Club, ii. 1.
Registry at the Post Office, i. 85.
Regnier, i. 209; ii. 108.
Reid, Mayne, i. 251.
Reid, Whitelaw, editor of the *New York Tribune*, ii. 248, 259, 274.
Reynolds, Miss, i. 189.
Robton, Mr., ii. 192.
Rice and Besant, Messrs., write "The Golden Butterfly" for *The World*, ii. 326.
Richardson, the flute-player, i. 182.
Richmond dinners, i. 159.
Richmond Hill, i. 269, 296.
Righton, Edward, at the Coliseum, i. 144.
Ristori, i. 209.
Ritchie, Leitch, i. 254.
Rivers, Lord, i. 131.
Roberts, an actor, i. 210.
Roberts, David, ii. 3, 5.
Robert le Diable, i. 178.
Robert Macaire, i. 56.
Robeson, Mr., ii. 263.
Robins, Joseph Hulme ("Joe Robins"), i. 231; his imitations, i. 232; played Clown in the Amateur Pantomime, *ib.*; i. 271.
Robinson, J. R., i. 265; manager of the *Daily News*, *ib.*; editor of the *Express*, i. 285, 288; ii. 281, 319.
Robinson, Nugent, ii. 217, 290.
Robinson, Sir W., ii. 282.
Robson & Sons, printers of *The World*, ii. 316; my old connection with, *ib.*
"Robsperry" at the Adelphi, i. 63.
Rochers de Cancale, i. 244.
Rochester Cathedral, ii. 104.
Rodwell, George R., i. 26, 233.
Rogers, B. B., i. 68.
Rogers, Sam, ii. 96, 157; a talk about him with Hayward, ii. 158.
Romer, Miss, i. 25, 181.
Ronconi, Signor, i. 181.
Rookery, The, in St. Giles's, i. 50.
Roose, Dr., ii. 181.
Rosebery, Lord, ii. 111.
Rouget's, i. 153.
Rough Diamond, The, i. 191.
Roused Lion, The, i. 188.
Routledge & Co., George, i. 265, 289; ii. 57.
Roving Englishman, The, ii. 310, 312.
Rowing on the Thames i. 173.
Roxby, Robert, i. 191, 238 note.
Royal Exchange, burning of, i. 22.
Royal Naval Female School, funds from the Amateur Pantomime handed to, i. 277; I was made life governor of, *ib.*
Rubinstein, Anton, ii. 243.
Running Rein case, i. 163.
Ruppener, Dr., ii. 282.
Russell, Dr. ("Paw" Russell), i. 3, 68.
Russell, Lord John (afterwards Earl), i. 151; ii. 118.
Russell, Lord William, i. 43.
Russell, Mr., editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, ii. 89.
Russell, Scott, ii. 282.
Russell, William Howard, LL.D., i. 238 note, 251; his Sunday Greenwich dinner, i. 292; to lecture for Jerrold's widow, i. 294; in "Men of Mark" series in the *Train*, i. 337; attempts novel-writing in *Tinsleys' Magazine*, ii. 90; represents the *New York Times* at Vienna, ii. 279, 284; in war-paint, ii. 285.
Ruy Blas, i. 209.
Ryall, Mr., ii. 282.
Ryder, John, i. 207.

Sadler's Wells Theatre, i. 175; under Mr. Phelps, i. 211.
Sala, Charles Kerrison (Wynn), i. 195-7.
Sala, George Augustus, i. 170; writing in *Household Words*, i. 216; in the *Illustrated Times*, i. 279; his literary abilities, i. 311; introduced to the Duke of Sutherland at the Fielding Club, *ib.*; his contributions to *Household Words*, i. 311-12; his books, i. 312, 319; contributions to the *Comic Times*, i. 319; to the *Train*, i. 327-8, 331-3; meets Dickens in Paris, i. 332; his Hogarth Papers in the *Cornhill*, *ib.*; his mission to St. Petersburg—"A Journey due North," i. 333; on "Polyphemus" in "Twice Round the Clock," ii. 38-9; other work in the *Welcome Guest*, ii. 41; undertakes the editorship of *Temple Bar*, ii. 58; his contributions to Nos. 1 and 2, ii. 59, 61-2; in chambers, ii. 62; writing *Captain Dangerous* and *Breakfast in Bed*, ii. 83; resigns the editorship of

Temple Bar, ii. 90; as an after-dinner speaker, ii. 111, 117; at the Post Office farewell dinner to me, ii. 221; approves of my proposed American journey, ii. 238-9; farewell at Margate, ii. 241; recommends the Brevoort House, ii. 245.
Sala, Madame, i. 280.
Salaries at the Post Office, i. 123.
Salvini, i. 204.
Sampson, Mr., the City Editor of the *Times*, ii. 168, 327.
Sanger, T. H., ii. 214, 290.
Sant, i. 296.
Santander, a bad time at, ii. 292.
Saracen's Head, i. 51.
Sartoris, Mrs. (Adelaide Kemble), i. 253; ii. 136.
Satirist, i. 40.
Saturday Review on *Little Dorrit*, ii. 33; the original editor of, ii. 215; ii. 321.
Sauer, Mr., ii. 281, 283 4, 303.
Saunders, John, i. 59.
Sawyer & Strange, i. 157-8.
Sayers, Christopher, ii. 242.
Scarborough, a few weeks at, ii. 57.
Scarborough, Earl of, i. 131.
Scenes of Clerical Life, i. 218; ii. 167.
Schaumard, i. 299.
Schmitz, Mr., of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, St. Petersburg, ii. 298; grand entertainment given by him, ii. 300.
School for Reform, The, i. 206.
School for Tigers, The, i. 203.
Schuyler, Mr., ii. 299.
Scotsman, The, telegrams to, ii. 300, 303.
Scott, Mrs., hotel of at Boscastle, ii. 215.
Scott, Sir Walter, his friendship with Daniel Terry, i. 7; letter of advice to Terry, i. 8; his description of the house at the Adelphi, i. 12; his "desultory reading," i. 214.
Scottish Chiefs, i. 20.
Scribner, Mr, ii. 275.
Scudamore, Frank Ives, i. 306; a contributor to *Punch*, *ib.*; his marvellous versatility, *ib.*; his opening address in the *Comic Times*, i. 319; verses in *Town Talk*, ii. 10; with him at Edinburgh, ii. 121; the originator of the purchase of the telegraphs, ii. 199; suggests a new use for my services, ii. 200-3; a good friend, ii. 214; an interview with him after stoppage of my telegraph work, ii. 218-19; his advice to me, i. 219; I follow it, ii. 221; presides at a farewell dinner to me at Willis's Rooms, ii. 221-2; hopeful of my American journey, ii. 239; a contributor to *The World*, ii. 323.
Season, Alfred Austin's, ii. 63.
Seaton, autumn holiday at, in '58, ii. 38-9.
Seaver, W. A., ii. 248, 250, 259, 275.
Sedley, Jos, i. 139.
Selby, Charles, i. 191, 201.
Senior, Mr., ii. 298.
Serious Family, The, i. 188-9.
Seven Sons of Mammon, The, ii. 61.
Seymour, Captain Charles, i. 149, 241; ii. 8.
Seymour, Mrs., i. 207.
"Shades," i. 155; dinners at the, i. 156.
Shah of Persia, I go to Brussels to meet, ii. 286; follow him to Portsmouth, Paris, Versailles, &c, ii. 287-8.
Shakerley, Sir Charles, ii. 6.
Shakespeare, my study of, i. 94.
Shand, Alexander Innes, ii. 284.
Sharp, J. W., comic vocalist, i. 169.
Sharpe's London Magazine, ii. 297.
Shaw-Lefevre, Mr., the Speaker, i. 101.
Shee, Mr. Serjeant, ii. 192.
Shehan, John, the "Irish whisky drinker," i 265.
Shepherd, Mr. (of the Surrey), i. 212.
Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, i. 115.
Sherbrooke, Lord, ii. 137.
Sheridan, General "Phil," ii. 273.
Sherman, General, ii. 273.
Ship, The, i. 158.
Short's, i. 155.
Sibthorp, Colonel, i. 151.
Sickles, General Dan, ii. 237, 293.
Silas Marner, i. 218.
Simpson, E. T. (my private secretary), ii. 148; accompanies me in my telegraph journeys, ii. 216; sails with me to America, ii. 242; working hard with him at New York, ii. 248-9; his possible "reminiscences of Yates," ii. 261; odd conversation with Mr. Pugh, the "boss" of the Philadelphia show, ii. 262; dictation in the train, ii. 264; snowed up, ii. 267-8; takes down the Inauguration report, ii. 274; not at St. Petersburg, ii. 301.
Simpson, M.C. of Vauxhall, i. 139; transparency of, i. 140.
Simpson, Palgrave, i. 210, 253, 274, 335; ii. 27.
Simpson's, i. 156-7; Mr. Daws ("Charles"), *ib.*
Sims, G. R., i. 14.
Sivori, i. 182.
Sketchley, Arthur, ii. 182.
Skey, Mr., of Bartholomew's, i. 117.
Skindle's, i. 296.
Skinner Street, i. 51.
"Slap-bangs," i. 154.
"Slaves of the Lamp," ii. 217.
Sleigh, Serjeant, ii. 192.
Smart, Major Hawley, ii. 326.
Smedley, Frank, introduction to, i. 259; my ideal picture of him—the reality, i. 259-60; I form an intimate friendship with him, i. 261; his characteristics, *ib.*; a funny interview with George Cruikshank, i. 263; is godfather to one of my twins, i. 281; i. 284; joins the *Train*-band, i. 326; in easy circumstances, ii.

88; purchased Beechwood, near Marlow, *ib.*; my last dinner with him at his mother's house, *ib.*; his death, ii. 89.
Smith, Albert, his return from the Nile with a beard, i. 49; a candidate for the Garrick Club, *ib.*; his "month at Constantinople," i. 116; his anecdote of Louis Napoleon, i. 148; dinners at the "Shades," i. 156; his balloon ascent, i. 163; at Evans's, i. 170; his burlesques at the Lyceum, i. 190; Mr. Maddox figures in his novel, i. 194; editor of the *Man in the Moon*, i. 216; at Horace Twiss's dinner, i. 225; his admiration for my mother, i. 226; my talk with him at the Garrick Club: we swear friendship, *ib.*; his ascent of Mont Blanc, *ib.*; preparation for his entertainment, *ib.*; "The Overland Mail," i. 227; his appearance—his home—his study, i. 227-9; his friendship with the Keeleys, i. 232-3; his poem on the members of the Fielding, i. 236-41 and note; opening of the "Mont Blanc" entertainment, i. 242-3; its success, i. 244; introduces me to Miss M. Power, and to Mr. Timbs, i. 246-7; also introduces me to a young lady who becomes my wife, i. 247; he is my "best man," *ib.*; in my "grounds," i. 249; prepares a broil, i. 251; i. 253; introduces me to Mr. Bentley, i. 254; is godfather to my eldest son, i. 259; originates the Amateur Pantomime, i. 271; as Catesby and Harlequin, i. 274, 276; goes with us to Baden, i. 287; at Jerrold's funeral, i. 293; his social entertainments, i. 297; the form of invitation, 297-8 note; I seek advice from him about *Comic Times*, i. 305; he contributes to it, i. 318; his smart saying about Dance and Planché, ii. 6; misunderstanding with Thackeray, ii. 17-18; meetings on my Garrick difficulty, ii. 23; his vote lost, ii. 24; his return from China, much altered, ii. 49; his irritation, ii. 50; a tiff, *ib.*; his marriage with Miss Mary Keeley, ii. 51; our relations renewed, *ib.*; out of health, *ib.*; his house at North End, ii. 52; a last long talk with him, *ib.*; illness and death, ii. 53; his funeral at Brompton Cemetery, ii. 54; memorial to him at Chamounix, ii. 64; early on the *Punch* staff, ii. 142; a fellow-student with John Leech, ii. 151.
Smith, Arthur, i. 156; at Evans's, i. 170; at Horace Twiss's dinner, i. 225; organised the business arrangements at the Egyptian Hall, i. 229; also first and second series of Dickens's readings, i. 230; Dickens's regard for him, *ib.*; his fun, *ib.*; my intimacy with him, *ib.*; i. 237 note; at my marriage, i. 247; in my "grounds," i. 249; i. 253; Pantaloon in the Amateur Pantomime, i. 271; at Jerrold's funeral, i. 293; at Garrick meetings, ii. 23; his death, ii. 64; ii. 99, 101, 162.
Smith & Elder. ii. 57; their success with the *Cornhill Magazine*, ii. 57-8.
Smith, George, i. 288.
Smith, James and Horace, i. 19, 24.
Smith, Mark, ii 244.
Smith, O., i. 14. 16; as Obi, and in other characters, i. 18-9; i. 201.
Smith, Richard Goodhall, i. 68.
Smith, Sydney, i. 266.
Smith, Wyndham (the "Assassin"), ii. 5, 16.
Smithfield Cattle Market, i. 51.
Snow Hill, i. 51.
Snow Shoe Club (Montreal), entertained by, ii. 270.
Snuffers, i. 44.
"Social Zoologies," i. 243.
Solecisms of past days, i. 151.
Solomon, Abraham, i. 296; his Friday night gatherings, *ib.*
Song-and-supper taverns, i. 165-6.
Sotheby, H. W., i. 330; ii. 62.
Sola, M., i. 26.
Sothern, E. A., ii. 179; I prophesied his success, *ib.*; our friendship, *ib.*; his practical joking, ii. 180; in New York, ii. 259; his illness and last days, ii. 181.
Spanish grandee, a real, I make acquaintance with, ii. 292.
Sparring with Nat Langham and Alec Keene, i. 173-4.
Spectator, The, ii. 86, 321.
Speidell, Rev. Thomas, i. 11.
Sphinx, The, i. 189.
Spicer, Henry, i. 216; ii. 8.
Spiers & Pond, i. 152.
"Spring-heeled Jack," i. 41.
Stage-coaches, i. 48.
St. Albans, Duke of, i. 68.
Standard, The, ii. 86, 298.
Stanfield, Clarkson, i. 279; ii. 3, 5.
Stanford, Mr., ii. 114.
Stanhope, Hon. and Rev. Fitzroy, i. 131, 150; ii. 6; the "Dane," ii. 7 note.
Stanhope, Lincoln, i. 149.
Stanhope, Lord, ii. 140.
Stanley, Dean, ii. 301.
Stanley, Henry M., ii. 275.
Stanley of Alderley, Lord, Postmaster-General, i. 102; "old Ben Stanley," i. 104; his insolent and overbearing manner, *ib.*; my unpleasant interview with him, i. 104-9.
Stedman, Edmund C., ii. 275.
Steele, Colonel, ii. 244.
St. George, Miss Julia, i. 192.
Stigand, Mr., ii. 59, 62.
Stirling, Mrs., i. 206; I first see her at the Olympic, *ib.*; at the Strand, i. 210;

delivers my rhymed address at an amateur performance, ii. 49.
St. James's Club, ii. 2.
St. James's Hall Restaurant, i. 152.
St. James's Theatre, i. 175; French plays there, i. 175, 208-9; in occupation of Mr. Mitchell, i. 208; meet Charles Lamb Kenney there, i. 209; Rachel acting there, *ib.*; Burnand's burlesque *Dido* played there, ii. 56.
St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, ii. 67-9.
Stocqueler, Mr., i. 146.
Stone, Frank, i. 279, 296.
Stone, Major, ii. 79.
Stone, Mr., i. 54; a great character, *ib.*; first told me of Scott and Dickens, i. 55.
Stone, Mrs., i. 52-3.
Story-telling, i. 44.
St. Petersburg, I am sent to report the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage at, ii. 296; *en route*, ii. 297-8; put up at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, ii. 298; journalists there, *ib.*; festivity and hospitality, ii. 299-300; and work, ii. 300-1; description of the wedding ceremony, ii. 301-2; my return from, ii. 303.
Straight, Douglas, ii. 192, 329.
Strand Theatre, under old William Farren's management, i. 210; his company, *ib.*; the Swanborough days, i. 307; Harrington and I write *Your Likeness, One Shilling*, for, ii. 42; the Bosjesmen exhibited there, ii. 109.
Strickland, the actor, i. 187.
Strousberg, Dr., ii. 297.
Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, ii. 231.
St. Sebastian, ii. 294.
Stuart, the actor, i. 205.
Sullivan, A. M., editor of the *Nation*, ii. 290.
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, ii. 332.
"Sundays out," i. 296.
Sunday Times, i. 40.
Supper-houses, i. 160.
Surrey Theatre, i. 175; early recollections of, i. 211; engagements of my father and mother there, i. 212.
Sussex, Duke of, i. 19.
Sutherland, Duchess of, i. 149.
Sutherland, Duke of, i. 311.
Sutton, Manners (afterwards Lord Canterbury), i. 149.
Swan at Staines, i. 296.
Swanborough, Miss Louisa, ii. 42.
Swinton, i. 253.
Syme, Mr., ii. 119.

Tagliafico, i. 181.
Taglioni, i. 179.
Talfourd, Frank, i. 239 note; part author of *The Willow Pattern Plate*, i. 307; his jokes, ii. 56.
Talfourd, Mr. Justice, i. 253; his hospitality, *ib.*; a member of the Garrick, ii. 6.
Talmage, Rev. de Witt, ii. 260.
Tamburini, i. 180.
Tantah, a fair at, i. 114.
Taplow, i. 269.
Taylor, Bayard, ii. 279, 282, 284.
Taylor, Sir Charles, i. 237 note; described by Anthony Trollope, *ib.*; a frequenter of the Garrick, ii. 8.
Taylor, Lieut.-Col. du Plat, ii. 44; his zeal for the Volunteers, *ib.*; in *A Lesson for Life*, ii. 48.
Taylor, Mr. Tom, burlesques of, at the Lyceum, i. 190; secretary of Board of Health, i. 239; disguised as Kossuth, i. 252; writes the prologue to the Amateur Pantomime, i. 273; as a Rifleman, ii. 44; writes *A Lesson for Life* for an amateur performance, ii. 48; appointed editor of *Punch*, ii. 149; not fitted for the work, ii. 149-50.
Tegg, Mr., the publisher, i. 267.
Teignmouth, i. 248.
Telbin, William, i. 145; ii. 95.
Telegraph Department of the Post Office, ii. 199; purchase of the telegraphs by the Government, originated by Mr. Scudamore, *ib.*; suggested use for my services in connection therewith, ii. 201-2; my acceptance of the office, ii. 203; difficulties to be overcome in erecting poles and carrying wires, ii. 203-4; I persuade and "orate," ii. 204-5; anecdotes of my experiences, ii. 205-213; my official journeys in the three kingdoms, ii. 214; rambles through Devon and Cornwall, ii. 214-15; duty takes me to Lakeland, Killarney, Valentia, and Galway, ii. 216-17; the work stopped; instructions to wind up, ii. 218; no further employment for me in this department, ii. 219.
Tempest, The, i. 211.
Temple Bar established by Mr. Maxwell, ii. 58; Mr. Sala acts as editor, I as assistant editor, *ib.*; difficulty to procure a novel for it, ii. 59; contents of No. 1, *ib.*; the contributors, ii. 59-63; contents of No. 2, ii. 61-2; a novelist wanted, ii. 83; I volunteer, *ib.*; begin *Broken to Harness*, ii. 85; its favourable reception, ii. 86-7; I am to follow with another story, ii. 87; Mr. Sala resigns the editorship: I succeed him, ii. 90; the magazine purchased by Mr. Bentley, *ib.*; I edit it for a twelvemonth, and then resign, *ib.*; ii. 172, 184; ii. 316, 321.
Tennyson, Lord, i. 246; ii. 166; meeting with Martin Tupper, *ib.*
Ten Thousand a Year, i. 31; ii. 156.
Tenterden, Lord, Vice-President of the Garrick, ii. 3.

Terry, Daniel, in partnership with my father, i. 7; his friendship with Sir Walter Scott, *ib.*; letter from Scott to, i. 8-9; retires from the Adelphi, i. 9.
Terry, Miss Ellen, in *If the Cap Fits*, i. 290; played in a piece of mine at the Princess's, ii. 42; and in an amateur performance of *A Lesson for Life*, ii. 49.
Thackeray quoted, i. 167; at Evans's, i. 170; selects the title for the Fielding Club, i. 235; "the good Pendennis," i. 241; contributor to the *Keepsake*, i. 246; at Mrs. Milner Gibson's, i. 253; at Dickens's amateur performance, i. 280; his letter of congratulation to me on the birth of twins, *ib.*; dinner to him, with Dickens in the chair, i. 281; lectures for Jerrold's widow, i. 294-5; his description of British Bohemia, i. 300-1; i. 304; his fondness for the Garrick, ii. 8; my pen-and-ink sketch of him in *Town Talk*, ii. 11; his letter to me, ii. 13-14; my reply (unfortunately not sent), ii. 15; his caricature of fellow-members of the Garrick, ii. 15-16; ill-feeling towards Albert Smith, ii. 17-18; the reply sent to him after consulting Dickens, ii. 18-19; his appeal to the Committee of the Garrick, ii. 19; his allusion to me during the discussion in *The Virginians* as "Young Grub Street," ii. 23; his feeling for Dickens, ii. 32; his opinion of *Little Dorrit*, ii. 33; his reply to Dickens's letter on my case, ii. 35; letter to the Garrick Committee, ii. 36; his admirers on the *Illustrated Times*, ii. 56; his editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, ii. 57; his death, ii. 80; my obituary notice, ii. 81; intimate with John Leech, ii. 150; two stories of him, ii. 153.
Thaddeus of Warsaw, i. 20.
Thames Ditton, i. 20, 296.
Theatrical critics, The, i. 217.
"The British Parliament," ii. 241.
Thesiger, Mr., Q.C., ii. 328.
Thiers, M., ii. 286.
Thillon, Madame Anna, i. 195.
Thomas, W., i. 234.
Thomas, William Moy, i. 287; contributed to the *Train*, i. 336.
Thompson, Launt, ii. 258.
Thompson, Lysander, i. 206.
Thompson, Sir Henry, ii. 119-20.
Thornton, Sir Edward, ii. 263; invitation to dinner from, ii. 264.
Three-Fingered Jack, i. 18.
Thynne, Edward, i. 49.
Ticknor, Mr., ii. 260.
Tilley, Mr., Secretary of the Post Office, geniality of, i. 118; his character, ii. 200-1; brother in-law to Trollope, ii. 231.
Timbs, John, i. 143, 246, 302.
Time Tries All, i. 206.
Time Works Wonders, i. 187.
Times, The, i. 295; its dramatic criticisms, i. 309; ii. 298-9.
Tinsley, Edward (of Tinsley Brothers), offers me good terms for a novel, ii. 87-8.
Tinsleys' Magazine started, ii. 90; I take the editorship, *ib.*; Dr. Russell writes a novel for it, *ib.*; great success no longer to be commanded for shilling magazines, *ib.*
Tisdall, Dr., ii. 217, 290.
Title Deeds, i. 202.
Tod-Heatly, G. H., i. 67.
Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, i. 14.
Tomkins, Charles, i. 27.
Toole, J. L., i. 290; plays the hero in *My Friend from Leatherhead*, i. 290.
Topham, Frank, i. 296.
Torquay, i. 248.
Torrens, McCullagh, i. 288.
Torrens, Mr. and Mrs., i. 253.
Torrington, Lord, i. 131.
Town Talk, ii. 9, 11.
Townshend, Dr., ii. 261.
Trafalgar, The, i. 158.
Train, George Francis, take farewell of, ii. 274.
Train, The, i. 326; the staff, *ib.*; the start, i. 327; its rival, *The Idler*, i. 329-41; fair success, i. 334; later contributors, i. 335-6; Thackeray on one of the artists, *i.* 336; my series of papers, "Men of Mark," i. 337; *The Train* stops, after running two years and a half, *ib.*; a loss of nine hundred pounds, i. 338.
Travellers' Club, ii. 1.
"Travels in the County of Middlesex," ii. 59.
Treffz, Mdlle. Jetty, i. 182.
Trendell, Mr., ii. 282.
Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Joueur, i. 209.
Trollope, Anthony, his rule-of-three sum, i. 85; estimate of Colonel Maberly in his *Autobiography*, i. 96; sent to Egypt on a special mission, i. 111; I write to him before I go there, *ib.*; his letter to me at Alexandria, i. 113; his description of Sir Charles Taylor, i. 237 note; his cordial hatred of Sir Rowland Hill, ii. 222-3, and note; his *Autobiography* quoted, *ib.*; at the meeting of surveyors, ii. 224; a contrast to Sir Rowland Hill, ii. 228; his goodness of heart, ii. 229; his thoroughness and love for his office, *ib.*; speech on the Civil Service, ii. 229-30; lecture on the "Civil Service as a Profession," ii. 230; failure to obtain the post of Assistant Secretary, ii. 230; his resignation, *ib.*; why he resigned, ii. 231; had a poor notion of humour, *ib.*; a funny story of his, ii. 232; refused to pose as a "Celebrity at Home," ii. 233;

proposed to write a novel for *The World*, *ib.*
Trotter, Mrs., i. 77.
Truandaise, La, i. 179.
Tupper, Chilvers, and Brown, ii. 165.
Tupper, Martin, ii. 165; my first meeting with him: his cordiality, *ib.*; my parodies of his poems pasted in his wonderful book, *ib.*
Turner, Godfrey, i. 288; sub-editor of *John Bull*, i. 305-6.
Tuttle, Mr., ii. 298.
Twice Killed, i. 310.
Twice Round the Clock, i. 319; allusion to me in, ii. 39-40.
Twiss, Horace, i. 225; dinner at his house in Park Place, *ib.*

Uncle Dick's Darling, i. 32.
Union Club, ii. 1.
United Service Club, ii. 1.
United University Club, ii. 1.
"Upper Eaton," i. 52.
Uscocco, L', i. 22.

Vandenhoff, i. 185.
Vanity Fair, ii. 11, 315.
Vauxhall Gardens, *i.* 135; their palmy days, i. 139; description of, i. 140; amusements, *ib.*; liveliest time in my recollection, i. 141; charge for admission too high, *ib.*; refreshments there, *ib.*
"Velvet Cushion," The, ii. 2.
Venafra, Signor, i. 138.
Verrey's, dinners at, i. 251.
Versailles, I was present during the crisis at, ii. 286; follow the Shah to, ii. 288.
Verviers, i. 71.
Vestris, Madame, i. 187, 190-1, 233.
Vicar of Wakefield, The, i. 210.
Victoria Theatre, i 175.
Victorine, or I'll sleep on It, i. 11, 14, 31.
Vienna, I arrive at, ii. 281; my lodgings, *ib.*; a pleasant time there, ii. 281-3; departure from, ii. 285; my return there, ii. 288-9.
Vienna Exhibition, I am to represent the *New York Herald* at, ii. 277; its opening, ii. 283; great success of our cable messages: read in New York the next morning, ii. 283-4.
Vieuxtemps, i. 182.
Villette, Dr., ii. 174-5.
Villiers, Lady Clementina, i. 149.
Vincent, Miss, i. 212.
Vining, James, i. 187.
Virginians, The, ii. 12, 23.
Virginius difficulty, The, ii. 291-2.
Vizetelly, Henry, editor of the *Illustrated Times*, i. 278; his kindness to me, *ib.*; his Greenwich dinner, *ib.* 9; started the *Welcome Guest*, ii. 41; continues my work on *Illustrated Times*, ii. 56.
Volunteer movement, The, ii. 44; the Levée, ii. 46; the Review in Hyde Park, ii. 47.

Waddy, Mr., Q.C., ii. 133.
Waite, Mr., ii. 246, 250.
Waiting Race, A, ii. 234, 241.
Walker, Thomas, i. 288; appointed to the editorship of the *Daily News*, ii. 56.
Wallace, the composer, i. 181.
Wallack, James, i. 189.
Wallack, Lester, ii. 259.
Walpole, Horace, i. 180 note.
Walton, i. 194.
Waraker, Thomas, LL.D., i. 67.
Ward, A. W., his monograph of Dickens in "English Men of Letters," ii. 111.
Ward, F. O., i. 238 note.
Ward, Leslie, ii. 240.
Ward, Mr. and Mrs. E. M., ii. 72.
Ward, "Uncle" Sam, ii. 248, 259, 274, 275.
Wardell, Mr., lessee of Vauxhall, i. 139.
Warren, Samuel, Q.C., i. 19; dramatises his *Ten Thousand a Year*, i. 31; letter to my father, *ib.*; ii. 6; story of him and the old Duke of Wellington, ii. 156-7.
Warne, William, i. 265.
Washbourne, Mr., ii. 284.
Washington, I lecture at, ii. 263.
Waterford, Marquis of, i. 41; his escapades, i. 42; declared he would shave Mr. Muntz, i. 42.
Watson, Sir Thomas, ii. 118, 123.
Watts, Mr. Walter, i. 207; what was he? *ib.*; his frauds, i. 208; his suicide, *ib.*; i. 211.
Waylett, Mrs., i. 25.
Webb, Sir Henry, ii. 5.
Webster, Benjamin, buys Adelphi property, i. 63; i. 187-8, 198; manager at the Haymarket, i. 201; in *The Willow Copse*, i. 203; ii. 8, 42, 108.
Webster, Henry, my stay with, ii. 39.
"Weekday Preachers," ii. 32.
Weekly Chronicle, i. 265, 285; ii. 307.
Weekly Dispatch, i. 40, 255.
"Weippert's," i. 135, 139.
Weir, Harrison, i. 145.
Weir, William, editor of the *Daily News*, i. 288; his death, ii. 56.
Weiss, Mr. and Mrs., i. 195.
Welcome Guest, The, Sala's "Twice Round the Clock" in, ii. 39; started by Henry Vizetelly, ii. 41; some of its writers, *ib.*; purchased by Mr. Maxwell, and edited by Robert Brough, *ib.*; I write for it, ii. 57; my selection of stories for a Christmas No., ii. 63; discovery of latent genius in Miss Braddon, *ib.*
Wellesley, Lord Charles, ii. 156.
Wellington College, The bare thanks of i. 277.

Wellington, the Duchess of, i. 149.
Wellington, the Duke of, meeting with, i. 25; anecdote of, i. 26; in the Park, i. 150; two good stories of him, ii. 155-7.
Wellington, the late Duke of, ii. 155; confirmed me in two stories of his father, ii. 156.
West, Hon. Lionel Sackville, i. 243.
Westminster Club, ii. 2.
Westminster Review, i. 310.
Westmorland, Lord, ii. 309.
Westbury, Lord, i. 66.
West End restaurants, i. 155-6.
West End Usurers, articles in *The World* upon, ii. 329; action brought by them against the paper, *ib.*; the case dismissed, ii. 330.
Wharton, Rev. Mr., i. 221.
"What the World Says," i. 278.
Whitaker's Almanack, ii. 1.
White's, ii. 1.
White ties at the Opera, i. 180.
Whiting, Messrs., i 223.
Whitty, E. M., i. 254.
Whitworth, Mr., his *début*, i. 184.
Who Lives at Number Nine? i. 203.
"Why shave?" i. 49.
Whyte-Melville, ii. 83.
Wieniawski, ii. 243.
Wigan, Alfred, i. 190, 195, 207, 233, 253.
Wigan, Mrs. Alfred, i. 207, 233, 253, 292.
Wigwam, The, i. 190.
Wikoff, Henry ("the Chevalier"), ii. 236; some account of him, ii. 236-7; his appearance, ii. 237-8; suggests to me, "Why not go to America?" ii. 238.
Wilberforce, Bishop, Hayward's opinion of, ii. 159.
Wilberforce, Edward, ii. 63.
Wild, George, i. 204.
Wild Oats, i. 189.
Wilkinson, Mr., my father-in-law, i. 259; godfather to my eldest son, i. 259.
Wilkinson, Peter, ii. 299.
Wilkinson, the actor, i. 14, 59.
Willes, Mr. Justice, ii. 27.
Williams, Montagu, ii. 192, 329.
Williams, Mr. (of Cockburn's Bank), i. 176.
Williams, the Chartist, i. 43.
Willis's Rooms, Post Office farewell dinner to me at, ii. 221.
Willow Copse, The, i. 203.
Willow Pattern Plate, The, i. 307.
Wills, William Henry, i. 289; ii. 23, 110, 142, 241, 312, 319.
Wilton, Miss Marie (now Mrs. Bancroft), i. 204, 290.
Winchfield, post-office opened there, i. 101.
Winchilsea, Earl of, a contributor to *The World*, ii. 322.
Windham Club, ii. 1.
Winter's Tale, i. 211.
Without Love, collaborate on, ii. 235.
Women's mass-meeting at the Cooper Institute, ii. 255-8.
Wombwell, Sir George, i. 151; on the Balaclava Charge, ii. 79-80.
Woodford, John, of the F.O., i. 131.
Woodin, Mr., i. 243.
Woodville, R. Caton, i. 78.
Woolgar, Miss, i. 190, 201, 233.
World, The, i. 278; Hayward as a "Celebrity at Home" in, ii. 159; John Forster's interest in, ii. 162; reviews of Forster's *Life* of Swift in, ii. 163; Charles Reade offers a story for, ii. 164; lyrics by Mortimer Collins in, ii. 184; Mr. Hawkins and Serjeant Parry leading counsel for, ii. 192; Sir Rowland Hill a "Celebrity" in, ii. 227; Anthony Trollope proposes to write a novel for, ii. 233.
World, The: a Journal for Men and Women: original ideas about, ii. 308; I explain my dreams to Grenville Murray, ii. 315; he suggests a partnership, ii. 316; I find a printer and a publishing office, *ib.*; I propose the title, ii. 317; talk with Murray upon various questions, *ib.*; I am to be editor—"a despot, my dear fellow," *ib.*; my word of warning, ii. 318; an agreement arranged, ii. 319; the prospectus, ii. 319-21; what the papers thought of the prospectus, ii. 321; the contributors, ii. 321-6; issue of the first number, ii. 326; attempt to introduce the *réclame* system of advertising, ii. 326-7; the Journal unappreciated by the public, ii. 327; public notice obtained just in time: the case of Mr. Labouchere and the stockbroker, ii. 328; the West End usurers case brings further publicity, ii. 329-30; my disagreement with Mr. Murray: he retires, ii. 330; since 1875 the Journal my sole property, *ib.*; the "Celebrities at Home," ii. 330-3; the great success of the Journal, ii. 333; has become an institution of the times, ii. 334-6.
Worsley, Philip, translator of the *Iliad*, and *Odyssey*, i. 68.
Wreck Ashore, The, i. 14, 21, 31.
Wrecked in Port, ii. 85.
Wright, the comedian, i. 56, 197-9, 201, 203, 233, 289.
Wright, Miss Rosina, i. 275.
Wyld's Great Globe, i. 52.
Wynn, i. 196.

Yates, Charles (my uncle), i. 2.
Yates, Dr. Thomas (my uncle), i. 2; description of appearance and dress, *ib.*; Rev. Henry Blunt his patient, i. 37; attended my father in his last illness, i. 58; at my father's funeral, i. 59.
Yates, Frederick Henry (my father), his

Yates, Frederick Henry:
birth, i. 1; educated at Winchmore Hill and the Charterhouse, i. 3; in the Commissariat at the Peninsula, *ib.;* at Valenciennes, where he first showed histrionic ability, i. 4; meets the elder Mathews, who advises him to become an actor, i. 4-5; his imitations, i. 5; *début* as Iago at Covent Garden, *ib.;* personal appearance, *ib.;* his portraits, i. 6; his versatility as an actor, i. 6-7; as Falstaff, i. 7; Dickens's opinion of his acting, *ib.;* joined in management of Adelphi by Daniel Terry, *ib.;* married Miss Elizabeth Brunton, i. 9; as Arbaces, i. 15; letters to him from Charles Dickens on *Nickleby*, and proposal to dramatise *Oliver Twist*, i. 16-8; his acting as Mantalini, Fagin, and Quilp, i. 18; his correspondents, i. 19; managerial worries, i. 29; engagement of *Les Bayadères*, i. 30; offers to engage Grace Darling, i. 30-1; produces *Ten Thousand a Year*, i. 31; "Adelphi drama," *ib.;* curious reference to him in the street, i. 32; ruptured blood-vessel while playing Robert Macaire, i. 56; again ruptured a vessel in '41-42, *ib.;* his last illness, in Dublin, i. 56; anecdote showing the "ruling passion," i. 57; his removal to London, i. 58-9; his death and funeral, i. 59; obituary notices in the newspapers, i. 59-61; power to quell an uproar, i. 60 note; his character, i. 61; part owner of the Coliseum, i. 144.

Yates, Miss Eliza (my aunt), i. 28; my first teacher, *ib.;* takes me to preparatory school, i. 35; attends my father in his last illness, i. 59.

Yates, Mrs. Frederick (my mother), i. 9; her family, *ib.;* her miniature, *ib.;* description of, i. 10; Dickens's regard and admiration for, *ib.;* Theodore Hook's letter to, i. 11; her acting in *The Wreck Ashore*, i. 32; my father's death a great shock to her, i. 61-2; removal to Grove Terrace, Kentish Town, i. 62; then to Hammersmith, *ib.;* funny incident there, i. 63; her desire to quit the stage not fulfilled, *ib.;* writes to Lord Clanricarde on my behalf, i. 81; interview with Lord Clanricarde, i. 82; residing at Alpha Road, i. 127; her disappointment on my return from Germany, i. 213; attends my marriage, i. 247; witnesses an amateur performance at Tavistock House, i. 279; renewed some old acquaintances there, *ib.;* her opinion of Dickens as an actor, *ib.;* quiet enjoyment at Seaton, ii. 39; her illness, ii. 52, 54; her patience and resignation, ii. 55; her death, *ib.*

Yates, Thomas (my grandfather), i. 1.

Yates, Walter (my uncle), i. 2.

Yellow Flag, The, ii. 85, 234, 241, 245, 248, 253, 259, 270.

Yellowplush Correspondence, ii. 15.

Young Brown, ii. 309.

Young, Charles, as Othello, i. 5.

Young, John Russell, ii. 278, 282-4, 303.

THE END.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W. [S. & H.]

00023576

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018